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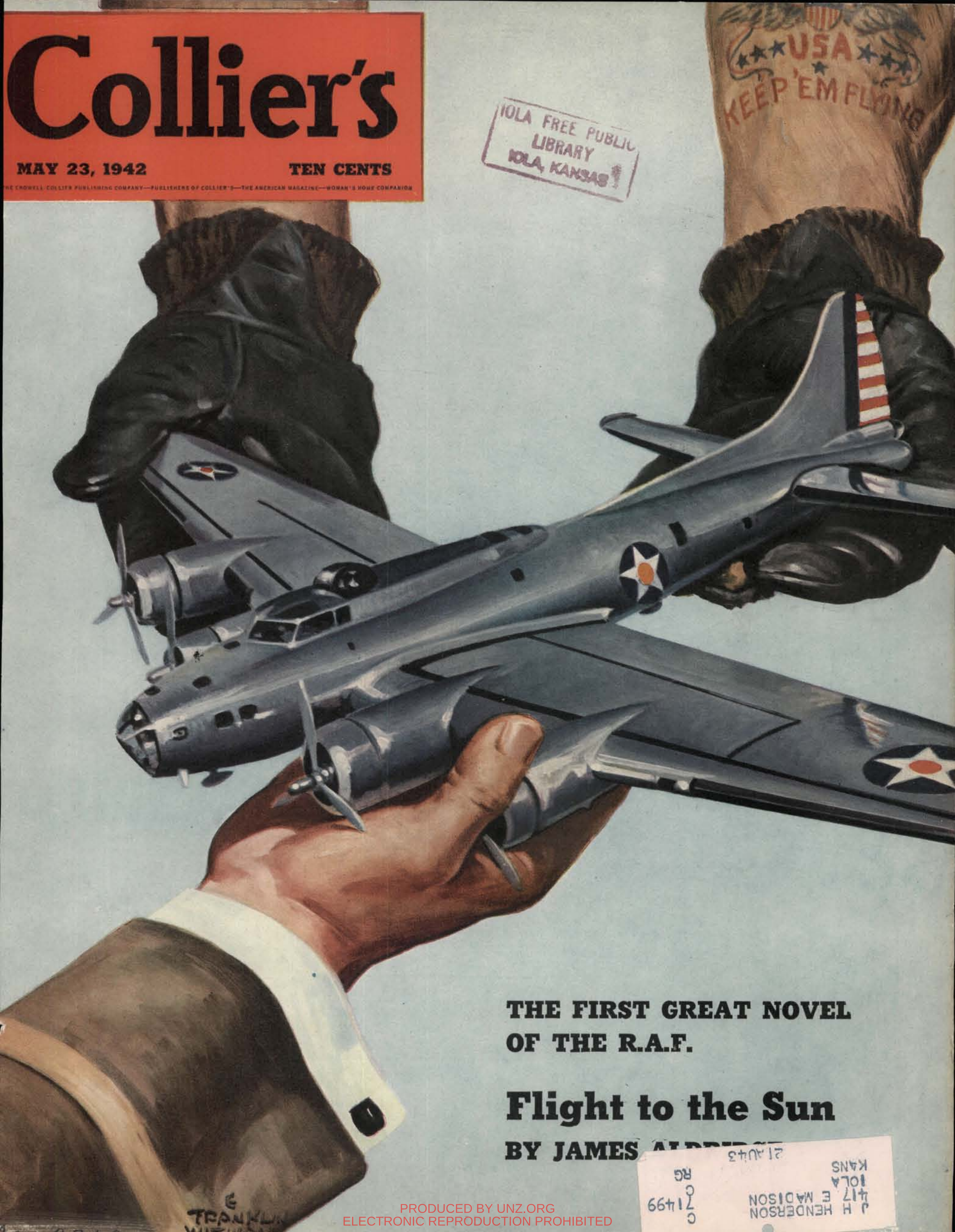

THE FIRST GREAT NOVEL
OF THE R.A.F.

Flight to the Sun

BY JAMES AL

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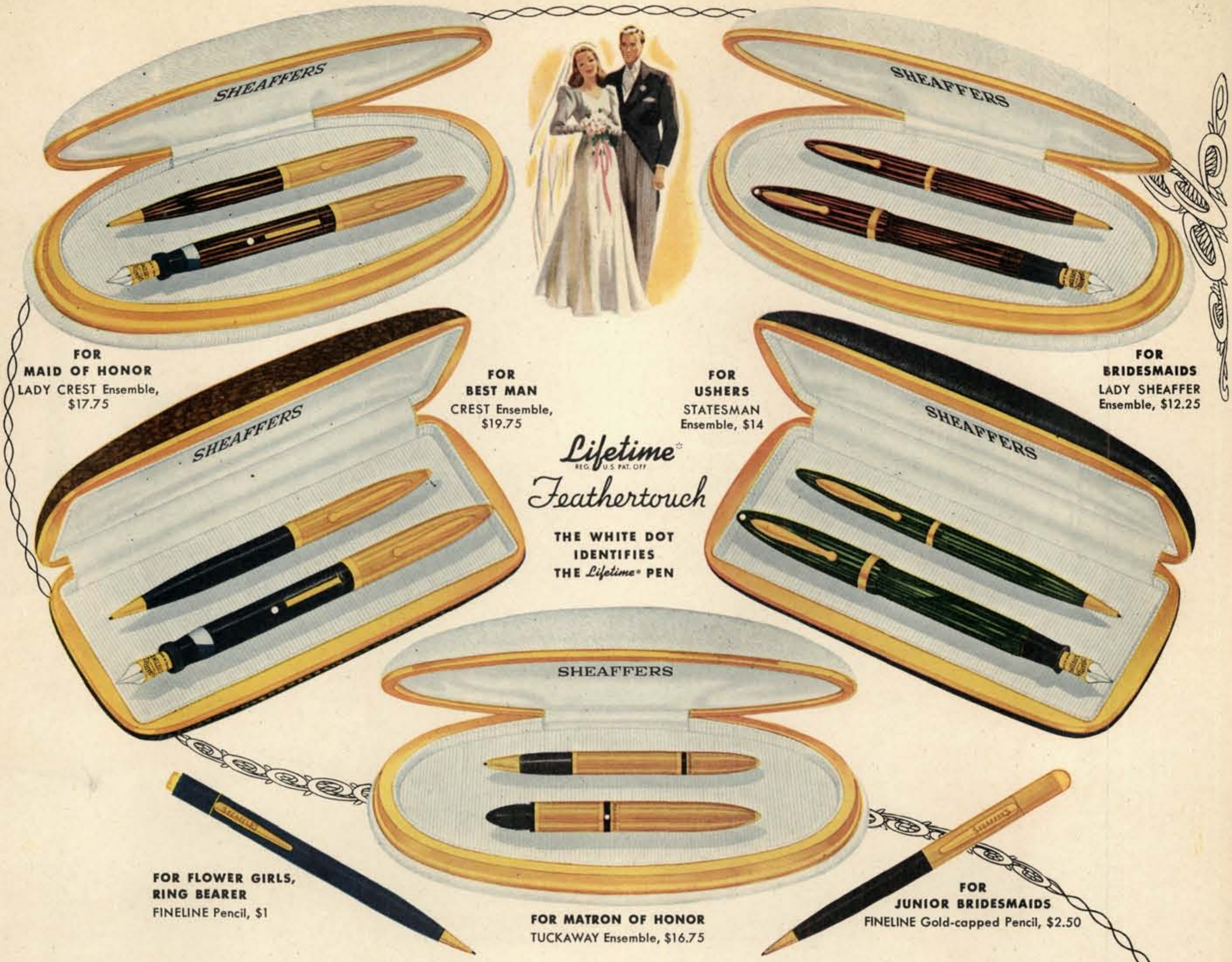


FOR MAID OF HONOR
LADY CREST Ensemble, $17.75

FOR BEST MAN
CREST Ensemble, $19.75

FOR USHERS
STATESMAN Ensemble, $14

FOR BRIDESMAIDS
LADY SHEAFFER Ensemble, $12.25

*Lifetime** REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Feathertouch

THE WHITE DOT IDENTIFIES THE *Lifetime PEN**

FOR FLOWER GIRLS, RING BEARER
FINELINE Pencil, $1

FOR MATRON OF HONOR
TUCKAWAY Ensemble, $16.75

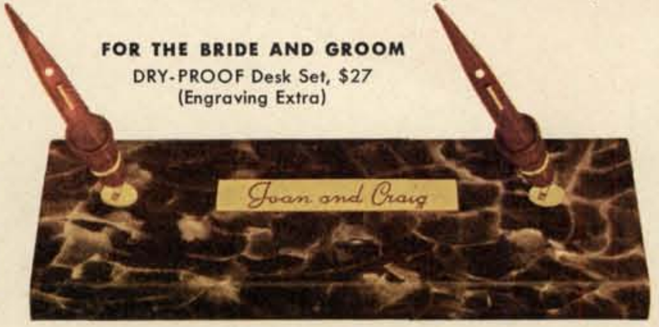
FOR JUNIOR BRIDESMAIDS
FINELINE Gold-capped Pencil, $2.50

PERFECT TAKEOFF FOR LIFELONG BLISS

ONE thing endures in this changing world, and that one thing is LOVE. Love provides the beautiful moments, and beautiful moment's are far apart . . . so far apart that they should be marked for life. Please don't trust the memory of those priceless periods to some token that is soon cast aside. Let those precious events LIVE FOR LIFE in a token of daily usefulness, worn next the heart and held daily in hand—a LIVING remembrance—Sheaffer's *Lifetime*!

When you grant a wedding ring, experience the joy of having a baby, send that baby off to school and into the world, celebrate an anniversary—arrive at a birthday or any other milepost of life—*renew and remember that day for all time*, send your constant heart-felt thought to that one with the active living token, Sheaffer's *Lifetime*—matched with the precision-built Sheaffer's Fineline pencil. LET THE DAY LIVE ALWAYS, IN A SHEAFFER'S *Lifetime*!

FOR THE BRIDE AND GROOM
DRY-PROOF Desk Set, $27
(Engraving Extra)



SHEAFFER PENS, ALL COLORS, $2.75 TO $20. PENCILS, $1 UP. ENSEMBLES, $3.95 UP. DRY-PROOF DESK SETS, $5 UP.

*All *Lifetime* pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the owner except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c.

SHEAFFER'S

W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Copyright, 1942, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.
*Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

He looks beyond the Skyline, His Eyes see Far Horizons!

Don't you share his Dreams, His hopes and plans for the Future?

We see him a Man, Strong and Reliant and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to his lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

YOUR SMALL DREAMER of today may be tomorrow's man of destiny. His hopes may grow to mould the shape of things that are to come.

Isn't this a thought to warm a parent's heart? Doesn't it make you grateful to the teachers of America who help to shape your child's character —who send him forth into the future with high purpose . . . and *smiling!*

Yes, *smiling!* For even his smile has the best of care. Today, in classrooms* all over the land, youngsters are being taught a lesson many parents have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender . . . often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush . . . *see your dentist.* He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

**In 1941, at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.*

Look for the RCA Victor advertisement appearing regularly on this page

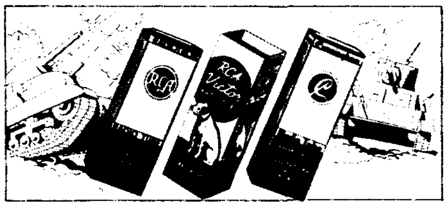
EVERY WEEK

AMERICANS RELY MORE AND MORE ON

RCA RADIO TUBES

UNITING a nation of 130 million people in the flash of a split second is no easy job. Radio does it—thanks to hundreds of millions of radio tubes in receivers, studios, broadcasting stations and what-have-you.

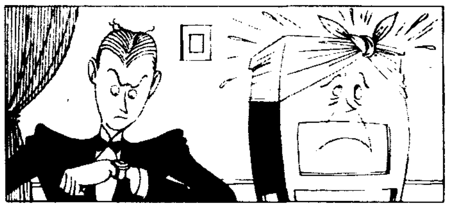
NOW that radio means more than ever, you may wonder about the tube situation. Can you *get* tubes? If you can't—then what? Here's the story:



RADIO TUBES AT WAR

RCA pioneered the all-metal radio tube. Today, we're turning out more of them than ever before—yet it's just possible you may not immediately be able to buy one. Why—? You already guessed! Millions of metal tubes are going into the military radio equipment of the United Nations. And while we're making more and more, the general public is getting less and less.

IN many cases, you can substitute shielded glass tubes for satisfactory performance. There's one man who can tell you all about that. Which leads us into another subject—



THE CARE AND FEEDING OF RADIO RECEIVERS

WHEN tubes begin to weaken, radio performance suffers...but so gradually you don't notice the difference from day to day. Also, most radios require readjustment every year or two, as time, dust and dampness take their toll of its precision. The answer is—call your radio serviceman! Put all your troubles into his competent hands. If he can't get the *right* metal tubes, he can probably obtain suitable glass substitutes.

TWO SWELL NEW VICTOR RECORDS!

"OUR WALTZ" and "HOLIDAY FOR STRINGS" by David Rose and his orchestra. An up-and-comer, versatile David Rose (whose grand band is on the radio three times a week) wrote, arranged and conducted these two selections. No. 27853.

TOMMY DORSEY sends two swell tunes your way on his newest Victor release No. 27849 "Last Call for Love" and "Poor You," both from Tommy's M-G-M super-hit..."Ship Ahoy." What more need we say?

BUY U.S. WAR BONDS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

VICTOR RECORDS

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS England
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
HENRY L. JACKSON Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor
CLARENCE H. ROY Articles
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS U. S. Navy in Pacific
W. B. COURTNEY U. S. Army in Far East
FRANK GERVASI Near East
MARTHA GELLHORN Articles
JIM MARSHALL West Coast
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
IFOR THOMAS Photographs

Collier's

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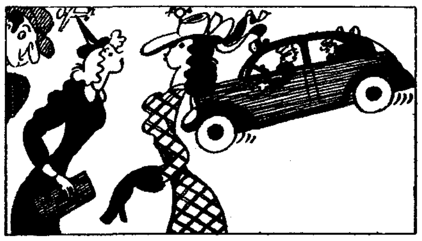
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

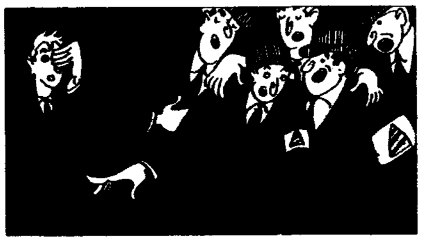
ANY WEEK



AS THE war gets older, its novelty wearing thin, it is only natural that other problems should engage the minds of the populace. For example, a taxicab chauffeur unburdened himself to Mr. Charles Colebaugh of this magazine. Halted by a red light, the driver asked Mr. Colebaugh to consider the hats on a group of ladies crossing the street. "It used to be," said the driver, "that women dressed up to attract us men." There was a long pause, the taxicab driver contemplating the ladies morosely. Then the light changed. "I wonder," he said, getting started, "what they got on their minds now."

THE name of Colonel Quasmus Murphey has never before been in these columns. But without the ever-ready assistance of the colonel, we don't know what we'd have done in a number of arid periods. Until now, Colonel Murphey has insisted upon anonymity, saying that there are entirely too many names in the public prints and that "I live for the day when a strict censorship will be clamped down upon all names of public servants unless what they have to say or what they've done is worth reading." This censorship, the colonel adds in several thousand words, would save paper, reduce the public confusion, deflate phonies and probably knock many months off the length of the war by reducing the load upon the public mind. However, the colonel consents this once to be identified with a public statement of his own which, we think, is timely. From his home near Sandisfield, Massachusetts, the colonel offers to "swap two large scrapbooks of carefully selected rumors for one fireside chat of reliable information." He goes on to say that the rumors he has collected since Pearl Harbor are "entertaining, plausible, ingenious and pandering to every known prejudice." Some have accurate historical background, he adds, and others are in smart dialogue form—what Stalin said to Harry Hopkins and what Churchill said to the President stuff. "Some are good and sexy too," says the colonel. But what Colonel Murphey wants to know is: "If Washington don't beat the rumors to us with the facts, what are we going to talk about when somebody brings up the subject of the war? Can you imagine somebody remarking, 'I heard something today that would curl Mohandas K. Gandhi's hair but until the authorities in Washington release a nice uninteresting communiqué on the subject I shall say nothing about it. But it sure is a darb—this one I heard today.' And" goes on the colonel, "I can just hear the other guy saying, 'You're right, don't tell me. I prefer to wait until the authorities give out their unromantic version in easily understood official clichés. So I won't tell what a friend of mine who has a son in the Army was telling me this morning about something that happened day before yesterday.'" The colonel's is a very long letter and we're giving you merely the gist of it. We leave him, quoting from his postscript, a scant two single-spaced pages: "I have a nice fresh mess of Pacific Ocean gossip to exchange for an equal amount of European theater stuff. Accuracy is not essential but the items supplied must be harrowing, as I have been invited to address a Rumors For Republicans meeting next Thursday evening."

WE GOT caught in a nice blackout in Washington. As far as we were able to see, we and a gentleman named Prewitt were the only persons on the street who were not wardens. There seemed to be at least one warden for everybody. Four or five of them stopped squabbling about who was who's superior long enough to crowd us into a doorway next to a large plate-glass window. Mr. Prewitt protested that a bomb would shatter that window and that the window would ruin us. And that started another fight among the wardens, during which we departed seeking less dangerous shelter. Mr. Prewitt works for the government—something to do with inland waterways. He said that the wardens in his neighborhood were holding singing practice every Wednesday night and proposed to sing nursery rhymes during a blackout. But Mr. Prewitt hasn't found out why, unless it is to make an actual bombing less dreadful by comparison.



A SLIGHTLY bitter complaint from Mrs. Chris J. Miller of Point Pleasant, New York, has to do with vitamins and handkerchiefs, commodities which

(Continued on page 60)

THIS WEEK

MAY 23, 1942

SHORT STORIES

CARL D. LANE
Cub Pilot. He was a reluctant her —but he couldn't help earning th name. Page 1

PHILIP CLARK
Fireman's Daughter. To his gir even a 'teen-age guy can seem wor derful. Page 2

D. D. BEAUCHAMP
Come Home Again. Happiness is fc those who can first meet sufferin with courage. Page 2

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Wine with a Lady, by W. E. John: Page 1

SERIAL STORIES

JAMES ALDRIDGE
Flight to the Sun. The first of te parts. Page 1

VEREEN BELL
Trial by Marriage. The fifth of seve parts. Page 3

ARTICLES

KYLE CRICHTON
No Glamor Gal. Teresa Wright be lieves that ability, not clothes, make the actress. Page 1

GRANTLAND RICE
Ice Heart. Golf without tears—Be Hogan shows you how. Page 1

M. THÉRÈSE BONNEY
How France Eats. What any Axi conquered country can expect. Page 1

FRANK DAUGHERTY
College on Horseback. Arizona Stat plays polo for keeps. Page 2

HENRY L. JACKSON
Swing into Summer. What the wel dressed man will be wearing. Page 2

OUR FIGHTING MEN. Page 4

HANNAH LEES
Fighting Blood. Antibodies—you blood stream's invisible standin army. Page 5

DUDLEY HADDOCK
Grade-A Bee. Honey-making—on big scale. Page 5

PAUL SCHUBERT
Sky-Scow. Watch a sub-huntin blimp at work. Page 6

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page

WING TALK. Page

EDITORIALS

Let's Take the Middle Way.
How to Defeat Defeat. Page 7

COVER F. FRANKLIN WITTMAC

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THIS IS THE NOSE OF A PLANE ★ WITH AN ALLISON ENGINE

Curtiss P-40 U. S.
The British call it "The Tomahawk" or "The Kittihawk"

Power to win!

American Planes Cited as Superior

Congress Committee Gives Battle Records

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1:—(SPECIAL). Confirming the superiority of American-built fighting planes, the House Military Affairs Committee's sub-committee on aviation today cited the following outstanding performances of these planes on all fronts, from the Far East and Pearl Harbor to the Near East and England:

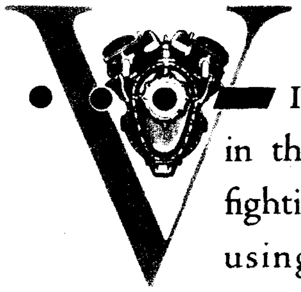
1. American volunteers defending the Burma Road in Tomahawks (Curtiss P-40's) have bagged ninety to one hundred Japanese airplanes since Dec. 7, with a loss ratio of about one to ten.

2. On Jan. 23 a total of twenty-three planes (mostly P-40's) of the American Volunteer Group "took on two large Japanese forces 130 miles from Rangoon and destroyed three Japanese bombers and nine fighters certainly and two more bombers and ten more fighters probably," with the loss of only three planes.

3. During the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7, planes similar to the Tomahawks (P-40's) each shot down two Japanese planes, and engaged and shot down another pair "a short time later."

4. Four P-40's shot down and destroyed twenty out of a flight of thirty German JU-88's and ME-109's "only a few weeks ago." Two of the P-40's were lost.

5. In the Middle East, twelve Curtiss Tomahawks (P-40's) engaged a mixed German and Italian force of over sixty planes and destroyed thirty-six. Their extreme maneuverability and high diving speeds were credited by the pilots using them for the successful result.



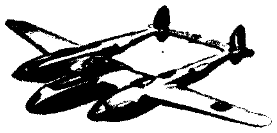
VICTORY after victory in the air is proving the fighting power of planes using Allison liquid-cooled engines.

It is the engine which powers the Curtiss Tomahawk P-40's cited here—the engine which makes possible the same sharp-nosed streamlining of other U. S.-built fighters.

And now as the news of their triumphs pours in from all fighting fronts, it justifies the confidence of those aircraft designers and U. S. Army Air Corps engineers who built these great ships around Allison liquid-cooled engines.

North American Apache (U. S.)
The British call it "The Mustang"

Bell Airacobra
U. S. and British designation



Lockheed P-38 Interceptor (U. S.)
The British call it "The Lightning"

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

WONDERS OF AMERICA

Bombers from Brine!

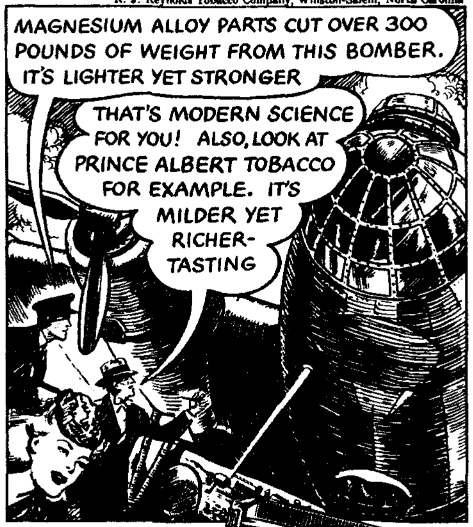
THIS RATHER DRAB SCENE IS PART OF A THRILLING DEVELOPMENT IN SCIENCE
LOOKS LIKE AN ORDINARY CANAL TO ME
THAT'S JUST IT—IT IS A CANAL—BUT OUT OF THAT SEA-WATER A HUGE FACTORY DRAWS METAL VITAL TO WARPLANE PARTS
WARPLANE PARTS FROM SEA-WATER? THAT'S AMAZING!
YOU BET IT'S AMAZING. EVERY DAY 300 MILLION GALLONS OF SEA-WATER GO THROUGH THE PLANT FOR THE EXTRACTION OF MAGNESIUM
OH, MAGNESIUM! SURE, THAT'S THE METAL WEIGHING LESS THAN A QUARTER AS MUCH AS STEEL!
YOU KNOW, MAGNESIUM IN CHIPS OR POWDER IS EASILY IGNITED. IT FLASHES INTO FLAME AT A TEMPERATURE OF OVER 1,200 DEGREES
PHEW! 1,200 DEGREES! MAKES ME THINK OF HOW MY PIPE USED TO FEEL BEFORE I TOOK UP WITH COOLER-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT!

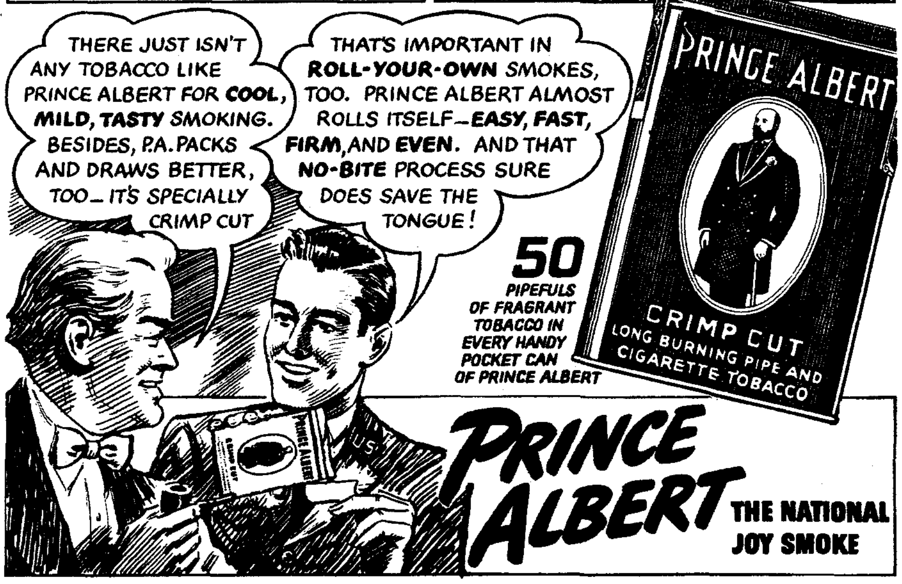
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

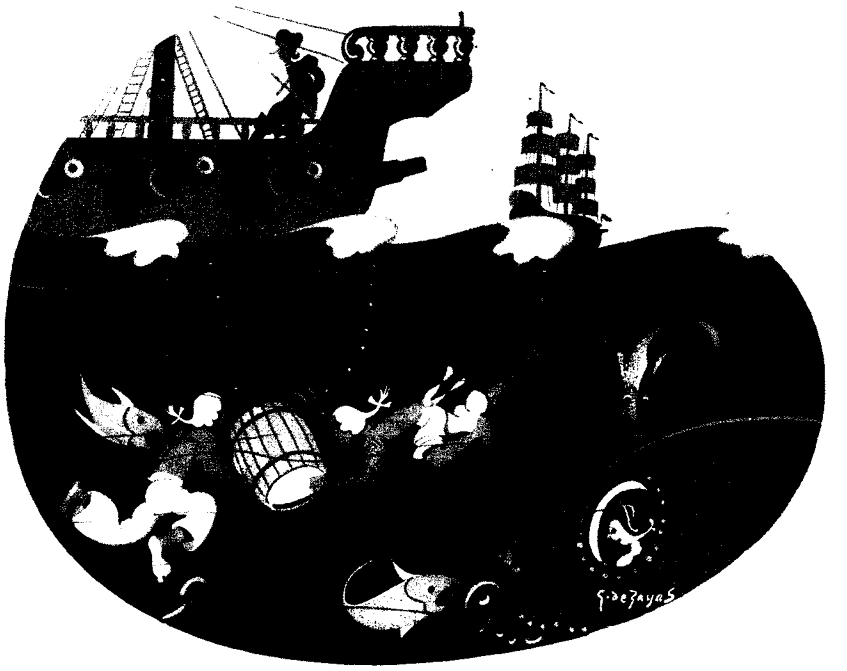
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*


MAGNESIUM ALLOY PARTS CUT OVER 300 POUNDS OF WEIGHT FROM THIS BOMBER. IT'S LIGHTER YET STRONGER
THAT'S MODERN SCIENCE FOR YOU! ALSO, LOOK AT PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO FOR EXAMPLE. IT'S MILDER YET RICHER-TASTING


THERE JUST ISN'T ANY TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT FOR COOL, MILD, TASTY SMOKING. BESIDES, P.A. PACKS AND DRAWS BETTER, TOO—IT'S SPECIALLY CRIMP CUT
THAT'S IMPORTANT IN ROLL-YOUR-OWN SMOKES, TOO. PRINCE ALBERT ALMOST ROLLS ITSELF—EASY, FAST, FIRM, AND EVEN. AND THAT NO-BITE PROCESS SURE DOES SAVE THE TONGUE!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET CAN OF PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The American Turtle was the first submarine that ever attempted to destroy an enemy vessel. In 1776, it came up under the British warship Eagle, anchored off New York, and members of its crew unsuccessfully tried to screw a gunpowder charge with time fuse to the bottom of the English ship.—*By Russell Roop, Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania.*

Some species of nonpoisonous mushrooms are rarely eaten because of their obnoxious odors, which in some resemble soap, garlic, bitter almonds, gas tar and chloride of lime.—*By Mrs. Edward I. Comins, Worcester, Massachusetts.*

Several islands in the Aegean Sea have a large number of churches and chapels, erected by sea captains and shipowners in gratitude for reaching them safely during bad storms. On Mykonos, there are 360, or one for every twelve inhabitants, the majority of which are opened only once a year, on the patron saint's day.

The Madison Square Garden Corporation lost "about $200,000" on the Tunney-Heeney prize fight at the Yankee Stadium in New York City on July 26, 1928, because the gate was very small and the principals together received a guaranteed sum of $625,000. Consequently, all the Garden bouts since that time have been on a percentage basis.—*By Frank G. Menke, New York, New York.*

On their periodical pilgrimages to the shrine of Melki Meran near Mosul, Iraq, the Yezidi women get together at a certain hour each day and, in time with the baton of their leader, wail for their dead in rhythmic harmony.—*By Fred McCutcheon, Carnot, Pennsylvania.*

The auditory ossicles, the three tiny bones in the middle ear, are the only bones in the human body that are fully grown at birth.—*By Dr. Warren F. Gorman, Miami, Florida.*

After being injected intravenously into a person's arm, any of several substances can be tasted by the subject in from eight to fourteen seconds, although it has to travel to the heart, then to the lungs, and return again to the heart before it reaches the tongue.—*By Dr. J. R. Erwin, Seattle, Washington.*

A meteorological phenomenon seen in the Alps is a column of light, somewhat like that of a searchlight, which appears to come directly from the sun to the earth. It is believed to be caused by the reflection of the sun's rays from ice crystals, in the shape of small disks, which remain suspended in the air for a long time after a snowfall at a very low temperature.

A new lens for professional movie cameras takes pictures in perfect focus from four feet to infinity. Electrically operated, it vibrates, or moves forward and backward, seven times in one fiftieth of a second, superimposing focused and unfocused images upon themselves so rapidly in each frame that there is hardly any diffusion.

Alexandre Dumas (1802-1870) was probably the most prolific and successful writer in history, having produced more than 1,200 volumes and earned over $5,000,000. Incidentally, this author of the immortal The Three Musketeers ended his career by writing a prosaic cookbook.

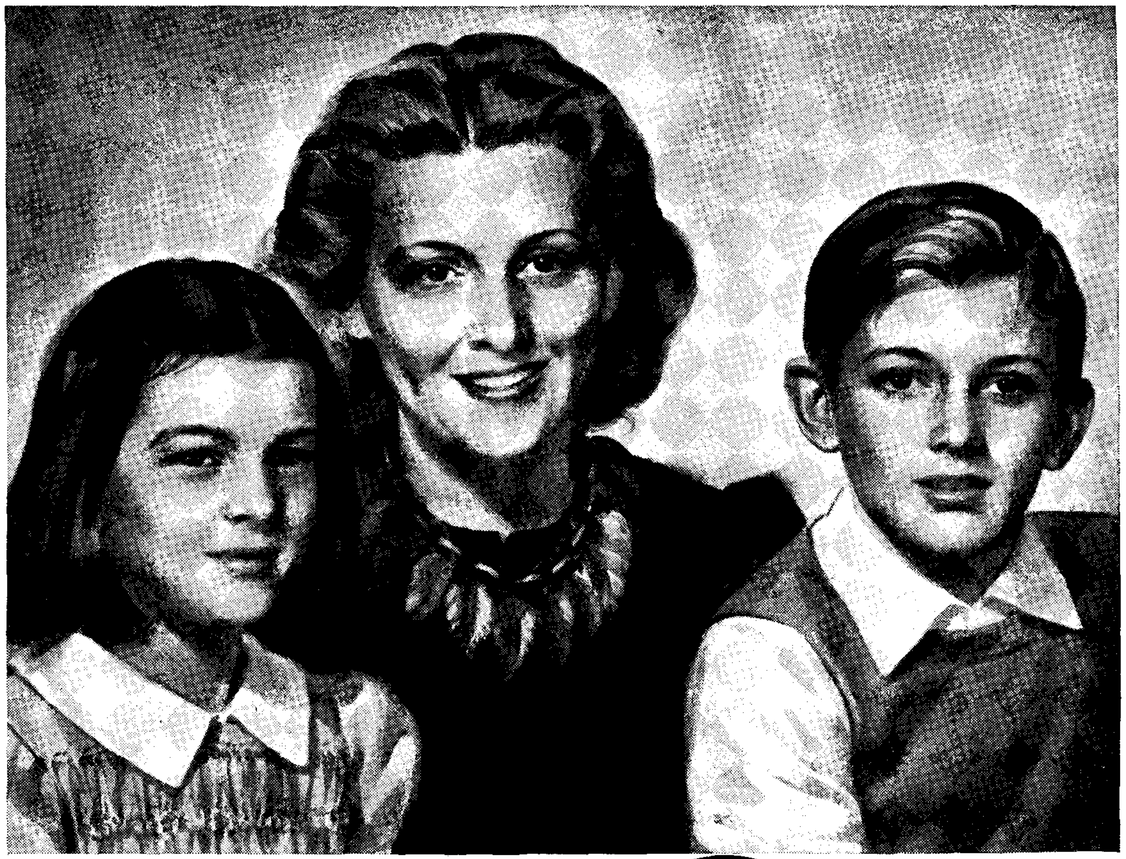
Many tribes in South Africa still believe that lightning is a message from a deity in heaven. Therefore, they will not put out fires caused by lightning or mourn persons killed by flashes, in the fear that such actions might offend one or more of their gods.—*By Carrie L. Smith, Lakewood, Ohio.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

>>> WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT LIFE INSURANCE <<<

How to Leave Your Life Insurance Money

TO DO THE MOST FOR YOUR BENEFICIARY



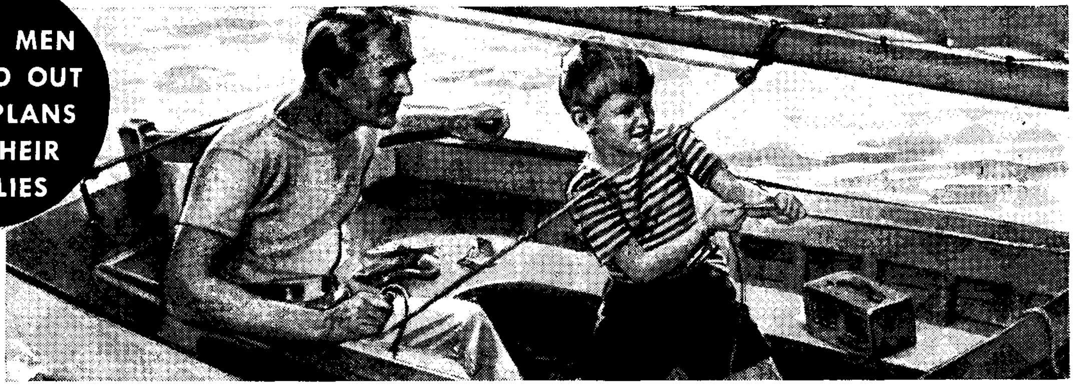
Most Policies of $1,000 or More Provide 4 Optional Payment Plans

Have you planned to leave your life insurance money so it will do exactly what you want it to do for your beneficiary? To make this possible, almost all larger policies give you four optional methods of settlement.

1. **Your insurance money may, of course, be paid as a single lump sum, in cash.**
2. **If the amount is sufficient, it may be paid as a definite monthly income for your beneficiary's remaining lifetime.**
3. **An income of a definite amount may be paid for a limited length of time.**
4. **The insurance money may be left with the company at interest. This interest is paid to your beneficiary each year, and withdrawal of the principal may be arranged for as desired.**

Here are 3 things to remember when you plan a method of settlement: (1) Arrange the plan you would want if you should die tomorrow, considering any Social Security benefits or other income. (2) Keep your plan in line with your changing circumstances by reviewing it periodically with your agent. (3) Leave enough insurance in cash to pay inevitable last expenses.

HOW 2 MEN WORKED OUT IDEAL PLANS FOR THEIR FAMILIES



CASE NO. 1—EDWARD COOKE . . . a young married man with $3,000 of insurance. Until Mr. Cooke can afford more life insurance, the important thing he wants his present policies to do if he should die is tide his wife over until she can find a job.

So he has arranged his life insurance like this: $500 would be paid Mrs. Cooke right away to take care of final expenses. And the remaining $2,500 would be paid as an income of $100 a month for 25 months, plus interest.

CASE NO. 2—ARTHUR KEENAN . . . married and the father of a ten-year-old boy. Mr. Keenan has $40,000 of life insurance. From time to time, he discusses the beneficiary arrangements in his policies with his agent —to make sure they are up to date.

His latest arrangement is set up as follows: At his death his wife will receive $2,000 in cash immediately to cover final expenses, unpaid bills, and other incidentals. She will also receive $150 every month until her son reaches the age of 18. For the next four years, she will get $250 a month, the extra $100 a month being for her son's college education. Then, the balance of Mr. Keenan's life insurance money will be paid to his wife as an income of approximately $100 every month for the rest of her life.

The **PRUDENTIAL**
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

ARE WE HELPING YOU?

This is another in our series of advertisements—"What Every Man Should Know About Life Insurance." This series is intended to give you the kind of *practical* information on life insurance that will be of real benefit to you and your family.

We hope these advertisements will help you understand life insurance better and give you a deeper appreciation of your agent's services. Your comments will be warmly welcomed.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

"Dirty old plugs
Corroded and worn
Make your car act
Weak and forlorn
They waste its gas
and steal its oil—
They're highway
robbers
New plugs will foil."

"Clean shiny plugs
With electrodes bright
Make any engine
Run just right,
They pay their way
By saving gas
What about your plugs,
—think they'll pass?"

More Vital - More Dependable than ever!

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS STAMPS

Big tanks, little tanks, half-tracks, and jeeps—these are the sinews of war. Thousands of the engines in these and all kinds and sizes of trucks, cars and motorcycles in mechanized warfare are equipped with dependable Champion Spark Plugs for that vital spark that makes them alive. They depend on Champions for that same championship performance that has made them the preferred spark plugs of the motoring public.

A Champion sign denotes dependable service—a place where you can have your spark plugs tested and cleaned and, if need be, new Champions installed. Wartime economy dictates periodic checking of spark plugs—replacement of old, worn-out, wasteful spark plugs.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

A pilot who took part in the Navy's attack on Japanese-held Gilbert and Marshall islands, with plane showing bomb damage

PRESS ASSOCIATION

WING TALK

STILL fresh in the minds of many of us are the postwar stories of American, British and French pilots who would stay up all night consuming great amounts of champagne and brandy and shoot down hordes of German planes the next day by way of a pick-up. There is no doubt that a pilot at the front did have a short one occasionally, particularly after a day of hard fighting. Also, he took care of himself pretty much as he pleased. All he was expected to do was to beat the Germans out of the skies, and that he did—as the enemy well remembers.

Today the high commands of all warring nations place highest emphasis on the health of their airmen. This is due, first, to the knowledge gained in the past two decades about aviation medicine and, second, to the terrific performance of the modern combat plane which calls for sharp eyes and minds and tough, healthy bodies.

Perhaps the most efficient program for maintaining physical and mental perfection in active combat organizations is found in our Naval air units, particularly on aircraft carriers. The "in training" procedure so rigorously observed in amateur and professional athletics is easy of accomplishment under these cloistered conditions at sea, and every provision from hospitals to movies is made for both officers and men. They are under constant supervision and regulation, are uniformly fed and physically maintained. Pilots aboard carriers were under extreme tension at the beginning of the war but this has now let down to a routine alert, and a program of rest and recreation is enforced as vigorously as diet and exercise.

You have to be strong of mind and body to be a carrier-based Naval aviator in this war. Off the deck you go before dawn and out over the ocean in your *land* plane, be it fighter, dive bomber, torpedo or scout observation. Soon the carrier is out of sight, and a forced landing in the sea below means that great confidence is placed in the inflation bags to keep the plane afloat until help arrives. The Navy airmen these

(Continued on page 34)

INTERNATIONAL

Total loss of Axis and Allied planes to date: 12,520. Here's a Messerschmitt 109 that took a dive, missed and crashed—somewhere in England

PTAIN WILLIAM H. RECORDS, ierican Airlines Million Mile Pilot, orts happy landings ahead for ing America to Mrs. Records.

"Things are *Looking Up* in Wichita for Young Folks Nowadays"

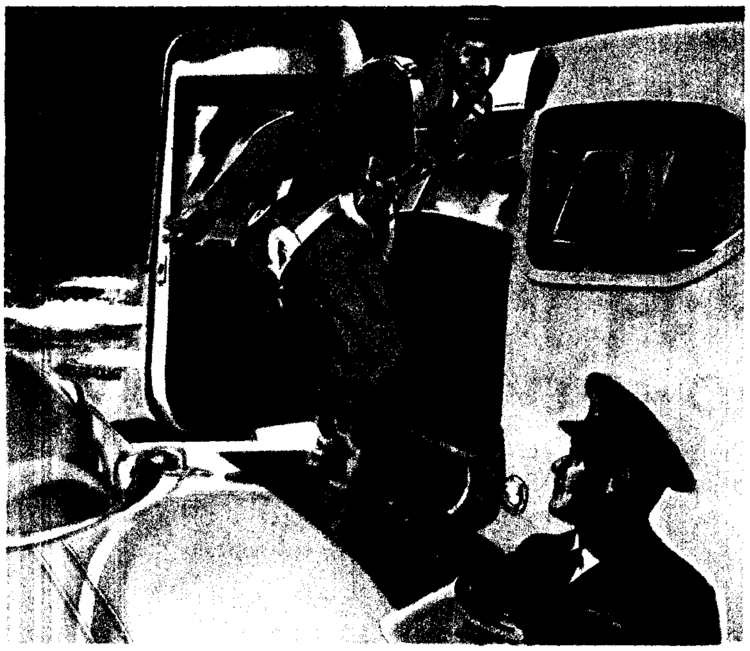
"In fact," says Captain Records, "things are looking up for *all of us.* The speed with which they're producing war wings in Wichita spells plenty bad news for Hitler, Hirohito and Company. Those aircraft manufacturers are working 24 hours a day to help win this war. And they'll be working just as hard to win the peace that follows.

"As a result, those youngsters of ours are going to have advantages we've never even dreamed of. For one thing, they'll be travelling along traffic-controlled skyways...flying their own Family Car of the Air as naturally as you drive an automobile today. I saw that plane myself at the Cessna Aircraft plant, in blueprints, ready to be produced when this war's over.

"Yes, I know I've been doubtful about the idea of *flying for everyone,* but not since I saw those Cessna blueprints. You'll be shopping a couple of hundred miles away in a morning if you want to, in your Cessna Family Car of the Air. And so will thousands of folks when this war's over."

We're In The Army Now...24 Hours a Day

Today . . . and until peace comes to America . . . Cessna is devoting all of its time to the production of twin-engined Cessnas for the U. S. Army Air Corps and the Royal Canadian Air Force. And these Cessna Bobcats and Cranes are actually flying over a million miles a week in bomber-training service. Deliveries are ahead of schedule. And Cessna is pledged to keep them well ahead. That's why we'll all have to wait until this war is won for our Cessna Family Cars of the Air.



Commencement of new careers will come with the Cessna Family Car of the Air

Yes, new careers, and a new and better way to travel, both for business and pleasure, will come with the Cessna Family Car of the Air. You'll learn to fly it as quickly as you learned to drive a car, only your Cessna will take you three times as far. You'll be cruising away on week-end vacation trips that are once-a-year adventures now. These *wings-for-everyone* are the latest achievement in Cessna's 31 year history. Another was the famous Airmaster, three times judged the "World's Most Efficient Airplane." And, after all, it takes aviation experience like that to build the airplane that *everyone can buy and fly.*

Wear Your Wings! Keep 'Em Flying!

Send today for your "Down With The Axis" Wings. Wear them proudly to show you're doing your bit to "Keep 'Em Flying." Just send 10 cents (coin or stamps) to the address below and we'll send you a 10 cent Defense Stamp... and enclose your "Keep 'Em Flying" Wings free, postage paid.

KEEP 'EM FLYING
CESSNA

THE CESSNA AIRCRAFT CO., DEPT. C, BOX 1616, WICHITA, KANSAS

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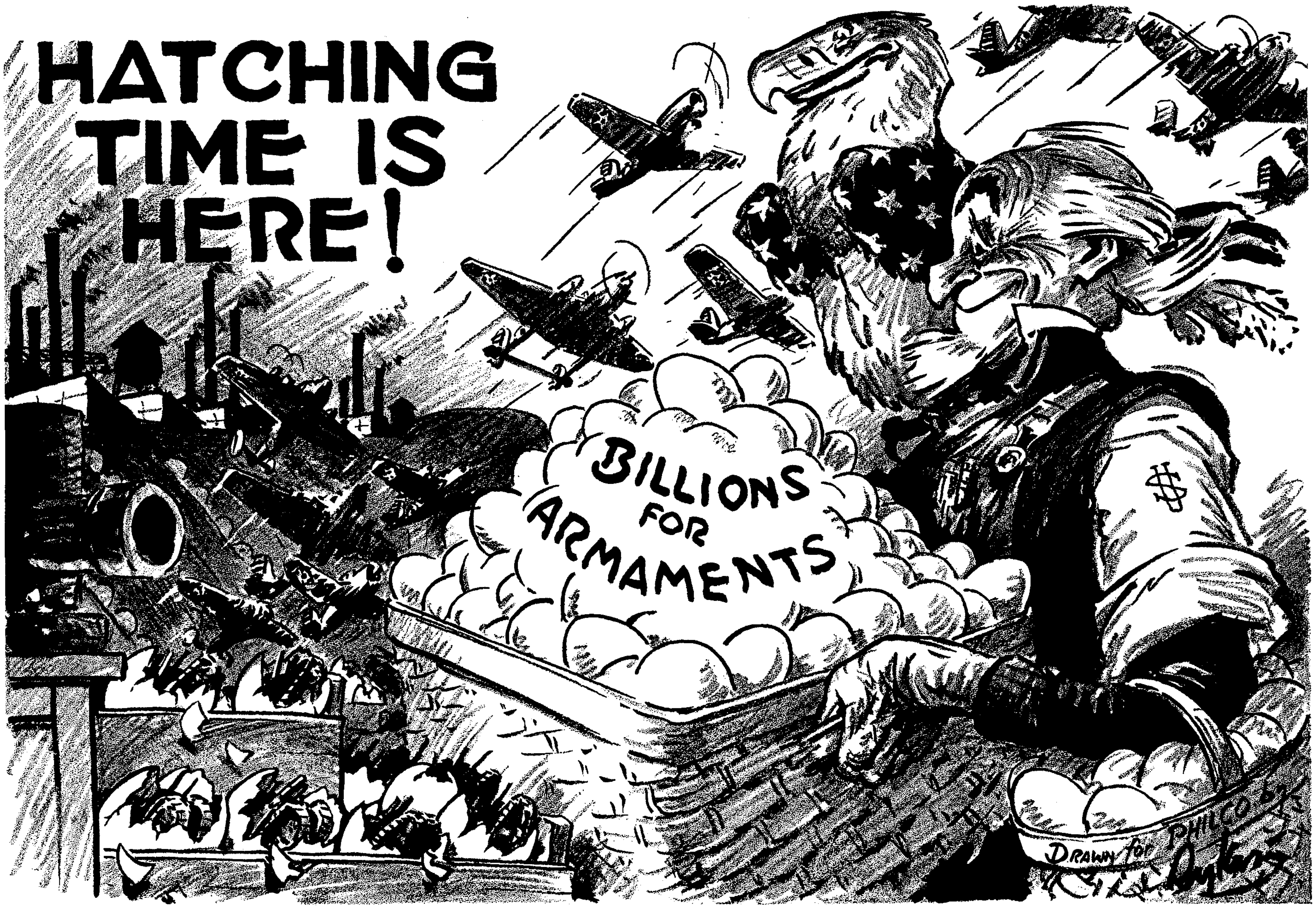
Aircraftsmanship
FOR THIRTY-ONE YEARS



Copyright 1941—Philco Corporation

"More! Better! Sooner!" is the war-cry of Philco's soldiers of production. In this cartoon, C. E. Sykes interprets the spirit that spurs them on. Posted on the walls of the Philco factories, it is one of a series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists as an inspiration to the men and women who are helping to produce the weapons of victory.

* * *

WE HAVE a job to do . . . the biggest job that has ever faced the minds and muscles of American industry. This is the time for our workers to prove that we have earned our reputation as the world's masters of mass production! This is the time for the genius of our industrial scientists and engineers to preserve their gift to America, the world's highest standard of living! And preserve it they will, gloriously and decisively. Production, *in the American way,* is the key to victory!

And with that victory another triumph will come. Peace, yes! Freedom, yes! But a vastly greater enjoyment of both for us all. The new and deadlier swords that men fashion with fierce inspiration today will be beaten into plowshares of untold happiness for tomorrow.

Here at Philco, our engineers and scientists are devoting their toil and their genius to the weapons of war . . . communications equipment, airplane and tank radios, artillery fuzes and shells. Already in their laboratories and assembly lines, the fruits of their efforts hold undreamed-of promise for the future. American industry will deliver the implements of victory to our brave and valiant forces . . . and with them, new and abundant joys for the tranquil years of peace!

Free Limited Offer . . . While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing by C. E. Sykes will be furnished gladly upon request. Simply address Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna., and ask for Cartoon Number 4C.

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AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES, PARTS

INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES FOR MOTIVE POWER, SIGNAL SYSTEMS, CONTROL AND AUXILIARY POWER

"Take your cap off," she said to Quayle. "Why?" he asked. "Because we have been told not to be with British soldiers"

Beginning a brilliant novel of the R.A.F.—the story of John Quayle and the Greek girl Helen Stangou, who crowded into a few short hours, between battles, enough of tenderness and hope for the average lifetime

THE young man said, "Do we stay around twelve thousand?"

"We'll stay around there." John Quayle nodded his head. "The Greeks claimed they were at ten thousand. But you can't be too sure." The two men walked across the green mud of grass and earth in the general direction of the biplanes at the end of the field.

"Keep well behind young Gorell, Tap. Don't let him get wide."

"I won't," the young man said.

"And don't get wide yourself," John Quayle warned.

"I won't," Tap said again. "Do you think they've got escort?"

"Not from the report. And not this far down anyway."

"I don't know, John. The Italians were bringing in those new F-5s when we left Egypt." The boy named Tap zipped up his Irvin suit and started pulling on his thin gloves with their worn fingers and split seams.

"They're not long-range fighters," Quayle said. "But if there's any around, get young Gorell out of the way."

"I don't like this business of tailing the flight. You can have it on your own," the boy said.

"You'll get used to it. Just keep looking behind. You'll be the first to see anything chasing us. And keep Gorell following me. He'll be all right if there's no escort."

"All right, but don't make your turns too tight," Tap said. "I can't keep height when I'm back there trying to keep up with you."

"Well, keep Gorell in tight then."

The two men separated. John Quayle walked toward a plane that was taxiing downwind to the perimeter of the field. He held up his hand with his helmet in it. The plane taxied toward him. The boy in the plane swung it around and throttled down.

"Say, keep in close to me, will you, Gorell?" John Quayle yelled.

"Sure."

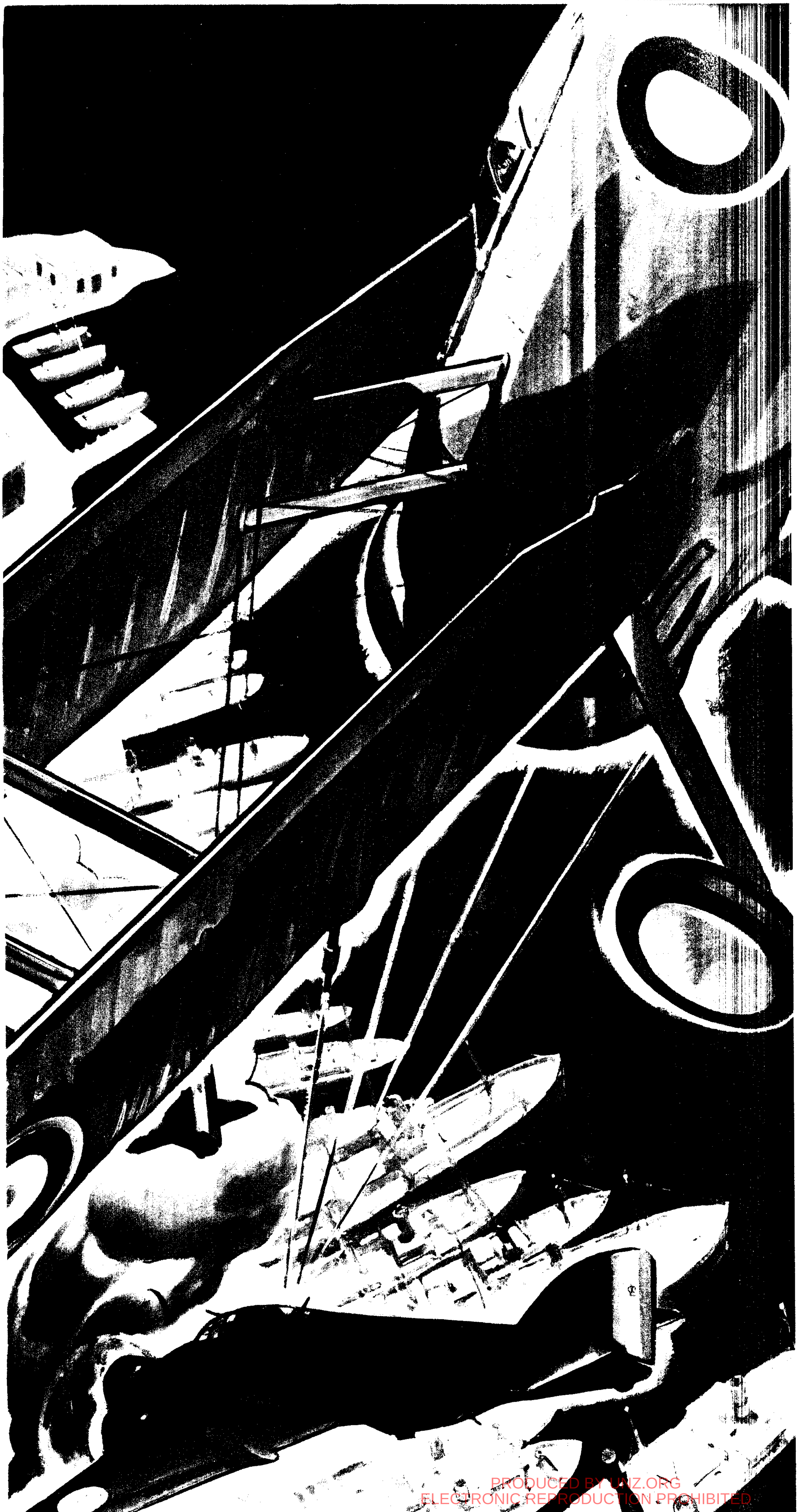
"They're Savoias, I think. So if you get a bead on one, get it on that hump over the trailing edge of the wing."

Gorell pulled at his harness.

"Tap will be behind you." Quayle lifted his hand again and walked toward a plane that was being warmed up by two aircraftsmen, two hundred yards away. He looked up as he walked and saw water blue in the sky and streaked chalk in the clouds. He was thinking they would be too high to hide in. Probably at fifteen thousand, and not much of them anyway. Maybe twelve thousand wasn't height enough for the fighters. The Greeks said the Savoias were around ten thousand feet. They might climb a little to get over the antiaircraft, and the Greeks ought to keep their antiaircraft quiet. John Quayle thought this while he walked across the field.

As he approached the squat khaki-camouflaged biplane, a man climbed out of the cockpit.

"All right, Sergeant?" John Quayle



asked the short figure who was standing by the plane.

"Fine! There's still a bit of oil floating around the cockpit. I wiped the rudder bar clean. Keep your feet off the floor and they won't slip off the rudder."

Quayle pulled on a fur-lined waterproof flying suit and a parachute harness, stepped onto the wing of the biplane, eased himself up and down into the cockpit. He drew on his helmet, buttoned the microphone across his mouth, plugged the cord in, held the brakes of the plane tight as he opened up the throttle lever. He released the brakes, pressured the right rudder bar. The plane swung around and, in short bursts of engine laughs, moved in a boy's swagger over the green bumps of the airdrome.

There were three other planes taxiing down the field from different directions. They were all Gloster Gladiators, like Flight Lieutenant Quayle's. Young Gorell was already turned around and facing upwind waiting for the others. One by one they came around him and formed an arrowhead. John Quayle moved in last and became the apex of the group, keeping his engine opening in gusts and closing in sighs.

Taking one look behind him on both sides, Quayle worked the control stick, then opened the throttle and moved forward. The five planes bumped slowly over the field, gathered speed until the tails lifted. Lightly the wheels were unweighted until they were touching only the prominent surfaces and picking up the greensward, which made them spin until they left the ground completely. The planes climbed easily, with their noses on the horizon. In a great curve the five fighters uncurled themselves from the basin of mountains around the airdrome and began their climb over Athens.

Quayle could see the new city below him sometimes as they climbed. There was no traffic on the streets because there was an air-raid alarm over the city. The Acropolis stretched white and without height between the city and the sea. And around it was the green earth of the Pnyx and the woods whose good fists were closed.

IT IS so simple to be here, John Quayle was thinking as he looked around at the flight close-flying behind him. It is simple because this is the simplest way of being anywhere. Hickey, one memorable day at Fuka when there was a dust storm blowing across the desert, had said, "Looks like we're going to Greece." And that had started it. It was not sure, though, even when John Quayle and Hickey left Fuka and flew down to Heliopolis' airdrome near Cairo. Hickey was the squadron leader, and because he was going down to Cairo, and the remainder of the Gladiator Squadron was already there at Heliopolis being refitted, it meant that something was in the air.

There had been a station wagon waiting to take Hickey to headquarters. Finn and John Hersey had been there, too. They said they had been having a wonderful time while waiting for their planes, which were due to go back to Fuka when H.Q. told them to wait. Now they wanted to know what it was all about, and one by one the remainder of the squadron found out that Hickey was in Cairo also.

In the afternoon they loitered in a Cairo bar where they usually drank beer, waiting for Hickey to come back from headquarters across the city. When he came, he shrugged and said, "Greece," and they had separated their thoughts to think about it. They had wanted to talk about it but couldn't because it was still secret. But later, when John Quayle and Hickey were walking back to headquarters, Hickey had told him that Eighty Squadron was to be the only fighter squadron in Greece. "It's only going to be British air forces in Greece," he had said. "No military, except supply. Two-Eleven Squadron is there, the Blenheims. There's a Wellington Squadron there, too, doing night raids on Italy. The Blenheims are bombing Albania. We'll be doing escort for them. We'll be at a place called Phaleron near Athens for the first couple of days, then we'll probably go to Larissa. That's inland somewhere. They tell me the weather's hellish and the mountains high."

And that night, Hersey had said, "Athens is fine." But nobody had believed him, so no one took any notice when he said that it was a new city and not old at all. And he was right; it is new, John Quayle was thinking. Hersey had gone on. Nobody speaks English, but they speak French and German, he had said. There were good cabarets,

(Continued on page 26)

He did not feel his way as most do. He kept his speed and pushed the gun button . . . he had the port engine in his sights. The guns chattered

EE PUB
RARY
KANS.

DOOLITTLE-KEAN

Teresa Wright: Good, sound acting talent instead of the usual fanfares of publicity account for her slow, steady rise in Hollywood

No Glamor Gal

By Kyle Crichton

So far the pattern of life in Hollywood has had little effect on Teresa Wright. Her stockings are usually wrinkled around the ankles and she lives over a garage. But she takes acting as a serious business

AFTER Teresa Wright had appeared in Detroit with the touring version of Our Town she received a letter from a bellhop at one of the hotels. It said merely, "Please don't be angry at what I'm about to write. Your personal appearance is swell except for one thing: Your hose about the ankles are always wrinkled."

This was a decent warning and it has been repeated by other Wright enthusiasts but it has had no effect. Friends have even gone to the trouble of supplying gifts of garters, supporters and special girdles. The result: nothing. The socks still wrinkle. It must be the contour of the Wright limb.

In view of this, Miss Wright's present employment with Mr. Samuel Goldwyn is in the nature of a national phenomenon. Mr. Goldwyn has previously been a high priest in attendance at the altar of glamor.

Goldwyn once spent a million dollars publicizing the charms of Miss Anna Sten, with the result that (a) the public was not charmed, and (b) Miss Sten, a good actress with a great Continental reputation, was a failure. A later experiment with Miss Merle Oberon rewarded Mr. Goldwyn's patience and confidence in a more substantial fashion, and the financial rewards were excellent until that moment when Mr. Alexander Korda removed Miss Oberon from the Goldwyn clutches by the simple device of marrying her.

The only apparent excuse Miss Wright has for being on the Goldwyn pay roll is that she is an actress. She was playing in Life With Father on Broadway when Goldwyn hired her for the part of the child in the screen version of The Little Foxes. She is now Mrs. Lou Gehrig in The Pride of the Yankees, a picture in which Mr. Gary Cooper, the gentleman gaucho, has been instructed as painstakingly in our national pastime as an infant is taught to walk. The thing becomes more involved by reason of the fact that although Miss Wright is twenty-two years of age, she has always played children.

Home is Where You Find It

Miss Wright's competence as a performer was established almost immediately by her nomination for the best assisting artist of 1941 for her work in The Little Foxes. Even this failed to glamorize her and there is little chance that anything ever will. She lives on the wrong side of the tracks in Beverly Hills and can be reached only by explorers of great fortitude. It will be found that Miss Wright lives somewhere down a driveway. Furthermore, she lives over a garage.

However, the apartment is extremely attractive and it is at this point that the caller realizes that although Miss Wright may never be another Clara Bow she most certainly has her wits about her.

"Look, the swimming hole," she says, going to the window.

There is a swimming pool. The location is quiet; the rent is reasonable. Also, Miss Wright can act. While being interviewed, she sits on a divan with her feet tucked under her. Nothing shows, especially not a wrinkle.

If Miss Wright looks and conducts herself like Helen Hayes, it is because she wants to act like Helen Hayes. That started when Teresa saw Miss Hayes in Victoria Regina and made up her mind about acting. Far from discouraging her, the family urged her on. She was

(Continued on page 56)

A dead-pan, brown granite face reveals the hard discipline and nerve strain under which Ben Hogan plays his matches. He is known as the golfer in whose veins runs ice water

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Ice Heart

By Grantland Rice

Meet Ben Hogan, the man who demonstrated that good golf—the kind that pays off—is a simple triumph of mind over matter

BEN HOGAN is the ex-caddie from Dublin, Texas, who— (1) broke all past records by finishing in the money in fifty-six consecutive tournaments against the greatest golfers in the world; (2) won the Vardon Trophy of 1941 for the finest all-round record; (3) had the lowest scoring average of the year, barely above seventy for each round; (4) was the biggest money winner of the 1941 season; (5) who, weighing around 134 pounds, was and is one of the mighty hitters of the game; (6) started the new 1942 season by winning over $4,000 on two great shots; (7) carried out this killing pace through Pinehurst, Asheville, and in the Masters' Tournament at Augusta, a spring stretch run that lifted his 1942 earnings close to $10,000, well in front of other pursuing stars, with a big lead in Vardon Trophy points.

Millions who have played golf, or haven't played golf, know something about Bobby Jones, Harry Vardon and Walter Hagen. But Ben Hogan is a new type, an example of a new day. Hogan came up the hard way and he is on the hard side. He is about as soft as a hydrant. Looking something like George Raft, he has a face that might have been cut out of brown granite.

The slim Texan was the first golfer to startle Gene Sarazen, another hard-boiled competitor, who won his first U. S. Open Championship at Skokie in 1922. Sarazen and Hogan were paired in the big four-ball championship played each spring at Miami.

"I thought I was a tough competitor," Gene told me, after they had won. "I'm just a violet compared to Hogan. In our first match we were four-up at the end of six holes. Naturally I was riding high, and then Hogan came up to me. You know what he said: 'What's the matter with us? Are we yellow? We should be six-up here. Come on and get to work.' "

That's Hogan. He is the first man I've ever known who turned golf from a defensive game into an offensive game. Hogan's method is almost entirely attack.

Here is an example: After his brilliant 1941 season, Hogan's 1942 debut was in the Los Angeles $10,000 Open, with $3,500 riding on the winning score. I had followed him many times before, but only as one among many other stars. This time I concentrated on Hogan. On the final day he had to get two birdies on the last four holes to tie Jimmy Thomson, the Human Siege Gun, who had already finished at 282.

Hogan came to the last green with a birdie four for a tie. This hole is over 500 yards in length, with the green set on a plateau, offering a difficult target. Standing on this final tee, Hogan's normal grimness was accentuated. Even long-hitting Jimmy Thomson had never reached this green in two shots. But instead of weakening, 134-pound Hogan put everything *he* had into his drive. As he coiled and uncoiled he reminded me of a rattlesnake on the strike. There was ice in his heart and ice in his blood stream as he lashed at the ball which traveled at least 300 yards over soft turf. He was over the green with an iron to get his birdie four.

A day later in the play-off, now worth over $4,000, Hogan finished with two birdies to win by a single stroke. He had a short pitch on the final green, over a bank, upon which an extra $1,800 hung in the balance. It was the same sort of pitch that had cost Sammy Snead an eight on this same hole. Hogan's masked, dead-pan, brown granite face was something to watch as he almost holed an eagle three.

More Than a Shot-Maker

Golf is loaded with great shot-makers. Hogan is a great shot-maker. So are Byron Nelson, Craig Wood, Sammy Snead, Jimmy Thomson and many, many others. But Hogan is something more than a great shot-maker. For example, it is almost impossible in tournament golf to concentrate through eighteen holes—much less seventy-two holes.

Even Byron Nelson, one of the best, admitted that he had let his mind wander a few times, and each time this lapse had cost him a stroke. These lapses may come in lining up the shot correctly, in the stance, in starting the backswing, in finishing the stroke.

"I was hitting my tee shots so well," Nelson told me, "that I forgot to concentrate on my iron shots. You know, you can be playing too well to score well."

This is a hazard the duffer rarely runs across, but it is easy to understand where the player begins to take too much for granted.

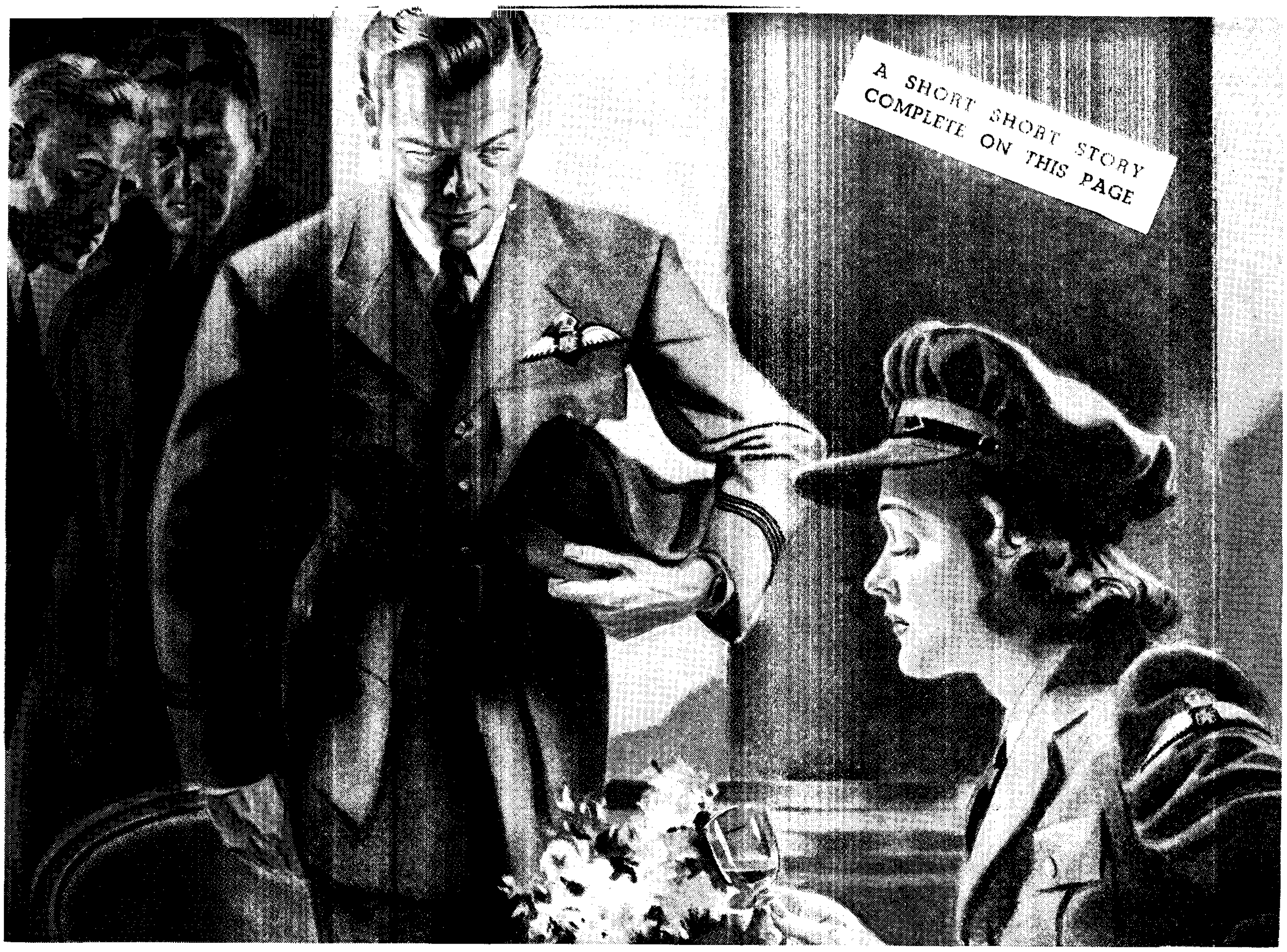
Hogan takes nothing for granted. "I started out as a left-handed golfer," he said, "and I was about thirty pounds too light. I then switched over to a right-handed game. I couldn't put on any extra weight, so I began to work on methods that would get me the needed distance. I increased my backswing by almost two feet and then worked on a better co-ordination between hands and body. Everyone knows that timing is the most important part of a swing. It took me some time to find that true timing comes from the brain—not from the body.

(Continued on page 35)

Wine with a Lady

By W. E. Johns

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CROSMAN


A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THE Restaurant du Midi, in Piccadilly, was crowded. Uniforms were conspicuous, some British, others those of occupied countries.

Where there are uniforms there will always be women, and in this respect the Midi was fairly favored. Prices being high, as they usually are where lights are low, most of the fair clientele were well escorted. Only one sat alone, a dark, serious-faced girl in W.A.A.F. uniform, who occupied a wall table.

Her fish had been served when the headwaiter bustled up, to implore, with profuse apologetic shrugs, a favor. It appeared that the restaurant was full, and there was a gentleman, an officer . . . would *madame* mind? . . .

"If you mean you want to put him at my table, that's all right with me," she consented without enthusiasm.

The headwaiter beamed, clapping his hands for subordinate attention. *"Merci, madame, merci."*

The girl resumed her more engaging occupation, but presently looked up to discover that she was being regarded with surreptitious approval by an officer, a flight lieutenant of the Royal Air Force.

"Sorry to crash in on you like this," he murmured with easy confidence.

"No need to apologize," she answered evenly.

He gave his order, and reached for the wine list. "You've let me share your table; how about sharing my wine?"

She smiled faintly. "I warn you, I have a pampered palate."

"So much the better."

"Brace yourself when you look at the price. Number 56. Château Lafitte, '24. They have only a few bottles left. When those have gone, we may be gray before we see more."

"Ghastly thought." He beckoned the wine waiter and gave the order. "Been in the service long?" he went on.

"Long enough to like it."

"What are you working on?"

SHE frowned disapproval. Her eyes went meaningly to the usual official warning sign, conspicuously displayed, against indiscreet talk.

He glanced at it and shrugged. "That hardly applies to us, as long as we don't shout, does it?"

"Why not? There may be a dictaphone in the wall, with a Hun at the other end."

He made an appraising survey of the room. "You may be right. This place ought to be a fertile field for spies."

The waiter brought the wine and poured a little into a glass. The officer looked at it for a moment against the light, sipped it reverently. "I understand why there isn't much left," he murmured.

Over the wine the conversation became more intimate. He told her that he was at Bomber Command, and of certain operations that so far had not been made public. "We did a special job last night," he concluded.

"I know," she returned calmly.

He raised his eyebrows. "Then you're in Operations?"

"No—Personnel. But we hear things."

"What can they find for a woman to do in Personnel?"

"I draft the orders."

"What sort of orders?"

She smiled with a deprecatory shrug. "Just the routine stuff—allowances, uniforms regulations, and so on."

He smiled. "So you're one of the people who tell us how to dress?"

"That's it. I've just been drafting a new uniform regulation. It will appear in Weekly Orders tomorrow."

"Socks to be an inch longer?"

"Not a bad guess. You'll know about it tomorrow."

"You might as well tell me now. Why not?"

She hesitated. "Very well. You'll see Orders, anyway, when you go back. The new regulation affects slacks. Turn-ups are to be worn again."

He stared incredulously. "No!" he breathed. Then he quivered with suppressed laughter. "But the thing's fantastic. What possible reason—"

"But there is a reason," she interrupted stiffly.

"Impossible!"

"I'll tell you what it is. As you know, several officers have had to bail out over the Channel. Some have dropped into the drink several times, and the salt water has caused their slacks to shrink. Turn-ups would allow them to be brought to regulation length. So, you see, behind the order lies a practical purpose."

He became serious. "Imagine it," he muttered bitterly. "This is how we fight total war. I'm sorry to be critical, but—"

She broke in: "Don't blame me. I don't make the orders—I only pass them on." She finished her wine. "Now I must be getting back."

"To think out a new shape for my collar?"

She smiled. "Possibly."

"How about lunch tomorrow?" He touched the empty bottle. "We must have another of these."

She hesitated. "I shall probably be along, anyway. All right, I'll come, but only on the understanding that I pay for the wine. Being independent is still a novelty."

"I don't like the idea, but if it's a condition of your coming then I'll say no more."

"Good. Au revoir." She moved toward the door.

THE following day the Midi was well patronized for lunch; by noon every place had been booked, and the girl in Air Force blue found her escort already seated.

"I managed to get the same table," he boasted gracefully, as he rose to greet her. "I hope you won't mind, but I've ordered the wine—to make sure of getting it."

"Very wise. Sorry I'm a bit late, but I've had a hectic morning."

"What's the news today? Been working out a new method of lacing shoes?"

"More important things than that," she answered seriously. "Oh, and that reminds me—your persuasive curiosity yesterday may land you in trouble. That order about slacks was canceled at the last minute and I see you've had turn-ups put on. You should have waited until the order was promulgated."

"Is that so?" he said slowly, his eyes on her face.

She nodded. "Extraordinary how information leaks out, isn't it? This morning no fewer than five officers were arrested for being incorrectly dressed. Regardless of standing orders they were wearing turn-ups. That could hardly be coincidence. Somebody must have told them."

There was a brief silence.

"Who could it have been?" he questioned slowly.

She glanced up. "Only one person knew about the order apart from myself. That may give you an idea."

"Are you sure no one else knew?"

"Certain. I planned the scheme myself."

There was another pause. His eyes were still on her face. It seemed to fascinate him. "Who arrested these—incorrectly dressed officers?"

"The police. Not one could give an account of himself, which was only to be expected since they were not attached to any unit—at least, not to a British unit. It rather looks as though our Intelligence people are not so slow after all, doesn't it? Five spies in one cast of the net isn't bad."

She made a slight inclination with her head. "That's all." He rose slowly to his feet, clicked his heels and bowed

There was another pause. The waiter poured the wine.

When the officer spoke again his voice was strained: "Excuse me a moment. I've just remembered something."

She didn't look up. "If you're thinking of going to your tailor's, I wouldn't bother. And there's no point in trying to hide your slacks. The two gentlemen behind you aren't impatient. I'm sure they'll give you time to drink your wine. As I said yesterday, it may be a long time before there is such another vintage."

His expression did not change. Only the color drained slowly out of his face, leaving it gray. With fingers that were white, but steady, he held his glass to the light, so that the rubies in it glowed blood-red.

"I'm all the more sorry that we shall never know each other better," he said softly, and after drinking deeply placed the empty glass, inverted, on the table.

She, too, lifted her glass, and touched the wine with her lips.

His eyes, now expressionless, came back to hers. "Is that all?"

She made a slight inclination with her head. "That's all."

He rose slowly to his feet, clicked his heels and bowed stiffly from the waist. Then, without another word, he turned and walked toward the door, followed by the two gentlemen who were not impatient.

The waiter came forward, smiling. "Taking lunch, *madame?*"

"No. Just coffee—black."

The waiter leaned forward to brush some crumbs from the table. "Everything go off all right?" he whispered.

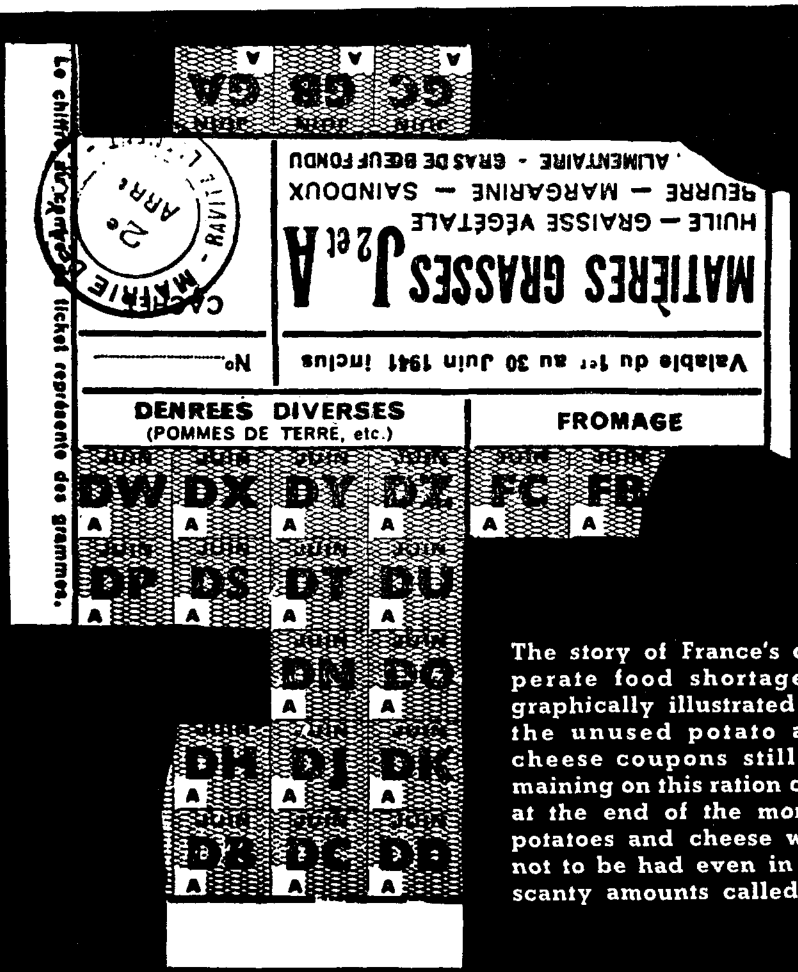
"Yes. Keep the table reserved, though—we may need it again."

The waiter straightened his back. *"Oui, madame,"* he said loudly.

How France Eats

By Thérèse Bonney

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



Le chiffre [illegible] ticket représente des grammes.

GA GB GC

MATIÈRES GRASSES J2 et A

HUILE — GRAISSE VÉGÉTALE

BEURRE — MARGARINE — SAINDOUX

ALIMENTAIRE - GRAS DE BŒUF FONDU

Valable du 1er au 30 Juin 1941 inclus

No.

MAIRIE 2e ARRt RAVITAILLEMENT

DENREES DIVERSES (POMMES DE TERRE, etc.)

FROMAGE

DW DX DY DZ FC FB

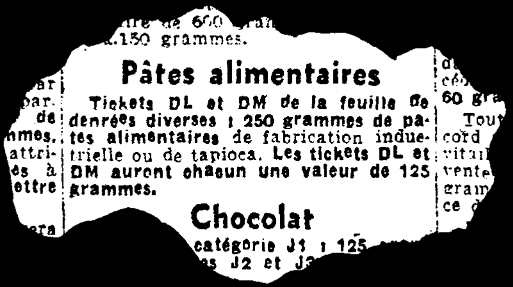
DP DS DT DU

DN DO

DH DJ DK

DB DC DD

The story of France's desperate food shortage is graphically illustrated by the unused potato and cheese coupons still remaining on this ration card at the end of the month: potatoes and cheese were not to be had even in the scanty amounts called for



[illegible] de 600 gram[illegible]

[illegible].150 grammes.

Pâtes alimentaires

Tickets DL et DM de la feuille de denrées diverses : 250 grammes de pâtes alimentaires de fabrication industrielle ou de tapioca. Les tickets DL et DM auront chacun une valeur de 125 grammes.

Chocolat

catégorie J1 : 125 [illegible]

[illegible]s J2 et J[illegible]

Newspaper advertisements advise ration card holders that certain unused D tickets may be exchanged for noodles, macaroni and tapioca—an infrequent occurrence in stricken France

AT THE end of last year, I drove 15,000 kilometers through Unoccupied France to see how the people lived. I dined with one of the great generals of the French army of pre-Armistice days. In the old days he had lived in style, with a cook who was the envy of all his friends. However, this time an omelette for two had to do for six. The rest of the meal consisted of lettuce without oil and a handful of strawberries.

The wife of a French academician told me that in their household they had had no potatoes in five months, no meat in two. Because of the scarcities, she was forced to spend four or five hours a day marketing. She considered herself fortunate if for eighty to a hundred francs (two to three dollars) she could get enough vegetables for two meals for her husband and herself.

Everything is rationed, and ration tickets are more precious than gold, literally. Without them it is possible to starve; even with them life is desperately hard. I had heard stories of guests giving their ration tickets to their hostess. My experience went even further. I was invited to lunch by an ambassador. On leaving I was asked to hand my ration tickets to my host.

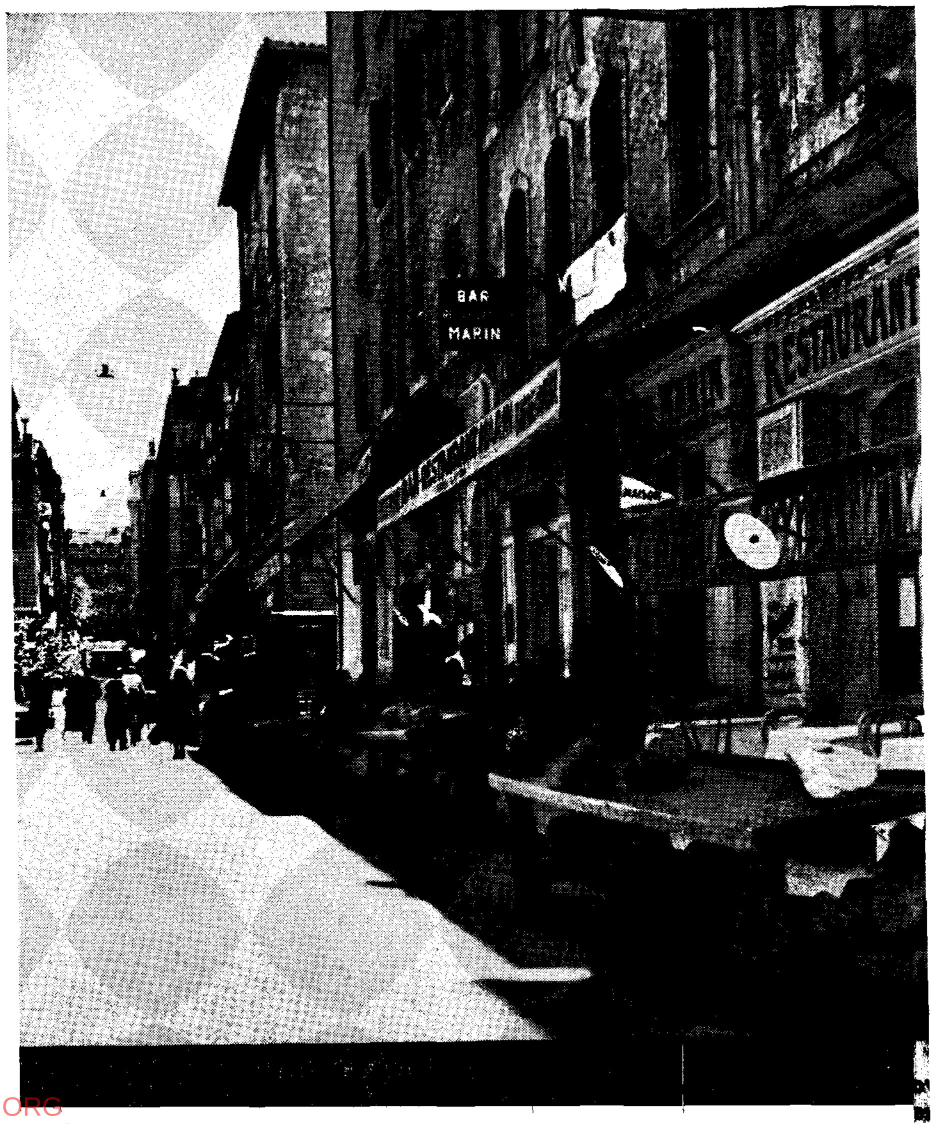
The days of the gastronomically spoiled Frenchmen are gone. The famous chefs who labored over *canard à l'orange* or *truffes aux cendres* are gradually turning their attention to spruce steak, ersatz cutlets, poppy salads. I studied the question of food with those charged with its control and distribution. I visited the farms of almost two hundred peasants in widely separated regions. I motored hundreds of miles to visit factories, slaughterhouses, laboratories. I saw soap being made from bones, ersatz *pâté de foie gras* from peanut flour, biscuits from caseine, sugar from grape residue.

After the fall of Paris, the Germans not only blitzed and looted France but established an army of occupation of two million men, which had to be supplied with the best that still remained in the country. The flight of hundreds of thousands of peasants before the invaders resulted in neglect and abuse of their land, in heavy loss of livestock. In 1940 there was a loss of 45 per cent in the harvest, a 25 per cent decrease in dairy products, a 50 per cent decrease in the potato crop, a 30 per cent drop in the meat supply.

In 1941 the harvest was even more seriously affected because of the lack of fertilizer and seed. The cattle left behind in the fields during the retreat were afflicted by a fever when unmilked. Thousands died. Two hundred and fifty thousand horses were either killed, requisitioned by the Germans or lost. I was told that two hundred thousand French freight cars were appropriated by the Germans. Two million French prisoners, 1,200,000 of them farm workers, were held in German prison camps. All French imports from their colonies in Madagascar, Indo-China and Africa were cut off.

Slaughterhouse figures from one of the leading cities tell their own story:

Before the war (per day)	*End of 1941*
Beef—800 animals	60
Pork—1,418	250
Veal—380	75
Mutton—5,000	650
Horse—123	410



A c[illegible] snips her precious food coupons.

[illegible] for [illegible] of food dispensed

The increase in the consumption of horse meat is more indicative of conditions than anything I might write. The normal production of meat in this city per day was one hundred thousand kilos. Today it is less than fifteen thousand. Before the war there were twenty-five thousand pigs slaughtered a week in Paris. The week of November 1, 1941, there were two hundred and eighty-seven slaughtered. The figure has gone down as low as 150.

For some time after the collapse, certain regions of France noticed little difference in food available. When I was in Savoy it was still possible to get a rather good meal. Regions known as the monocultural (one crop) sections, such as Nimes and Montpelier, were the first to suffer. By midsummer of 1941, I saw children starving in these towns, even eating nettles in the fields.

People were able to get along for a while by swapping. A friend might send butter by parcel post from Périgord or sausage from Burgundy in return for other products. But little by little, these sources could no longer be tapped and, for survival, the Frenchman was thrown back on his own resources. All products were strictly rationed but that never meant that a family was going to be sure of eating.

I shall never forget the sad, apathetic look in the eyes of a friend's child, who had only one meal a day, at school at noon, and went to bed supperless with "*Maman, j'ai faim!*" (I am hungry) on his lips instead of a prayer. Nor shall I ever forget the frequent gesture of the tiny child who placed one hand over the other on his stomach and looked up longingly at me.

Nothing could be more serious than losing a ration ticket. When I entered France I was given enough tickets for five days. Not having a ration book, I found it extremely difficult to take care of these little pieces of paper. My bread tickets fluttered to the floor every time I opened my purse. I was soon to learn that a Frenchman had a special ration wallet for these life-or-death bits of paper. Snipping the ticket is a rite and one on which you keep an eagle eye. Old women buying at a store watch the shopkeeper every instant, knowing that just one wrong move may leave them mealless at the end of the month.

There is even a gruesome side to the ration question. At the beginning, there was some traffic in ration tickets. When a man died, his cards were kept and used for extra supplies by the family. To stop that, the government decreed that no burial could be made unless the ration book was surrendered. In a few cases where men have dropped dead in the street and have been robbed, the situation has verged on tragedy for the family.

With fats and oils lacking, substitutes such as walnuts, beech nuts, sunflower seeds, peach and prune stones, pumpkin seeds and *saflor* (a giant thistle) brought a partial solution to the problem. Cookbooks to meet the new conditions have been published. One called *Manger cet Hiver* (Eating this Winter) guarantees to turn your 950 calories rations into 2,250 calories. Another by the prince of French cooking, Prosper Montagne, is titled: *La Cuisine avec ou sans tickets* (Cooking with or without tickets). Montagne no longer talks of hare *à la royale* or of Koulibacks of salmon or of chicken *Vallée d'Orge*. Today he writes of cauliflower marrow, poached nettles, rutabaga *à la Lyonnaise*.

Another tiny cookbook furnishes a hundred recipes for making dishes out of bread crumbs. An ordinary household of five, it seems, wastes thirty grams of bread crumbs a day, two hundred and ten grams a week. That is quite enough to make any number of succulent desserts and other dishes.

I brought a few menus back with me to show what a typical meal in France is today. Here are a few:

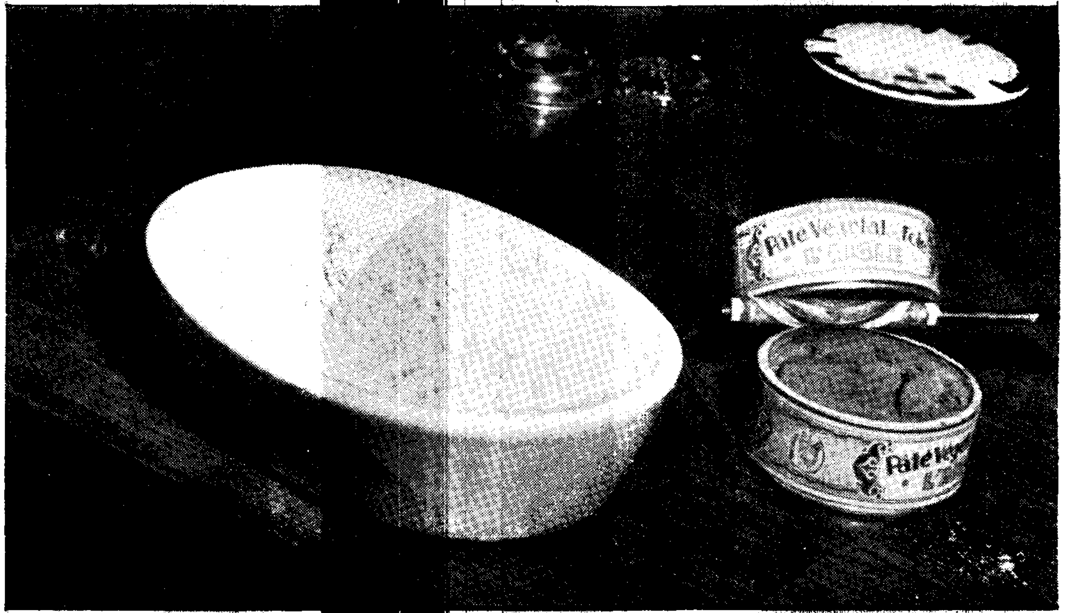
A twenty-five francs fifty centimes meal (more or less equivalent to a $1.25 meal here):

Authorized hors d'oeuvre.

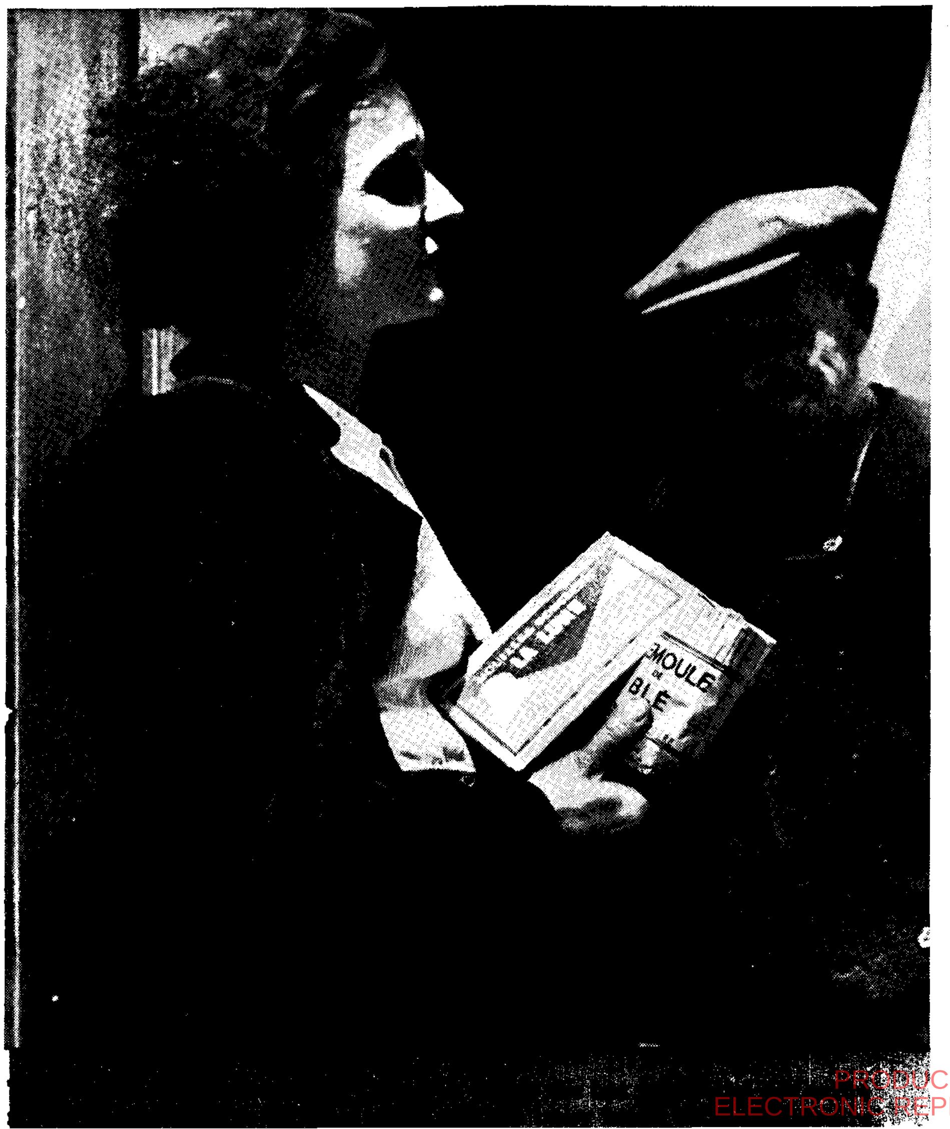
A leaf of lettuce and a slice of tomato without oil.

A handful of beans, without any

A French peasant famil[illegible] ead, preserved pork and cheap wine. Peasants fare better than urbani[illegible] e they can keep some of the foods they raise



Staple food is the canne[illegible] e pâté, unrationed—an unsavory combination of peanut flour (in dish) and [illegible] mash, made by a once-famous firm of pâté makers

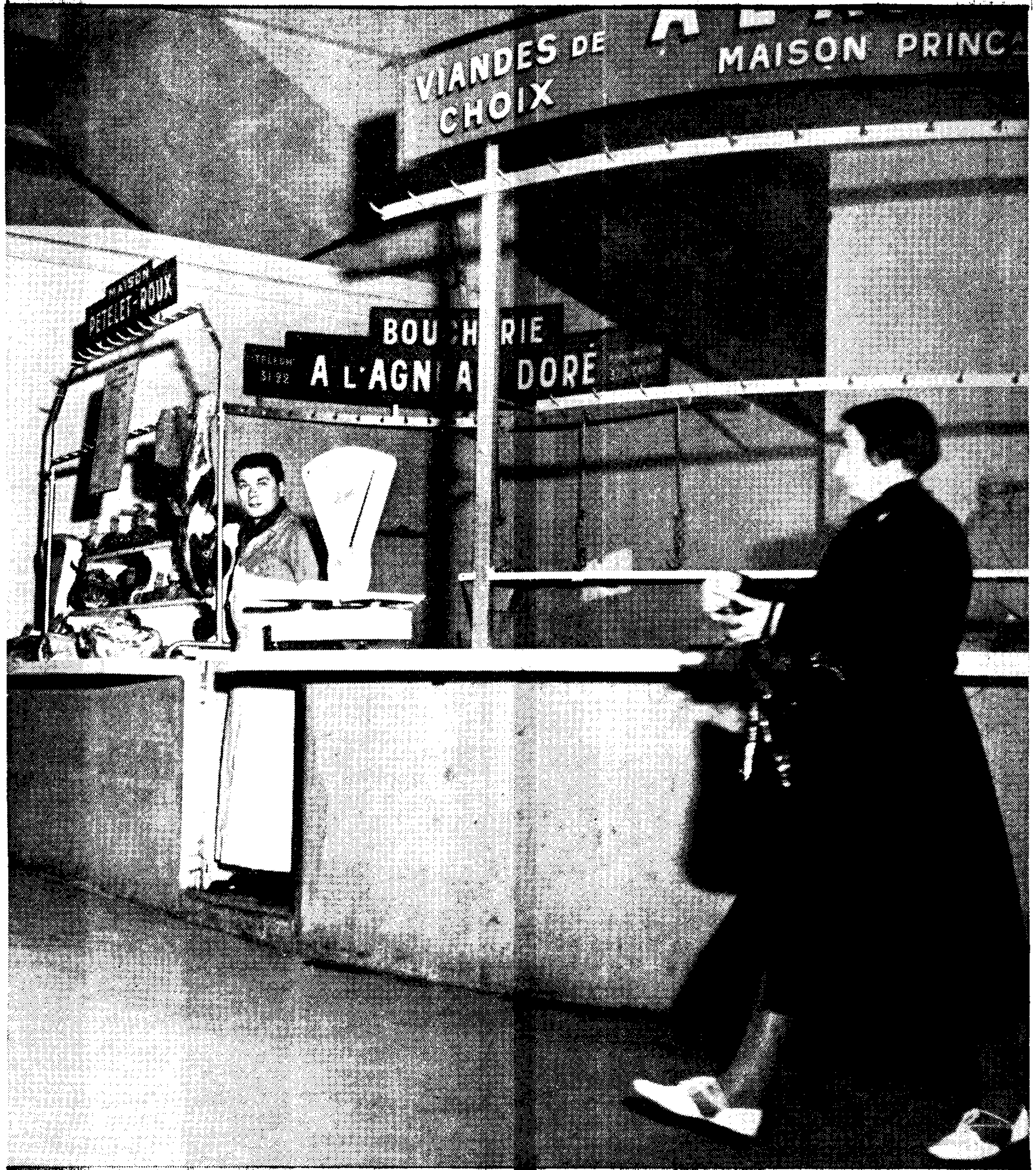


French schoolchildren [illegible] d to school to supplement the meal the state supplies them. Many [illegible] dren must get along on this one meal a day

The village baker comes back into his own. The present shortage of fuel, plus the fact that the peasant gets flour instead of bread, makes communal baking necessary

A peasant woman makes cheese from milk produced by her own cow. Since cheese is now the principal protein staple of the peasant, a cow is a highly prized possession

A storekeeper weighs out a month's rice ration for one person. Rice has now become so scarce it can be issued only for children under three —and to adults only on doctor's prescription



A French butcher shop in Vichy displays empty meat hooks and only a few processed meat products on its counter. Many ration tickets are unused because there is no meat to be had

fat and half a boiled egg (this is called a *cassoulet*).

Ten strawberries or one small apricot.

Another menu:

Tapicoa consommé.

Spinach with no butter but a touch of margarine.

A dozen snails, without butter or garlic (inedible).

A handful of cherries.

Another menu:

Potage Lyonnais.

Rutabaga boiled.

Macaroni (without cheese).

People in America ask me about the French Black Market, and the answer, I suppose, is that there will always be Black Markets. Sugar is sold at $1.50 a pound; tea if found can cost from $20 to $25 a pound; butter is from $2.50 to $5 a pound. A goose or turkey, if found, would run to $20 or $25; a chicken, that *rara avis,* commands from $5 to $10. A ham costs from $75 to $100.

In Unoccupied France, the Black Market is not half so active and vicious as in England because the population of France is more social minded. There is a decided feeling and determination that rich and poor must share privations.

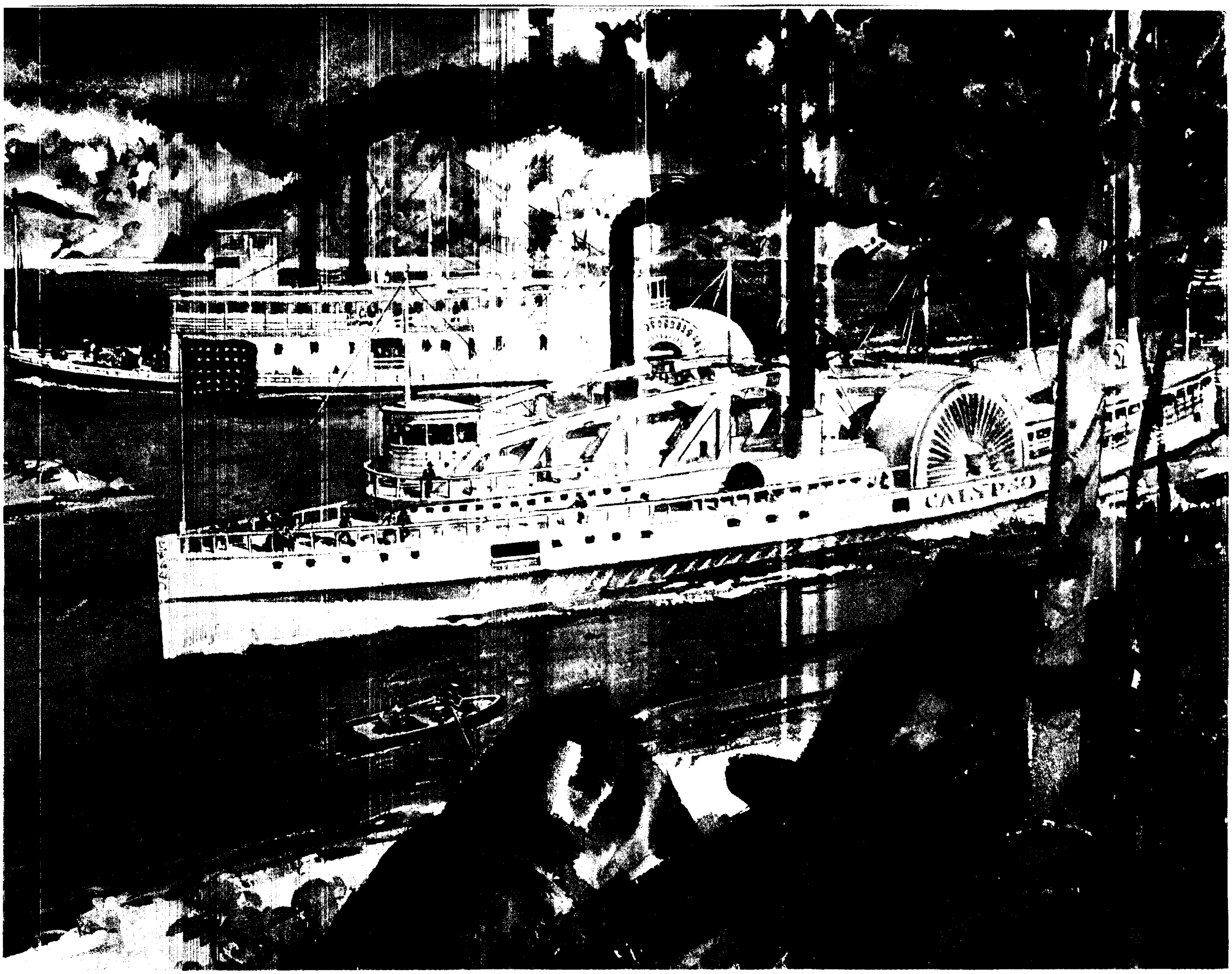
However, there are food speakeasies operating. In my long motor trip over France I found three. They are generally four or five miles from the edge of town and are frequented at night. Our newspaper men and diplomats always know where they are, because there you can get a good meal without ration tickets. At one in Vichy itself, I ate a *pâté,* a real one, a succulent steak, a great dish of French fried potatoes and a Camembert.

This meal per person, with wine, cost $4. To a Frenchman, that would mean the equivalent of about $8—a prohibitive sum. These places run great risks, and very severe measures are taken against them when they are located.

But such subterfuges have an infinitesimal effect on the great problem of starving France. In a country that is technically free, conditions are rapidly growing worse. The authorities are keenly aware of conditions in Belgium, their closest neighbors, where the increase of diseases incidental to starvation is growing at a frightening rate.

The French ration of 250 grams of meat a week, meager at best, was down to 190 grams at the end of 1941. Rice was reserved for children under three or for invalids requiring a doctor's prescription. Chocolate was distributed only to children. The French are approaching that limit of human endurance beyond which even the cleverest use of ersatz will not carry a nation.

THE END



The Calypso was firing with resin now. She crept into the wake of the General Hook and was gaining rapidly

CUB PILOT

By Carl D. Lane

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

A ride on the river that nobody enjoyed, least of all the hero of the occasion

CHID had stalled all he could. His father paced the kitchen shed of the shanty house with growing impatience and frequent nips from the flask of snake bite which he carried handy in his carpetbag. Chid reckoned his sign would have to come quick, else he'd be dragged off forthwith as his father had promised.

"I got to nail up the woodshed door," Chid said. "It'll only take a minute."

"Don't bother," Bull Hawley growled. "You ain't never comin' back here. Let them as wants come an' take the place."

Chid took his time finding the ax and bending straight some rusty spikes. Old Friend, Chid's big hound dog, put his muzzle on the boy's neck with affection as Chid stooped before a flat rock. The October night was frosty, promising ice in the marshes along the river and in the alder swales by morning. He nailed the shed door tight, taking more blows than he needed, killing time. The General Hook was late coming up tonight.

"Chid," Bull called, "come along now or I'll take the whip to you. When a man has gold he don't have to wait for no one; for his brat, never."

"Yes, sir," Chid said and unhitched the chain from the dog's collar. Chid had woven the collar himself, making it out of what was cheap and handy, like most everything else around the place. His father had left him when he was eleven, two years ago, going off to California for gold and abandoning him. Chid's mother had died when he was four. He would have liked to have gone to live with some of her kin as they'd urged him to but living in exactly this place had been important to his dreams.

Suddenly, from the river, dark and unseen to the westward, came the far-off beat of a stern-wheeler, feeling her way up the black stream. Chid could picture Lag Jessup, the pilot, alert in his port window, using his river sense and that awareness not given to common mortals, guiding his steamer around hidden niggerheads and snags and gravel bars.

Chid knew and loved the river. His dream was to be a steamboat pilot. Until his father had conjured himself out of an almost forgotten past this morning he'd been on his way to making the dream come true.

A single bell, thin and wintry, sounded beyond the shore scrub and the paddle beat ceased. Lag was picking his way between the shore and the end of the Drowned Man, searching for the narrow channel. In a minute he'd need Chid.

"Chid," Bull Hawley bellowed, "what in nation's keepin' you? You tryin' to run away? Come here!"

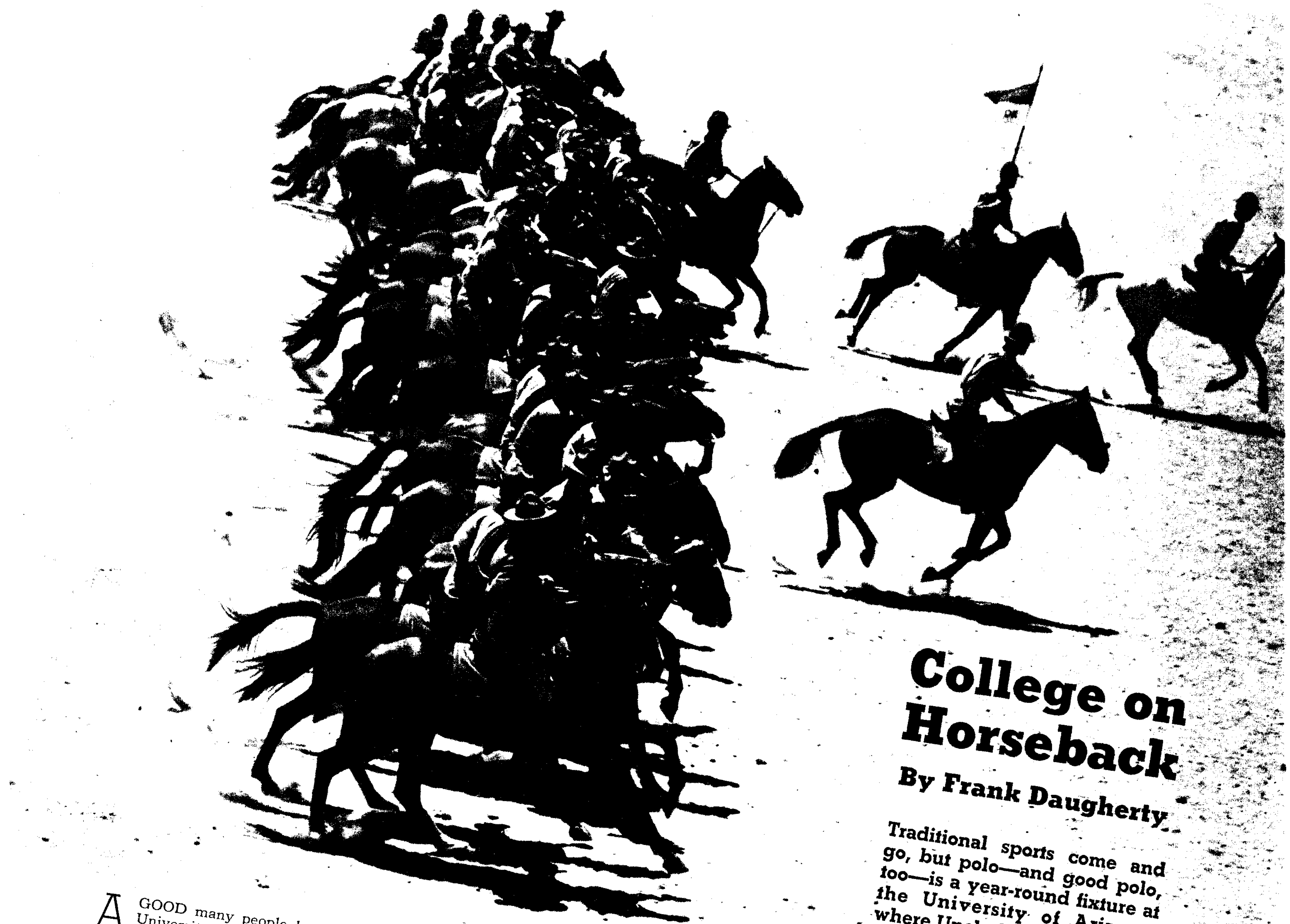
Chid didn't answer, risking Bull's ready whip hand, whisky-quickened tonight. Helping Lag and the General Hook was a solemn bounden duty. It paid him two dollars a month. But more important, it was leading him joyously near to the port window as Lag's cub.

On the river a whistle sounded, like a man calling a dog to heel. Old Friend's ears went up. The dog was alert and aquiver at once. "Go ahead, boy," Chid whispered. "It's the sign, boy."

Old Friend faced his muzzle toward the sound in the night, raising his head. Then he bayed—long and deep.

Chid patted him, feeling somehow closer to Old Friend than ever before. What was coming, doing his father's bidding, would be bearable only because

(Continued on page 50)



College on Horseback

By Frank Daugherty

Traditional sports come and go, but polo—and good polo, too—is a year-round fixture at the University of Arizona, where Uncle Sam's future cavalry officers ready themselves

A troop of junior cadets of the R.O.T.C. at the University of Arizona—the only all-cavalry R.O.T.C. unit in the United States. (Right) Arizona coeds look on at polo practice. The player hitting the ball is Bill Dent. His opponent is his teammate John Donaldson

A GOOD many people have tried to make the University of Arizona resemble other state colleges, at least from a sports angle. Football, baseball, basketball and track come and go, but the kids at the school, some from Southwestern ranches, others from the East, just go on believing that polo and horse shows and rodeos are the important things in any sports curriculum.

Years ago the Army established at Tucson the largest R.O.T.C. in the country, and today riding is compulsory for over eight hundred boys. The girls, not to be outdone, go in for everything from friendly gymkhanas to the annual rodeo—which may be a *ro-day-oh* in California but is a *ro-dee-oh* in Arizona.

Most important sport at the school, though, is polo. It starts soon after the school opens in the fall and runs through until Easter. Arizona doesn't spend much on it: Only $3,000 in 1940, and that included an invasion of Oklahoma, Iowa State, Princeton and Harvard. The school itself gave $1,200; the girls, $600. The gate made up the rest.

Arizona polo teams play the best colleges in the country, and always give a healthy account of themselves. Their all-time record, exclusive of 1941, is 283 games won, 88 lost, 15 tied. Of the team's regularly scheduled Western games in 1940 it won 19, lost 3 and tied 2. On a 7,901-mile jaunt into Eastern polo it won 13 games, tied 1 and lost 4—the losses being to Princeton, Harvard, the Pegasus Club and the War Department. The school has consistently been Western champion since it inaugurated the game in the West in 1921.

This was the year Lieut. Col. Ralph M. Parker, then head of the school's R.O.T.C., took eight boys mounted on eight crowbait horses out onto the parade ground and handed them mallets and a couple of bamboo-root balls.

"Boys," he is reported to have said, "this is polo. You ride the ponies and hit the ball with the mallets. The idea is to put the ball between—" The rest of his instructions were never heard.

History doesn't say the colonel fell off his horse at what followed; but what he saw was perhaps the most unorthodox polo ever played. The eight boys wound long legs under the bellies of the eight crowbait horses, shouted a cross between an Apache war yell and "Yipee-i-ee! Git along, little dogies!" and ran the bamboo ball ragged.

They have been doing it ever since. Not the same boys. There have been some better and some worse ones since then. But in riding skill, in hard, fast polo, they have all had a family resemblance.

They're Easy to Spot

You can still tell Arizona poloists wherever you see them—and graduates were playing polo as far west as Manila and at Army posts over most of the continental United States and in Cuba and Mexico. You can tell them even out of their customary levis and Texas boots and done up in baggy-seated white britches, shin guards and pith helmets. They will be riding the necks of the horses. Their stirrups will be long. And there will be no daylight to speak of between the seats of their trousers and the saddles.

This, of course, is all wrong, as every polo player knows. The society boys who play in the East, and the Army people who play everywhere, never tire of telling you that the ideal poloist rides the iron and not the leather—meaning his stirrup is short and that he stands up in it. Still there are competent sports writers who say they have never seen better riding than the Arizona boys' brand.

The first Arizona team played in the East in 1924. It was beaten by Princeton, that year's intercollegiate champion.

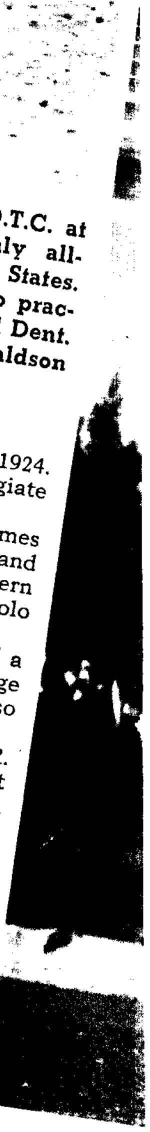
The Western boys livened up their Eastern games a bit by riding around the fields in cowboy regalia and ran nose on into some of the snubbing only Eastern polo coteries know how to dispense. But their polo was good and even the East respects good polo.

The team went east again in 1926 and dropped a series, 3 games to 1, to Pennsylvania Military College at Chester, Pa. No one else wanted to play them, so they went home.

In 1931-32 Arizona's new coach, Captain Gene R. Mauger of the Army took what was perhaps the best team Arizona ever turned out on a third Eastern foray. Mauger had seen Willie Dritt, Lewis Browne III, A. H. "Harry" Wilson and Leonard E. "Vic" Smith play for their prep school, the New Mexico Military Institute, and had gone after them the year before, as a college football coach goes after high-school stars. He bagged all.

Will Rogers had called the New Mexico Institute "the incubator of coming international polo!"

The institute didn't become the incubator of international polo, but it did become the incubator of Arizona polo, and the members of Mauger's team were only the first of many.



More practical than prophetic, Rogers gave a benefit in Tucson for Mauger's team, raising $2,300 which, with a like amount given by the school, enabled the four players and the coach to pile into a couple of automobiles and head east.

It was at once dubbed the "polo team on wheels," "the horseless polo team" and "the cowboy team without cows—and without horses." The stage was set to give it the same sort of derisive welcome that had been given the teams of 1924 and 1926.

But something happened on the way that was to change that. The ranch kids from the mesquite plains beat in quick succession New Mexico, Oklahoma, Fort Bliss, Riverridge and West Point. Murmurs of surprise greeted the earlier victories, but the West Point debacle was nothing less than a wow.

The Westerners, arriving in their dust-covered automobiles, to the polite amusement of the society folk from Tuxedo who motored over for the killing, wiped up the Army's pride 14 to 2.

Brought to New York and the Yale Club for uncheon, nothing was now too good for the Wildcats. They were introduced to Louis E. Stoddard, chairman of the United States Polo Association, to Clarence Budington Kelland, to many a Yale man who might have been put to it to tell exactly where their state was located.

Arizona Was "Included Out"

Then, on some pretty flimsy reasoning, based on mistaken reports, the intercollegiate polo heads voted not to let Arizona enter the matches. Two Arizona members, it was alleged, were ineligible for play. These charges have since been disproved, but Arizona has not been asked back for intercollegiate play. In fact, every Eastern trip the team has made has been on its own initiative.

Stoddard, who was in a position to judge, in spite of the team's defeat by Yale, called the 1931 Arizona team "the finest team combination in polo."

Arizona's coach for 1941, former crack Army poloist Major Delmore S. Wood, has said that the 1940 Arizona team, which he did not coach, "could easily have beaten any college team in the country if it had been comparably mounted."

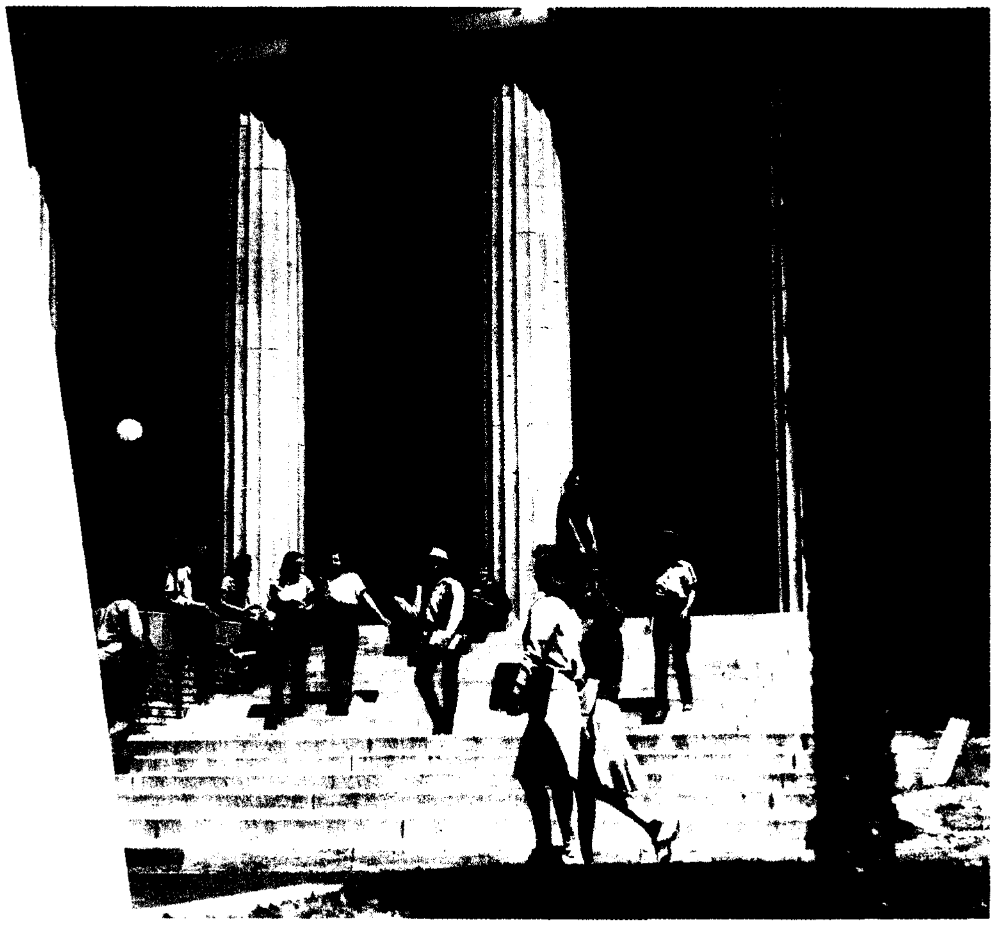
Arizona polo teams on Eastern trips have always played on borrowed mounts because it is not possible to transport polo ponies, as it is football teams, across the country with time out for play every 500 miles.

In the West, it has become the custom for home teams not only to furnish visitors with mounts, but to share their own mounts with them for at least half the game. This little gesture has never been followed in the East and must be accounted the greatest handicap the Western visitors have played under.

With a top enrollment last year of under 2,700 students, Arizona is one of the smallest state colleges in the country. But it has continually matched itself with the biggest colleges of the East, and has managed to maintain a brand of polo of which any school could be proud. It has done this using borrowed nags and considerably slowed down by soft Eastern fields which contrast strikingly with the fast dobe-and-devil-grass fields of the Southwest.

For his 1941 varsity, Wood (Continued on page 57)

e cowboy influence on the University of Arizona campus is reflected in the thing of students going to and from classes in the Engineering Building



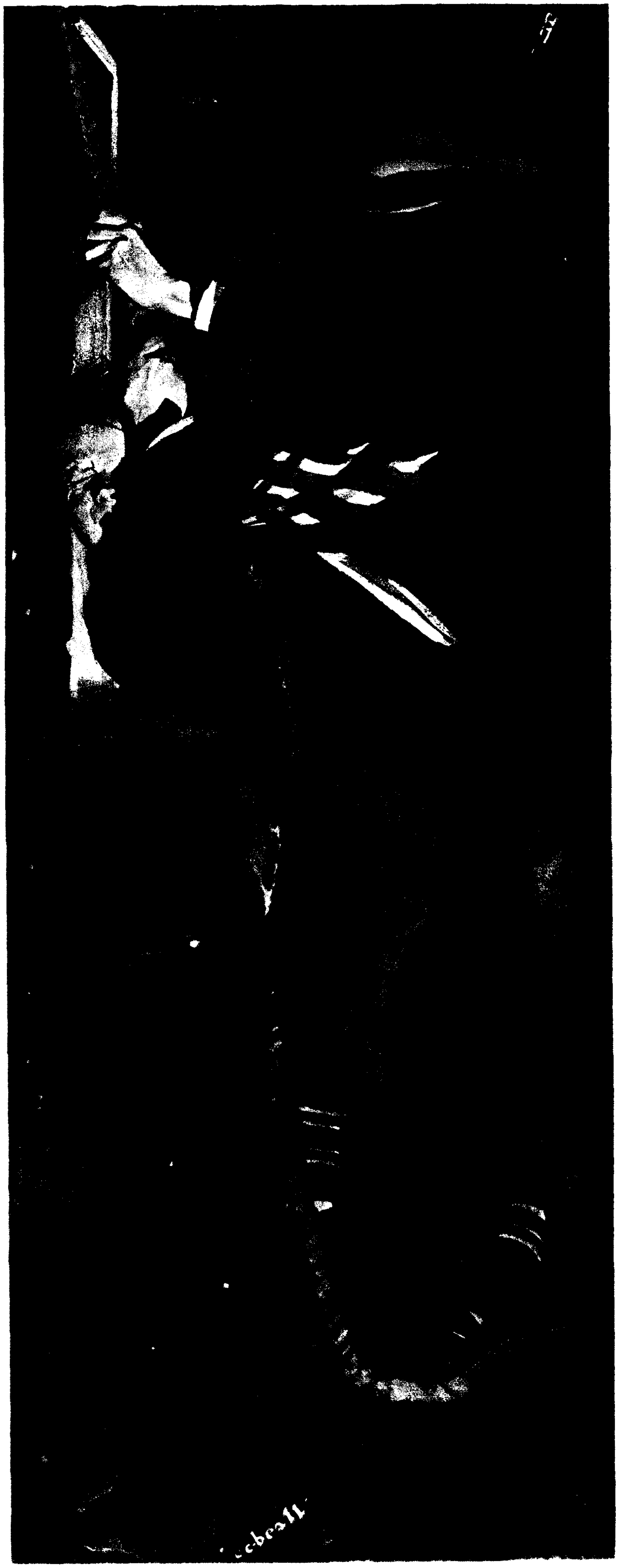
Girl students ride, too. On this desert trail are Ada Lee Perner, Elladean Hayes, Sazette Blair, Mary Hayward and Pat Moore

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES E. KERLEE

Fireman's Daughter

By Philip Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



I was holding my feet out with my knees bent, trying to keep from spinning. And then I hit. Hard. It most knocked me cockeyed

When a man feels ready and able to save the world, it's a bitter thing to have to put it off until he's eighteen

I DIDN'T have a thing on but this towel wrapped around my middle, and my feet were getting pretty tired from trying to stand with my heels a half inch off the floor so no one would notice. But there were only three other guys between me and the Navy doctor who was doing the examinations. And then this boatswain or quartermaster or whatever they call it with that kind of stripes came down the line checking up papers. He came to me and he said, "Where's your papers? For Pete's sake, don't you guys do *anything* like you're told to?"

I didn't say anything. Because he'd seen me plenty before, only not with all my clothes off. He was a big, red-necked, blimpy kind of guy, and he took a good look at me, and said, "Oh, gosh! You again!"

I still didn't say anything. Because what was the use? He just grabbed me by the back of the neck and marched me out of there. Fast, so it was very hard to hold the towel up, and a lot of big dopes in the line laughed. We went out of the examination room, and back to where I'd left my clothes. He stood over me while I got dressed, and he didn't say anything at all till I was tying my tie. Then he said, "Now look, bubber. Don't come in here again! Do you get it? Don't *come* here any more! Or shall I have it tattooed on you?"

I said, "All right. Only you don't have to get tough about it."

He said, "Maybe I don't have to, but I will. Now beat it. And stay beat!"

I said, very calm and sort of cold, "Thanks. Maybe I can do *you* a favor some time."

He didn't get it, of course. Because what I was thinking was that I was bound to get in sooner or later, and I'd probably get promoted a lot faster than him, the big dumbbell. I could just see him snapping out a salute and saying, "*Boatswain Something-or-Other reporting for duty, sir.*" And then the expression on his face when he saw who it was.

Only instead he was slamming the door of the recruiting station in back of me, and I was walking down the customshouse steps. Arlene was waiting for me at the bottom of the steps, and I guess she could tell right away what had happened. Arlene is the only person in the world who understands me even a little bit, and even she doesn't really understand. Not entirely. I guess nobody ever understands that way.

We walked down the street to get the bus, and Arlene said, "Don't feel so bad about it, Tommy. You didn't really think you could—well—*sneak* into the Navy, did you?"

I said, "Oh, the heck with it. It was worth a try, wasn't it?"

Because, of course, she couldn't see it the way I had. Just slipping into that line of guys waiting to be examined. And then the doctor giving me the thumps, and looking—well—sort of amazed. And saying, "Young man, you're in wonderful shape! Wonderful! If every recruit only came to us in the shape *you're* in—"

And then maybe he'd have talked to Father. Even if I didn't have any darned consent papers. Guys have done it before. Younger than sixteen, even. But here we were waiting for the bus, and I looked at Arlene, and I could see she wasn't really sorry. She's awfully pretty with blue eyes and sort of soft blond hair, and I know it's not just because I'm in love with her, because I felt that way even back last summer, before I really fell for her. Only now I was kind of mad at her, because I could see she didn't really want me to get in. Not any more than Father and Mother. Even if she had come down with me to say goodby, in case they'd taken me right off. But it was too much trouble to fight about it.

THE bus came, and we got on, and a couple of soldiers from Fort Hanson got on, too. I could see them kind of giving Arlene a good looking over. They didn't get fresh or anything, but I could tell Arlene knew they were looking at her. A girl always does. It made me so mad I couldn't think of anything to say, all the way out to Alban Terrace, where we both live. We got off the bus and walked up the street to Arlene's house. It was awfully warm for so early in the year, and we sat on the steps for a while. Arlene said, "Maybe when you've finished school—maybe your father'll change his mind."

Only she didn't really mean it. She was just humoring me. I said, "Sure. And the way I'm flunking everything in sight, that's really something to look forward to."

Because how can you expect a guy to study with all this going on? It was beginning to get kind of dark, and we just sat there. That's another thing about Arlene. She doesn't *talk* all the time when you've got things to think about. A car came up the drive, and it was Arlene's father. I got up when he came up the steps, and I said, "Good evening, Mr. Bolton."

He said, "Uh—good evening—uh—Bobby."

Bobby! He thought I was Bobby Tarrant! He hadn't even looked at me. Nobody ever really looks at you long enough to see who you *are*. Not at my age, anyway. I was pretty burnt up. Mr. Bolton just marched right past, only he said, "Arlene, honey, you better come in. It's getting cold."

Just like that. Arlene said, "All right, Father. I'll be right in."

But she stayed with me a couple of minutes. I guess she knew how it'd make me feel if she just got up and trotted right after him. Just before the front door closed, I heard Mr. Bolton talking to Arlene's mother. He said, "Well, Muriel, I've finished the course! First duty tonight! I'm a full-fledged—"

Only right then the door closed. I said to Arlene, "Full-fledged what?"

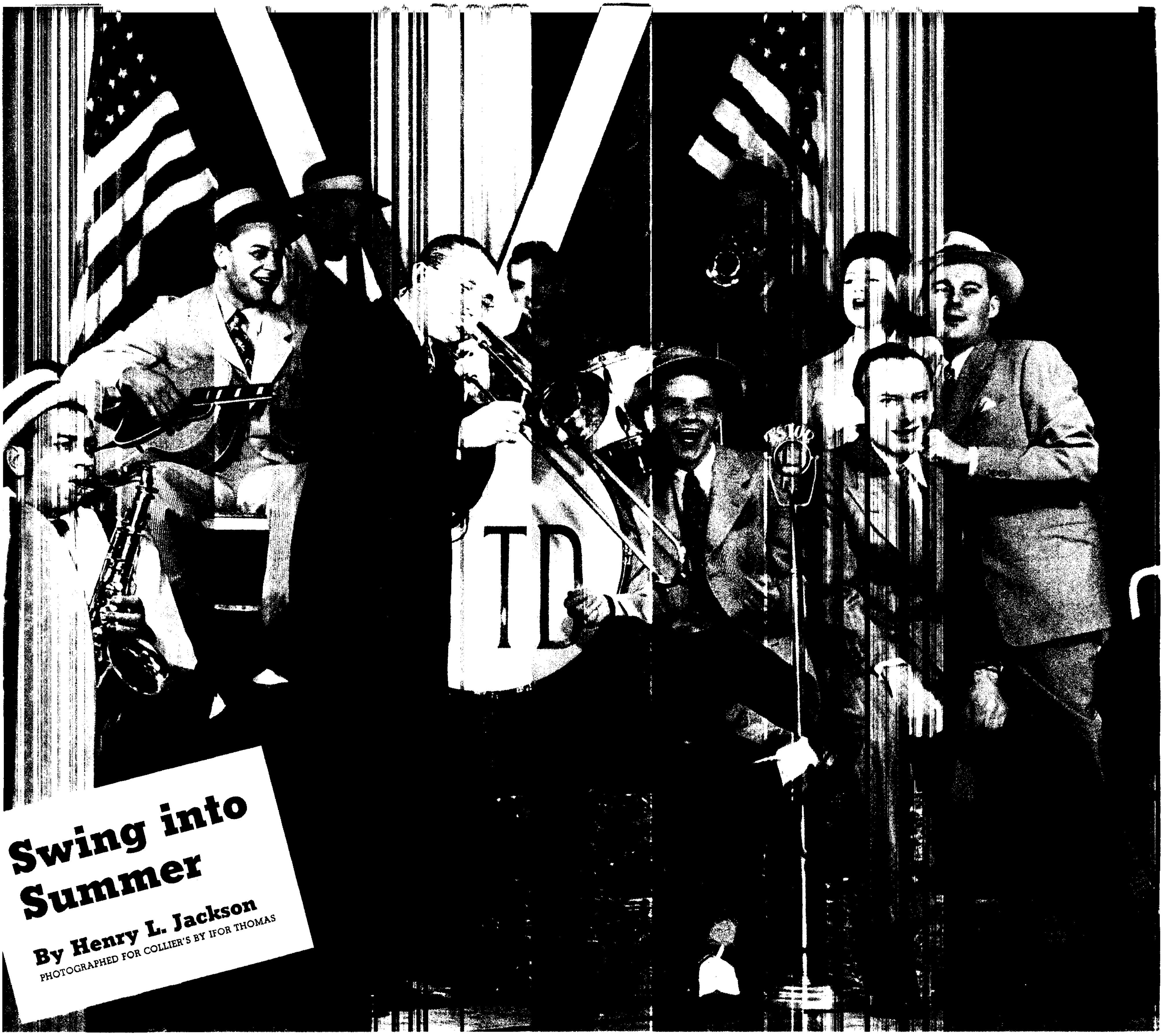
"Fireman," she said, and sort of giggled. "Daddy's an auxiliary fireman, in civilian defense. He slides down the brass pole and everything. And he's

(Continued on page 70)

Swing into Summer

By Henry L. Jackson

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS



For warm weather outfits in Tommy Dorsey's band: Tommy wears a double-breasted tropical worsted suit without vest; Clark Yocum, guitar, has a seersucker suit, straw hat; Ziggy Elman, trumpet, natural color Palm Beach and sports straw; John Huddleston, single-breasted natural color gabardine suit and a fancy straw; Chuck Lowry, blue-gray synthetic fabric suit; Frank Sinatra, Shetland-type sports jacket and gray flannels. The girl is Jo Stafford

THE boys in Tommy Dorsey's band demonstrate what to do when the weather gets hot. Swing to lightweight summer clothing—meaning gabardines, tropical worsteds, synthetics, Palm Beach, seersucker and lightweight Shetlands.

Tropical worsted is the summer-weight material that looks most like your regular business suits.

Gabardine makes a good all-round suit for town and country. In natural tan, it gives you a free hand with colorful shirts and ties. You can wear the trousers with contrasting jacket, the jacket with odd slacks.

Suits of synthetic yarns—rayon, viscose, etc.—come in a wide range of models and fabrics. They are all light in weight, clean easily, and are made in conservative business and sports patterns. Cool, good-looking, inexpensive and easy to clean, Palm Beach suits are a favorite summer stand-by.

For vacation and week ends, pack a lightweight Shetland-type tweed jacket, plus a pair of flannel slacks. They'll fix you up in good shape for any country club, picnic and general country doings.

Coolest suit material is cotton seersucker. So neatly tailored now that you needn't worry about being taken for a sleepwalker in pajamas.

If you're in the Army you'll get a special summer uniform—lightweight shirt, trousers and tie, in sun-tan color. Army men believe in keeping cool, too.

The lightweight idea runs through the clothing picture from head to foot. Shirts are made of paper-weight cotton, meshes and porous materials with lowered neckbands and convertible collars, to be worn without a tie for sports. Summer colors are creams, yellows, tans and blues.

Wash ties are a smart notion because they actually wash. There is still lightweight silk neckwear around in popular stripes and colorful designs.

Lightweight hose, in cotton or rayon, come in solid colors and patterns. The short ankle-length sock is a good choice.

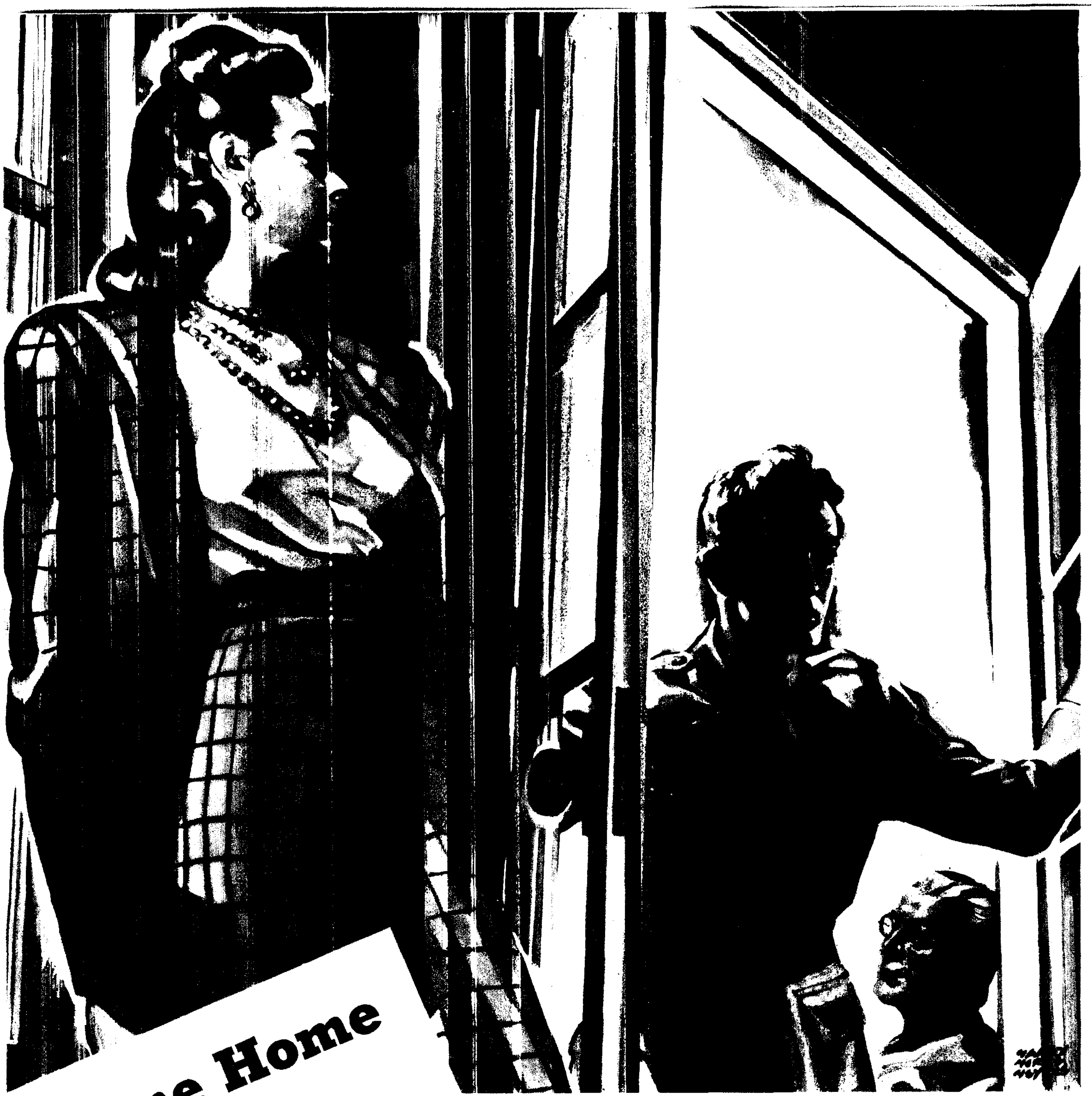
Get into summer shoes early and wear them late. They'll save your business shoes for next fall. Big news in summer shoes is the two-tone shoe of brown and tan smooth leather in a perforated model that lets in any stray breeze. These are all right for business wear. For week-end and resort wear, the coffee leather and cream buckskin combination is a good choice. There'll be brown and white shoes worn, too, and plenty of moccasin-type shoes.

Lightweight straw hats with colorful puggree bands will be popular; best color—natural. Good all-round country hat is the water-repellent, wind-proof bucket hat, worn originally by college boys, and a success in Florida last winter. It can stand plenty of abuse, and you'll like it for wear on the golf course.

Silver is not on the priority list, which means that you'll find plenty of silver tie clasps and cuff links in the shops. Western-motif leather is good in belts with silver buckles, wrist-watch straps, tie clasps and cuff links. Suspenders are holding up in bright colors in cottons—checks, plaids and solids—for summer dazzling.

Jacket lengths are the same as you've always worn them, but no wool suits will carry trouser cuffs, and that includes your flannels, coverts, gabardines and tropical worsteds. Cotton and synthetic fabrics may be cuffed if you like. Best summer colors for suits are light tan for general wear, blue-gray for business.

There's no excuse for sweltering this summer. Pick yourself a lightweight suit. We'll tell you where. ★★★



Ching went on looking out the window. He said, "Look, I was born and raised on this land and I like it the way it is"

Come Home Again

By D. D. Beauchamp

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

As Jill said, anything worth having is worth waiting for. That was what she had always known and the thing Ching had had to learn

THE letter was soiled and untidy from much reading, but when he stopped at an all-night diner for a sandwich and coffee he took it out of his pocket and read it again. It was brief and to the point, as though she were reminding him that she felt now exactly as she had felt four years ago. Just in case I might get any wrong ideas, he thought.

"Ching," the letter said, "I'm out at the ranch for a few days, and if it's at all possible I'd like to see you on a matter of business. I realize you don't take vacations from the Army at your own convenience, but if you can make it I expect to be here until Thursday or Friday of next week."

It was signed, "Jill." Her handwriting was no better than it had ever been, and in spite of himself the sight of it could still give him a familiar and expectant feeling of excitement. It was lucky, he thought, that her letter had arrived just when he'd been granted a twenty-day furlough. Or perhaps it was just the opposite of lucky, because seeing her again would only complete what the letter had already started, the recollection of a number of things that were better forgotten. He was sticking his chin out and he knew it.

Outside the rain was beating against the windows. The weather was cockeyed like everything else. The counterman drew a cup of coffee from the urn and settled down companionably on a stool.

"You picked some night for traveling, soldier. It'd have to be one of two things to get me out in a storm like this. Either money or a woman."

Ching Talbot said, "A combination of the two," and wondered exactly how much truth there was in that statement. He laid a half dollar on the counter and shouldered the door open against the push of the wind.

The pavement was slippery and the flat gusts of rain kept the windshield spattered in spite of the wiper. He loafed out of town doing a conservative thirty miles an hour, a part of his mind occupied with driving, a part of it occupied with a memory of Jill Garrison, and with piecing together the fragments of the past four years.

The ranch, of course, had always been the important thing. His father and Jill's father had owned it jointly, and afterward it had been left to the children. And that was what had caused the trouble. The land. Or rather their different ideas as to what should be done with it.

THEY had both been born and raised on that expanse of grass and mountains, but it had seen its best days as a business concern long before they were grown up. The memories Ching had of it were clear cut, but somehow impersonal, like forgotten snapshots in an old album. He hadn't lived there since his first year in mining school, and after Jill's father's death Mrs. Garrison had closed the main house, and had taken Jill to New York with her. It was what he had expected of her. She had a weak heart, and living in a high altitude hadn't helped it any. But her departure had left the ranch as just so much unused acreage. At least that was the way Ching felt about it. He had been twenty-four years old then. He was land poor, and money seemed a very important thing.

What he had done was logical enough. Gold was up to thirty-five dollars an ounce, and mining was his business. He borrowed what money he could, and drilled his tests down the floor of the valley along the creek, and it was wonderful. It was only eight feet to pay dirt. He had all the water he needed in the creek, and the samples he brought up ran around seventy-five and eighty cents to the yard. Figure that a big dredge would handle five thousand yards a day, and you were dealing in important money.

He wired Jill and met her in Chicago. They had dinner in the grillroom of one of the hotels, in a booth with a red-and-white-checked cloth on the table. That was one detail he remembered. He remembered also that the dinner cost him twelve dollars, which was borrowed, but he felt rich, and twelve dollars was chicken feed.

It was chicken feed, that is, until they got to the coffee and brandy stage. He brought out the papers then, and gave her the costs: equipment, installation, and production over a period of four years, and the estimated profits; and she threw the whole works right back in his lap.

"I'm sorry, Ching," she said. "Maybe I'm a fool, but that's the only real home I've ever had, and I don't want it spoiled. You'll have to do your mining somewhere else."

HE HADN'T believed her at first. He had known that a dredge would ruin the land, but that had never occurred to him as being a matter for any consideration. He considered her point of view as so much sentimental tripe, and said so, but it hadn't done any good to argue.

She was nice about it, but the set of her chin should have warned him that he was running his head into a stone wall. He was scared, though, and all he could see was a two-thousand-dollar note, and no visible means of meeting it.

"It's hard to explain," Jill said, "but I don't want money that badly. I'd . . . I'd feel cheap and greedy if I took it."

"I suppose that makes me cheap."

"I suppose it does," Jill said.

It had gone on from there. It had progressed from personalities to threats of legal action and injunctions. He couldn't recall it in exact detail, but the bartender, the waiter, and the adjacent customers all had ringside seats to a first-class brawl. What Ching got out of it finally was an engagement ring that he had to hock for two months' board and room after he got home.

After four years he could grin remembering that part of it. Looking back at it, and in the light of everything that had happened since, the issue didn't seem as important as it had seemed then, but the bitterness and the hurt pride that had grown out of it were still there, and they were real enough. Considering that, he wondered again why he was driving all night in a rainstorm, especially when her letter had made it clear that whatever her reasons were for wanting to see him they were certainly not personal.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when he got there, and in the last mile the low sprawling structure of the house took shape through the rain. He drove in under the big fir tree in the yard, and cut the motor, and in that moment he knew definitely that it had been a mistake to come.

That house, and Jill with it, represented a part of his life that was finished, and it would have been better to leave it that way. There was no backing away from it now though. He got out and stretched his legs, fished his grip out of the back end, and started up the slope through the wet grass toward the house.

(Continued on page 61)

"You're in for the sudsin' surprise of your life when you meet baby-gentle Swan"

"Did you say baby-gentle?"

"**I SURE DID!** Swan's mild as finest imported castiles. You can't buy a purer soap! And when you see it suds—whee! You'll just beam!"

"**SWAN-DERFUL BABY-GENTLE** suds! No more strong soaps for me! I'll Swan the dishes and be good to my hands!"

"**YEP, NO NEED** for easy-to-waste package soaps once you get on to baby-gentle Swan—the sudsin' wonder!"

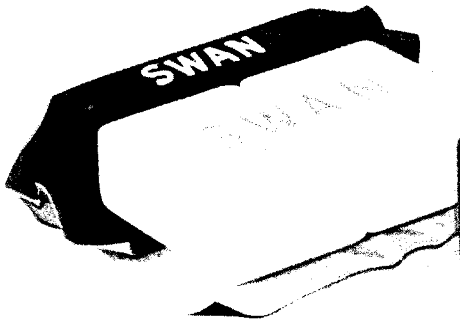
"**MAN, WHAT A BATH!** Never got lather like this with old-time floating soaps! Swan sure gives hard water the ha-ha!"

"**AND LISTEN,** mister: Swan gives you more real soap per penny than *any* leading toilet soap!"

Snap and you have 2 cakes!

Swan is twins! One soap for everything! So gentle, so sudsy — Swan's grand for dishes, silks, woolies. Get Swan today and be good to your hands, be good to your whole household!

TUNE IN:
GRACIE ALLEN · GEORGE BURNS
PAUL WHITEMAN
See local paper for time and station



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SWAN
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Swan

THE BABY-GENTLE
FLOATING SOAP
THAT'S A SUDSIN' WHIZ!

MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Flight to the Sun

Continued from page 12

too, with Hungarian girls. They were all over the Balkans.

"We'll probably get there in time to see the finish," Hersey had said.

John Quayle had been optimistic and replied, "They might surprise you."

"Who, the Greeks?" said Hersey. "As fighters they're good cooks."

They had left in groups of three the next day. Hickey had taken Gorell and Finn over. Hersey had brought over Vain and Stewart. Tap had brought over Constance and South, and Quayle himself had brought over Brewer and Richardson. The others had straggled over. It was a long flight and they had put down at Candia on Crete to refuel, then come on to Athens.

QUAYLE thought about the first time he had flown over this city. He couldn't find the Phaleron airdrome from which they were to operate. The cloud was low and uncertain. He had flown the limit on his gas supply, then taken a chance and come down under it . . . hedge-hopped the houses and followed a road along a coast which looked like the road marked on the map as leading to the airport. He had passed right over the airdrome.

Someone in the flight had shouted in his radio, "There it is down there . . . there's Gladiators on the field!" And he had seen it, turned close in from the hills and side-slipped in. It was Phaleron all right. Then they had driven into Athens.

There had been those surprising scenes. People calling to them as they speeded the two miles into town. The wagon was still desert camouflaged a dust color, and this made it distinctive as British and military. When the Greeks recognized it they shouted happily at them everywhere, and a crowd had suddenly gathered about them as they lifted their kit out of the wagon to carry it into the Athenai Hotel in which they were billeted. Quayle's bag had been taken out of his hand. He had been slapped and patted on the back and his head knocked. He had to fight his way with Hickey to get in at the door of the hotel.

It had been fine; he had heard them shouting, "*Inglisi, Inglisi, airoplanos!*" It was very happy for everyone, and they all felt the Greeks were very fine people.

Every time they had walked down the street, people had followed them and talked happily to them in Greek. When there was an air-raid alarm on the first day and they had not taken cover, the police had tried to push him and Hickey into a shelter.

It had been mad and like a moving picture, but the next day and night had been as mad and fantastic, and it was still fantastic.

THE squadron had not left the airdrome because of the low cloud until today. This was their first flight. Hickey had gone to Larissa to see what its airdrome was like, with Hersey and Stewart. Maybe they had been up today also because it was so fine, but maybe it wasn't fine at Larissa. They all might move up there in a couple of days. Quayle would not be sorry; it didn't make much difference where you were, so long as you could enjoy warmth and cinemas.

He looked at the instrument board with full consciousness, without other thoughts, and realized suddenly he was very cold. He had kept some of his consciousness receiving his eyes' registration of the instrument panel as he had climbed. His eyes had not stopped roaming around the skies and flicking to the instrument panel and behind him to the flight.

The five planes had climbed in a wide circle over the Athens area without leaving it; they were a few miles northwest of the city now, over low mountains at 14,000 feet.

"Say, I'm getting cold. How much higher are we going?" It was Tap he heard in the bulging earphones.

"We'll stay here," John Quayle said into his microphone. "And no talking. They ought to be somewhere around by now."

There was no answer from Tap, and John Quayle looked around at his flight. They were shining now in the white-blue background to high sunlight. He could see Gorell, Brewer, Richardson and Tap below him. He never got used to seeing Gladiators with camouflage. It made them stumpy and more dangerous appearing; small and shorter looking. And he never got used to the idea of biplanes like Gladiators fighting in this war.

It was more by good fortune than calculation that there had been numbers of Gladiators in Egypt when Italy entered the war. It was good fortune that the fighter plane the Italians relied upon was a twin to the Gladiator. The Fiat CR.42 was a biplane and maneuverable like the Gladiator, with a top speed around 300, which was a little faster than the Gladiators. Hurricanes were too fast and not maneuverable enough to shoot down CR.42s. And the Italian equivalent of the Hurricane, the G.50, was too fast and not maneuverable enough to shoot down Gladiators.

GLADIATORS were only good for shooting down CR.42 fighters. Seldom could one Gladiator alone shoot down a bomber unless he got in two or three attacks, which was rare. A squadron or a flight of Gladiators had a chance, because one by one they could concentrate on a single bomber in a formation and get the pilot or an engine, but it had to be at close range. The Gladiators' four .303 guns had short range—up to 500 yards—and a small cone of fire. The CR.42 was the same. The two were good for shooting down each other and that was about all. They would die out quickly, like the Fairey Battles after the fall of France.

The flight was at fifteen thousand now and it was very cold. John Quayle looked around. The Savoias would be along any minute. They would be hard to see against the variable colors of the Greek hills. He pulled his transmission switch and said, "What do you see, Tap?"

Tap came back immediately: "I thought you'd seen them. There's six of them at about 170, around ten thousand all right, and no escort."

Quayle looked at his compass. The flight was heading around 180 degrees on the compass. He pulled around to 170 and looked for the Savoias. Suddenly he saw them, slow and dark in wide line formation, caught in the light background of a Greek field between two mountains.

"Keep in close, Gorell, closer." Quayle turned his head to see if Gorell was pulling in.

"We'll take them going down first," he said into his phone.

"Broadside on, John?" the Australian Vain asked.

"Yes. Don't lose me. And no isolated attacks. Keep on the one plane!"

Quayle knew he could trust Richardson. He was a steady person and a

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steady flier, and always kept a level head in a fight. Quayle knew he wouldn't have to watch Richardson, but he would have to watch young Gorell. He was the newest member of the squadron. His face was very simple and clear, and Quayle could not picture him giving deliberate and complicated thought to the pattern of things that evolve in a dogfight. It was the same with Tap. Tap just went in carelessly and smacked at anything that got in his way, and if anything got on his tail, he did the first thing that came into his head. Vain the Australian was all right. He was clearheaded, like Richardson. That dark, lean face was always carefully set in expression, though his youth was deceptive.

The Savoias seemed way below and were still five or so miles away. Quayle headed in their direction, keeping the nose of his plane a little off course so he could see them all the time. They must have seen the Gladiators because they appeared to be climbing. They were still far enough from Peiraeus, where they were heading, for the Gladiators to catch them while they were leveling to do the bombing.

The flight neared the Savoias, which were definitely climbing. They were heading straight for Peiraeus, which was about two miles from the city. From this height it looked all the same place.

AS THE bombers came right over the port, John Quayle had brought his plane into a position where he could nose straight down onto them broadside on. He took a quick look around and saw the flight was packed close behind him, waddled his wings as a signal, then pushed the stick forward. The nose of the plane had dipped, the flat drop of the first part of the dive had faded, and he was heading like a spear, with his eye ahead of the Savoias which were flying level and bombing.

Down, fourteen thousand went by on the meter, thirteen thousand, the speed had gone up beyond three hundred, and, suddenly, as if two seconds had been passed over in time, he saw the tail Savoia in his mirror sight. He pushed his rudder quickly, slightly, so that the plane slipped in its steep dive, and the hump at the head of the Savoia came into his sights. He pressed hard on the thumb trigger on the stick.

He felt the shake of the guns and kept his plane heading for the Savoia, which was blurred now, and held his finger on the gun button until the whole of his sight was filled by only a portion of the Savoia. He pulled back on the stick and felt his stomach rise, and the black mass of Savoia underneath him and white tracers from the Savoias' guns passing beside him.

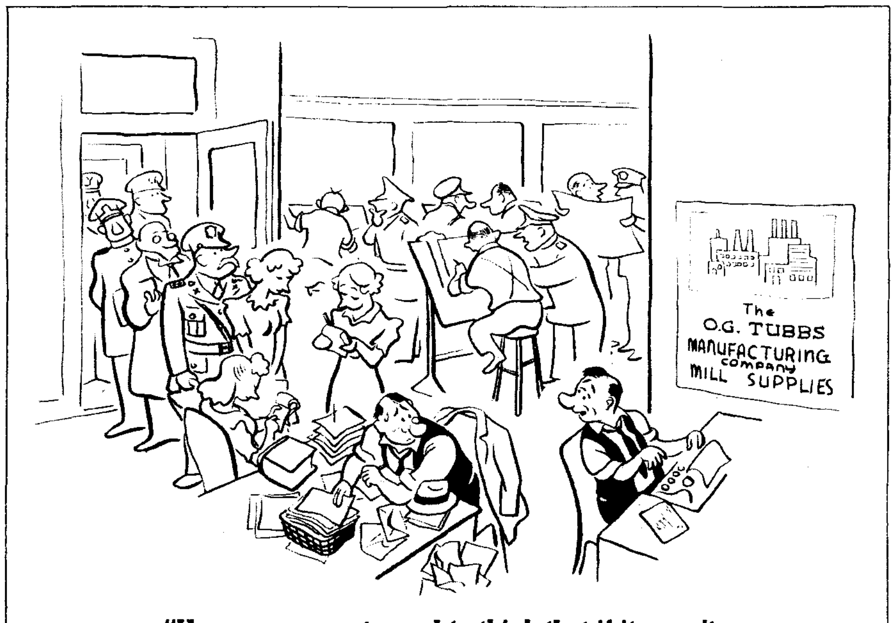
He rose two thousand feet in flat climbing and looked around quickly to see the flight. It had broken up; it always did. He saw two Gladiators far to his right behind him. He banked to come back at the Savoias and suddenly saw the white smoke with black edges coming from a plane that was falling quickly. He couldn't see if it was a Gladiator, and the Savoias had got way ahead now and he could see their bombs bursting below. They were good. At least they went on with their bombing but they had split up, which was dangerous for them.

He saw one Savoia alone to his left, ahead of him and a thousand feet lower. He pushed the stick forward again and calculated his rudder and stick movements, so that he knew for sure he would come across the Savoia's blind spot at the tail.

He did not feel his way as most do; he calculated his stick and rudder movements like a series of chess moves and he came down flat behind the blind spot of the Savoia. He kept his speed and pushed the gun button . . . he had the port engine in his sights. The guns chattered. He took a look behind him to see if anything was on his tail; he pushed the gun button again and the four guns shuddered at his feet. He pulled up and banked tight just as a Savoia moved in from the starboard to pick him off. He saw the tracer bullets from its gun amidships streak up beside his tail.

As he climbed again he looked around for the flight. He could see one Gladiator moving down on the plane he had just attacked. From the way he was going at it Quayle thought it must be Gorell, because he was coming down too fast and steep. Quayle banked, watching the scene, way ahead of him now and out of reach. The Gladiator came down on the Savoia, and Quayle saw the tracers dragging past the Savoia, and the Savoia's bullets passing into the Gladiator, but the Gladiator pulled up and nosed over to the left. Smoke was coming from the port engine of the Savoia and it was losing height. He watched it turn and could see it was out of control. It fell faster and went into a flat spin. He half looped and banked so that he could see it lose height and head-crash into the sea.

He looked around for Savoias or Gladiators. The Savoias had got a good lead now and were out of sight. He could see one Gladiator far below him. He turned and realized he was about ten miles from Athens over the sea. He kept looking around for Gladiators, then


The O.G. TUBBS MANUFACTURING company MILL SUPPLIES

"Have you ever stopped to think that if it wasn't for the Axis, we'd be out playing golf now?" COLIN ALLEN

How to Tame a Brother

BILL'S THE SWELLEST brother a girl ever had. But sometimes he gets me *so* mad! Like the other morning for instance. He stands up there, his chest puffed out, a grim look on his face and says, "Listen, muffinhead, let me tell you something. When your innards are off the beam, there's only one thing sets 'em straight—a good, stiff, old-fashioned *purge!*"

"LISTEN TO OUR WILLIE!" I said. "Just full of bright little ideas that are about as up-to-date as a horse-car. I don't suppose it ever entered your head to find and correct the *cause* of your trouble. Oh, no! Well, you come along with me and learn something!"

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

"THIS OUGHT TO BE GOOD!" he says. "You bet it's *going* to be good. This swell, crunchy cereal's got just what it takes to get at the cause of constipation due to lack of 'bulk' in the diet. It's KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. It may be just what you need. Eat it daily and drink plenty of water."

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
WITH SUGAR, SALT AND MALT FLAVORING
GOLDEN SOFT
A Natural Laxative
MADE BY KELLOGG COMPANY

I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO BILL! He was a good sport. "Sis," says he, "you've really got something here. This ALL-BRAN is tops. If it will make me 'Join the Regulars,' you've got your bid to Spring Houseparties right now!"

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Kellogg's All-Bran
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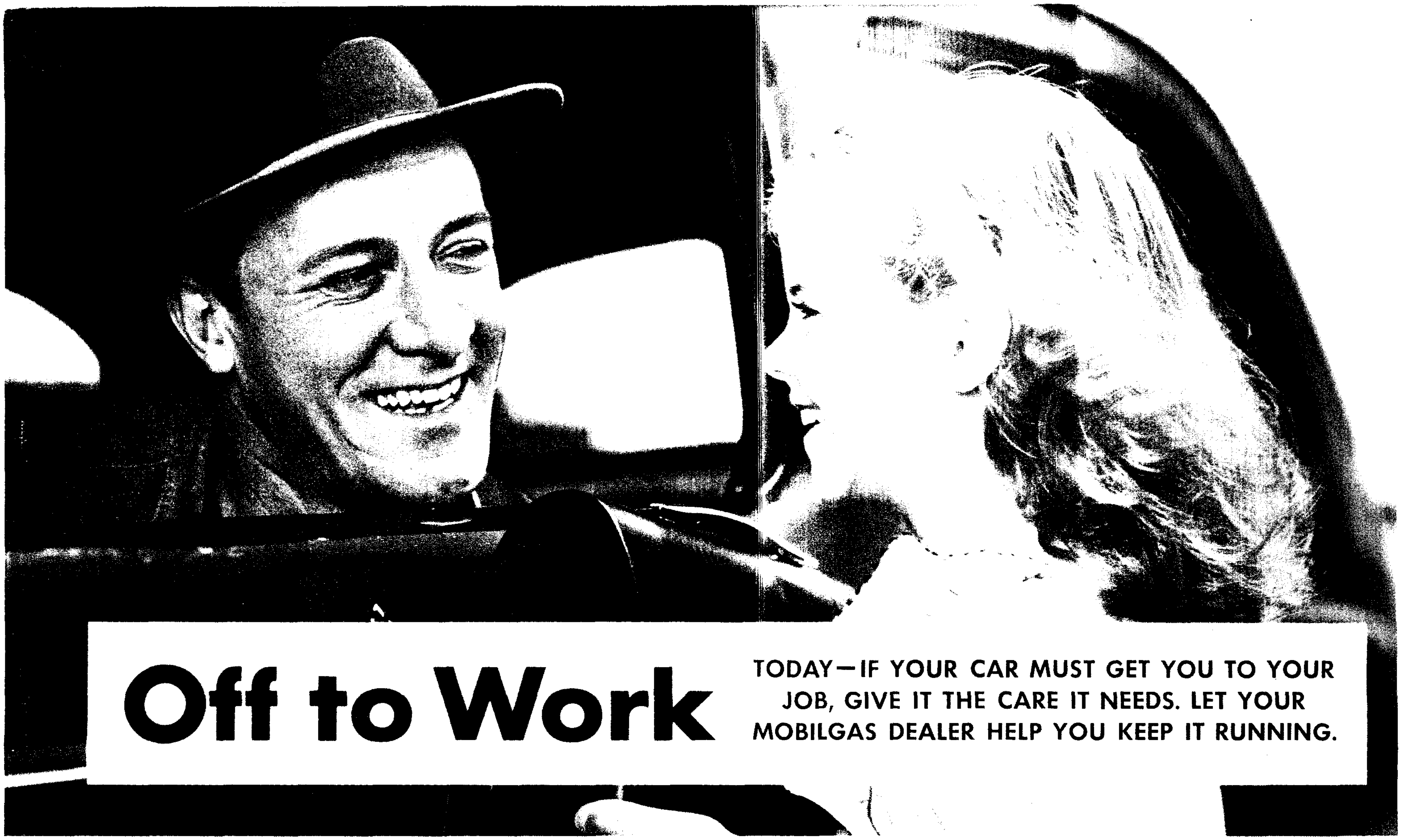

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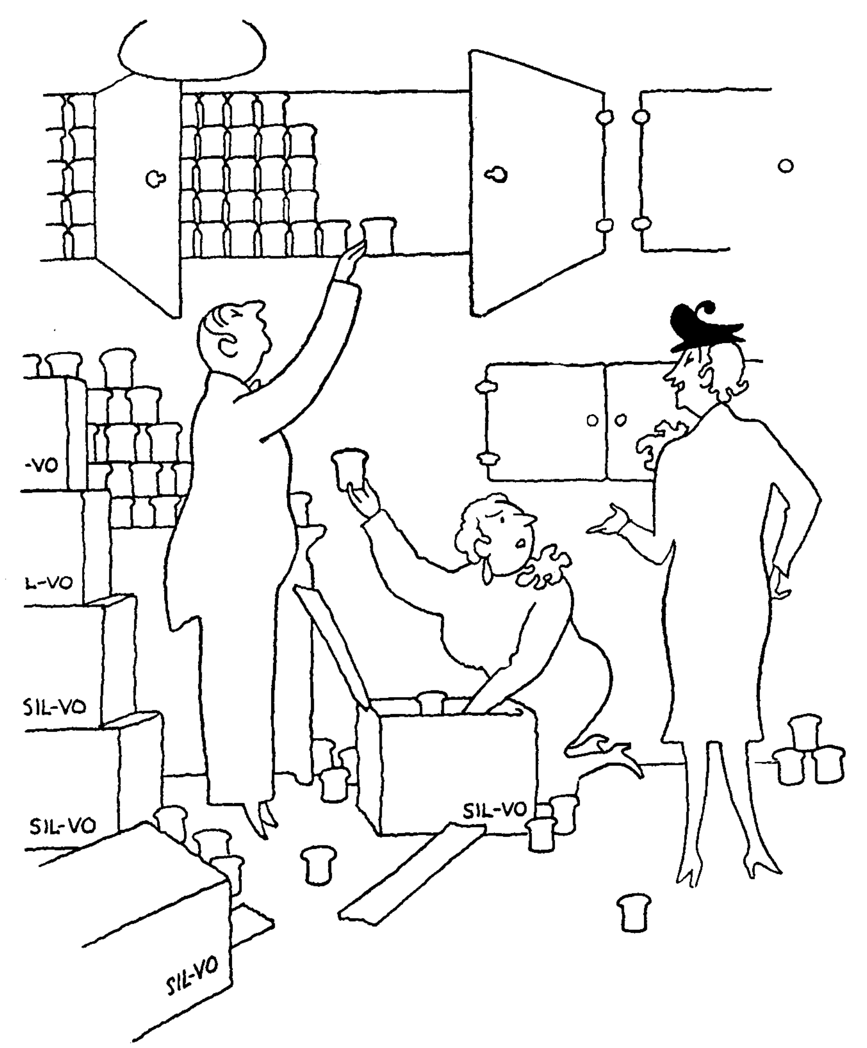

"Of course, if there isn't any shortage of silver polish, you're going to feel awfully silly"

called into his phone, "Make for home. Come back if anyone hears me. Come back on the phone."

"Hullo, Quayle! How many did we get?"

"Was that you coming down on that Savoia, Gorell?"

"Yes. We got him. I kept following you."

"Where's Tap and the others? Did you see them?"

"Tap's heading home. I think the others are all right. I didn't see Richardson. I saw Vain. He got the first one. Say, two bombers is good!"

"Come on home," John Quayle said.

And they went back to Phaleron. Young Gorell landed first. John Quayle could see three Gladiators on the ground as he came down and rolled low over the field. He always felt foolish doing a slow roll over the field but it would be snobbish if he didn't since they had brought down one bomber for sure. He put his flaps down and fish-tailed in. He taxied to a corner of the field and saw Jock and Churchil, the fitter and the rigger, walking over toward the spot. He pulled the sliding cockpit top back and unbuttoned his microphone. As the plane stopped he pulled off his gloves, beat his cold hands together, eased stiffly up and over the top of the cockpit and landed heavily with cold feet jarring on the ground.

"Who isn't back?" he said to Jock as he came up.

"Mr. Finchley." That was Tap.

"Did I get any punctures?" John Quayle walked around the plane.

"No. I can't see any. Mr. Gorell did."

"Yes. I saw him get it."

John Quayle unhooked his parachute and walked toward the hangars. Young Gorell and Richardson and Vain and the doctor of Two-Eleven Squadron were walking toward him.

"Did you see Tap?" he asked them.

"Vain did," young Gorell said. "He saw him heading this way. It was Tap who got the first one. I thought it was Vain."

JOHN QUAYLE looked up to see if Tap was around. There was no engine sound and he couldn't see anything.

"We got two of them. I watched the one Tap got. Young Gorell says you and he got one," said Richardson. He rubbed his fluffy hair and spoke very quietly: "Did you see it hit the water, Gorell?"

"Sure. Say, there's something now." Young Gorell was excited but keeping it down. They were almost to the hangar when they heard an engine. They looked around but couldn't see a plane. Quayle listened for a moment, said: "It's a Gladiator," and walked into the operations room. He heard Tap do a ground loop as he came in, then throttle down as he put his flaps down to land.

Quayle had started to write out his report when Tap walked in.

"What happened to you?" Quayle said without looking up.

"I went to make sure I got him."

"You certainly kept young Gorell in close. He stayed in the flight and you didn't."

Gorell was all right. I could see this Savoia break off when you got him. I climbed and got a wonderful burst into him. He went down straight away. I chased you and Gorell for a while but you were too far away. Did you get that second one I saw you go after?"

"Gorell got him. You can't keep clearing off like that, Tap."

"Well, I could see Gorell was all right."

"It's nothing to do with young Gorell. You would have looked fine if those G.50s had come out of the blue."

"I would have looked fine anyway . . . sitting on the tail of the flight."

Quayle finished making out his report. He folded it up and pushed it in his coat pocket. The other four were already sitting in the squadron leader's station wagon. It had been recamouflaged a light green and brown earth color.

"We're going into the King George for a bath," Gorell said. "Do you want to come, John?"

Quayle asked young Gorell where he could bathe in the King George Hotel.

"You can pay fifty drachma and go to an empty room."

"That's a swanky place to have a bath," Quayle said. "All of headquarters lives there." Quayle spoke flatly and evenly and he raised his eyebrows when he spoke. His deep-set eyes were covered by the shadow beneath them.

"I know," young Gorell said. He was showing teeth too even and white to be real, but they were. "But it's the only place with hot water today."

So they went to the King George Hotel after Quayle had put in his report at H.Q. The King George was next to the Grande Bretagne, now the Greek headquarters. There were evzone guards in white skirts standing at the entrance, and two cars filled with thugs and machine guns. They were Metaxas' bodyguard. There were groups of people and young Fascist E.O.N. youths in their blue ski-looking suits with white gaiters, waiting for Metaxas or Papagos, the commander in chief, to come out. When they did, the people waved and shouted because they were paid to by the E.O.N., and if you wandered down Acropolis Street any morning you could see the people who needed the money being told where to go and cheer, by the young E.O.N. Fascists.

Sometimes Prince Paul and his Bavarian wife went in there, too, and there was little cheering and no shouts from the E.O.N. Once, when the first public hero from Albania was brought down to be made a spectacle of, there were many more people and much more cheering. Around the door of the King George, there were always the groups of Metaxas secret police, who were not secret at all but just grim men in civilian clothes. It was easy for Quayle and the others to get into the hotel because they were in uniform, but they were watched, and the little porter with the black mustache and the white hands kept a notebook with the names and rank of all the passers-by and what they did.

THEY walked into the hotel, bumping the secret police as they went in. There were people sitting around in the long lobby, women in expensive clothes, British army liaison officers, and wealthy Greeks and French and Germans. The Germans were not at war with Greece, so they came into the King George lobby to watch the British coming and going and the general activity, and there was none to stop them because the secret police were German-trained and pro-German.

"We want a bath," Tap said to the porter with the white hands.

The man looked at the visitors for a moment, then said, "It is impossible. We have no rooms."

"You had them this morning," young Gorell said. "I rang up and asked you."

"We cannot give you a room," the porter insisted.

"Why?"

"The manager has said no. He said no."

"What's wrong? We pay you, don't we?" Tap said.

"The manager has said he must keep the rooms for other gentlemen."

"To hell with him!"

"It is impossible, impossible. He said no."

"Is Mr. Lawson in?"

"I do not know."

"Well, find out," Tap said.

"He is not in," the porter said immediately.

"Come on, Tap. Can't you see we're not wanted around here?"

"We'll go up to Lawson's room."

"Who's he?"

"He's a war correspondent."

They walked to the elevator, and the porter called something after them. He was telling them they couldn't go up but the elevator door closed.

Lawson was not in, so Tap went to get the maid to open the door. She came, was stout and pretty and wore a wedding ring, smiled when she opened the door and said, "*Inglisi,*" then, "*Monsieur Lawson est parti.*"

"Yes," Tap said. "But we want a bath. A bath . . ." Tap pointed to the bathroom.

"*Oh . . . pour tout?*" the maid said.

"*Oui* . . . sure. All of us."

She said something else in French.

"What did she say?" Tap was pulling off his shoes.

"She's gone to get some towels," tall Richardson said.

"Fine." Tap had already turned on the water and was taking off his coat. "I'm going to the Argentina tonight. I'm going in here first," he said.

QUAYLE sat down on the low bed and looked around the room. On the mirror at one end was drawn a face in blue and green and black crayon. It had been drawn with soft pencil that will surface on glass. It was put on thickly to give depth, but the streaks where the mirror showed through gave the face more depth and shape, because the light reflected from it. There were large war-office maps of Greece and a picture map of Albania over a desk. There was a small typewriter on the desk, and numbers of folders. In the bookcase there were books in German, French and English. Quayle pulled out a book called Exiles in the Aegean.

The maid came in with an armful of towels, gave them to Tap with some soap and went out again.

"Who is this war correspondent?" Quayle asked Tap.

"He's an American," young Gorell said. "They're attached to the army."

"What's he like?"

"Oh . . . he's like you. He's all right, though. He talks like you."

Tap was already in the bath. Young Gorell and Vain were pulling out magazines from a cupboard. Richardson, the tall boy with fluffy hair and a steady manner, was trying to operate a small radio. As Tap was getting out of the bath, a tall blond man in khaki uniform stepped into the room. He looked around for a moment, then Tap said, "Hullo, Lawson. We were borrowing your bath."

"That's all right," Lawson said.

"This is John Quayle. He's our flight loot," Tap said.

"How're you?" Lawson said. He saw the slight, fairly square figure that stood carefully—as if careful of exactly the way he stood. He saw Quayle's rather dull face collectively, but individually split it into features—the keen nose, the regular shapeliness of his features. He could hardly see Quayle's eyes because they were so far back in his head under the two ridges above his nose. His top lip was thin and without expression, but the bottom one was full and shaded the curve leading to his chin. Finally, Lawson noted the brown, reactionary but silky hair that was dry but somehow regular and not very wild. He liked it all immediately and liked the slow smile that spread around Quayle's lips when he shook hands. Tap introduced the others, and Quayle sat down on the low chair.

"Are you an American?" Quayle asked Lawson.

"Sure. Say, you must have known Anstee."

Quayle thought quickly, not delib-

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erately. It was easy to remember Anstee. He was an American who had been in Eighty Squadron; he was wild and too reckless to fly Gladiators and had finished up with a score of twelve 42s and crashing head-on into a Savoia and never getting out.

"Yes. Did you know him?" Quayle said.

"I went to school with him," Lawson answered.

"Are you from the Middle West, too?"

"Yes."

"Anstee used to get mad when he heard them talking about it being Isolationist."

"So do I," Lawson said. "It's got a slab of Isolationists."

"Where are you going tonight, Lawson?" Tap asked him as he put his coat on.

"Nowhere. I'll probably have to do battle with censors."

"Why don't you come with us?" Tap suggested. "We're all going to Maxim's."

"I might drop around later," Lawson said.

"What about you, John?" Tap asked Quayle.

"I might drop around later, too. You fellers go on."

LAWSON sat down at the small desk and rolled some paper into a typewriter and started to type. Tall Richardson had got out of the bath and young Gorell went in there. Quayle read the book while the others had their baths and Lawson typed. When Vain, the young Australian, had finished bathing, Tap and the others, who had been sitting around reading magazines, got up.

"Thanks for the use of your bath, Will," Tap said to Lawson.

"That's all right. Any time."

They all thanked him and went out.

"See you later, John," they said to Quayle.

Quayle nodded and stood up. He asked Lawson if it was all right if he took a bath. Blond Lawson went on typing and laughed and said, "Go ahead." So Quayle took a bath and wiped himself on the only dry towel left and piled the wet ones into a basket and pulled on his clothes. Lawson had finished typing when he came out.

"Were you up today?" Lawson asked Quayle.

"Yes."

"Did you get any?"

Quayle hesitated.

"It's all right," Lawson said. "We'd never get it past the censors, anyway."

"We have to be careful," Quayle said. "We got a couple of Savoias."

Quayle liked this blond American, as quickly as Lawson had liked him.

"Do you have much trouble with the censors?" he asked Lawson.

"They're the curse of this war."

"Are they Greek or British?"

"Both. The Greeks are a little worse than the British."

Quayle was pulling his flying boots on.

"How do you get on with the Greeks?" Lawson asked him.

"All right. Pretty good. We don't have much to do with them."

"They're funny people," Lawson said. He was folding the paper in his hand and pulling out the carbon paper between the slips. "They're about the toughest people I ever ran into. They're fighting a war with bare hands. But they've got no idea of system!"

Quayle smiled.

"They'll listen to Metaxas now," Lawson continued. "They have an idea that he's systematic. They love system when they can get it. Yet they hate Metaxas' guts, really."

"What about the British?" Quayle asked him.

"That's different." Then Lawson saw that Quayle was pin-pricking him. He had not suspected it of Quayle and he laughed.

"Will you walk down with me?" he said to Quayle.

"Sure. Where are you going?"

"The post office."

"What do you do? Just put the cable in?"

"That's all. Then the censors get at it."

Quayle laughed.

"I get pretty good treatment," Lawson said. "I take them all out to lunch sometimes."

"You certainly have the Greeks taped."

"Don't get me wrong. I like the Greeks. There's a wonderful guy you ought to meet. He's pretty typical of the average Greek. He's a newspaperman. He was exiled by Metaxas for running a liberal paper in Salonika."

They had walked into the streets and were bumping their way along in the blackout.

"Do you know any Greeks at all?" Lawson asked him.

"No."

"Would you like to meet this guy? He's married, got a son and daughter. I was thinking of going out there later. Do you want to come?"

Quayle was silent for a moment. "Thanks, I will," he said.

"It's an interesting family. The old man thinks that Metaxas is good for the present situation because he's a good general. But the boy says he isn't deceived. He says that Metaxas didn't want to fight when the Italians started this invasion. He says they were all going to sell out. It was just those Greek soldiers up there who had rifles, so they fought, and the Metaxas crowd just had to fight whether they wanted to or not."

"Do you think that's right?" Quayle asked him.

"Sure. So does the daughter. She's that way, too."

They walked along in silence and they felt the friendliness toward each other without expressing it or needing to.

THEY were in a ramshackle taxi heading out of town toward Kephissia. They passed along the great road with the streetcar track in the center which was heavy with traffic. The dull khaki of crumpled Greek uniforms on soldiers was spread around every streetcar. They were coming in from the Kephissia barracks which spread along the great roadway; a white wall perimetered it, and white eucalyptus hung over the low buildings within the yard. Darkness was shadowing the fields that flanked the road as they went farther out, until there was nothing to see on either side but quick-passing deep light and moving shadows of trees, fields, then houses, then fields and trees again.

They passed through a black, quiet village with empty streets and pulled up along a dirt road to a two-story white stone house.

Lawson paid the taxi driver and they went up the stone path. The door was opened by a dark girl in a white dress with a peasant blouse. Quayle noticed the light skin that made her eyes wide and bright.

"It is Will," she said in English.

"Hullo," Lawson said.

The girl was almost as tall as John Quayle when he stepped inside. Quayle's hair looked fair beside hers.

"This is John Quayle. He's a flight lieutenant. This is Helen Stangou."

They shook hands. Helen Stangou took Quayle's cap and hung it up, led them both into a low-ceilinged room. She introduced a thin boy with glasses as, "Astaries, my brother."

A woman with white hair came in and said, "Hullo, Will," to Lawson. She smiled at Quayle and said, "You are very welcome here," when Lawson introduced Quayle to Mrs. Stangou.

"I cannot speak English very well. You must forgive me," she said.

"I'm sorry, but I do not speak Greek," Quayle said, to be polite.

Then Stangou himself came in . . . thin, like his son, with gray flecks in dark hair, and brown eyes above red, transparent cheeks over a dark complexion, smiling with eyes and mouth as he spoke. He shook Quayle's hand vigorously and was very happy with Will Lawson. He was a man with happiness as part of him, but strain that belied its easiness, and reaction that caught its camouflage. But he was very warm, and Quayle felt warmly toward him. His conversation was quick. One moment he was talking about his appetite and the next about the two bombers he had heard were brought down today.

"I saw one fall," Mrs. Stangou said.

"Yes," Helen said to Quayle. "We were out at Glyphada. We saw a small plane come down on it."

"That was probably Quayle here," Lawson said.

"It was probably young Gorell . . . it was his first plane down."

"Were you up there?" Helen asked.

"How many Italians have you shot down?" Stangou said.

"About twelve," Quayle said with correct casualness.

"And the Italians aren't any good?" Stangou asked.

"They're good when they want to be."

"Why do you shoot so many down, then?"

"They don't get enthusiastic about it. They're all right in a good fight."

"The Greeks say the Italian planes are no good," Stangou said.

"They're all right. They're just not enthusiastic. They're all right in a good scrap. They can fight all right."

Quayle was bored with what was going on. He could keep watching the girl because every time he looked at her she smiled or caught his eye. Her black hair was like her rounded breasts—it had the same quality. It fitted in with her round face and Turkish eyes. She wore a cut bang that rounded her face even more and softened her face when she smiled.

There were deliberate nonpolitical subjects discussed while they ate. They were not sure of Quayle. They did not know what to trust a person in uniform with, and you were never sure of the British. The British had this strange streak of cold patriotism that was really not cold but overdone. You could never be sure of them. So they kept off talking Metaxas and politics, though that was why Lawson had brought Quayle out here.

Quayle didn't mind, because of the girl. She was very important to Lawson, too; Quayle noticed that earlier. Her father and brother knew what was going on. The father was amused and Astaries was cynical about it. He said nothing all the time the empty conversations between Quayle and Helen went on. But he started an argument with his father in Greek which ended when Mrs. Stangou said something.

"You must forgive them. They argue all the time about the war," she said.

"It is good they argue," John Quayle said.

"Not always. They disagree too much, and they are still father and son."

"WHAT do you disagree about?" Quayle asked. He was fed up with the complicated pattern of avoiding political discussion.

"It is impolite to discuss it before you," Astaries said.

Quayle said that was political cowardice and they were more scared of the effect than the injury.

"You cannot say that in this country," the girl said. She was angry.

"I apologize," Quayle said.

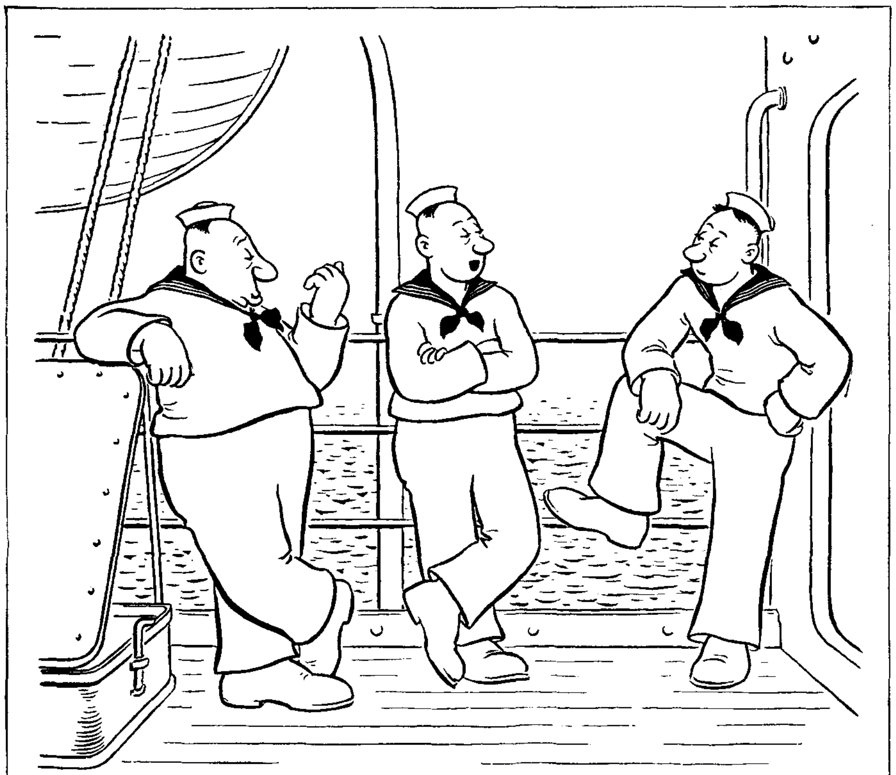
"We cannot take chances and don't intend to," Astaries said. He didn't look thin now, but vigorous, because he stood up for the first time and walked around.

"I agree," John Quayle said. He wanted them to see he was not antagonistic.

It stopped there because they did not acknowledge what Quayle said. The girl got up and went out. Quayle watched her slow slight swagger, the movement of her shoulders and the proportions of her figure. There was silence. Then Lawson asked Stangou what the Greek communiqué tonight would be.

"They are getting near Koritza," Stangou said. "We have captured a mountain which will give us the town in a day, or, just as they said yesterday . . ."

John Quayle looked up then and saw



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the girl coming down a stairway to the hall; she had a scarf around her head, or it was a peasant shawl, he did not know.

"I am going down to ring up," she said in English to her mother.

Quayle got up immediately and walked to her.

"I will walk down with you," he said, and got his cap.

"It doesn't matter. It is not far," she said. She was still angry and she was not scared of him.

"I will go," he insisted, ignoring the excuse.

She shrugged her shoulders and he could see the others looking at them as they went out.

"Take your cap off," she said to Quayle after he had pulled it on his head.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because we have been told not to be with British soldiers. Undo your coat, too."

He put his cap under his arm and undid his coat. "I know your father has been in exile," he said to her.

"Yes," she said.

"I'm just telling you that I know why you have no discussions."

"You are *Inğlisi*. We have to be careful. We do not know whom you will tell things to."

"It's all right," he said.

"We are always watched. Astaries is always being arrested. They leave my father alone now. They don't put him in jail any more because he signed that he was for Metaxas, but Astaries won't."

"You shouldn't talk at all," Quayle said.

"If we do not we are cowards, as you said. But they shoot now there is a war. We are prudent."

THEY had walked down the stone path and through the gate. It was very dark now and no moon was above yet. He took her arm as they walked, ostensibly because the path was earth and without surface. She did not draw away but accepted it and he could feel the warmth and the firmness of her arm and her waist. They turned into a narrow tree-lined path with wind down its sides and no ceiling of sky because of the trees. At the end of it, there was a small kiosk, which marked a bus stop. The boy who sat there in it gave Helen a hand phone. She rang the number, spoke in Greek, then hung up.

"I was telling the post I will go there tomorrow," she said politely as they walked.

"You are a nurse?"

"No, I help in a first-aid post."

"What did you do before the war?" he asked her.

"I was at the university. I was a student."

"Have they ever touched you?" he asked. He tried to put even pressure on her arm.

"They cut off my hair because I was with Astaries once when he was caught."

He involuntarily looked at her hair in the dark and said, "When?"

"It was long ago. But I do not do anything like that any more because of my mother. With a family, it is two struggles. My mother turned her hair that color when my father was away. He signed for Metaxas because she was ill. I do not do anything any more because of this."

So they walked along quietly after that and deliberately slowly. It was difficult to do anything while he carried his cap, because it was in the way and he felt awkward. It was bad trying to be gracious. He had not any approach to this girl. He knew she did not object to the firm arm pressure but he knew she would resist and be repelled if he did anything more. He did not want to repel her or take the chance.

"Where do you work?" he asked her. "In Athens?"

"Yes."

"I will come and see you," he said. It was awkward conversation.

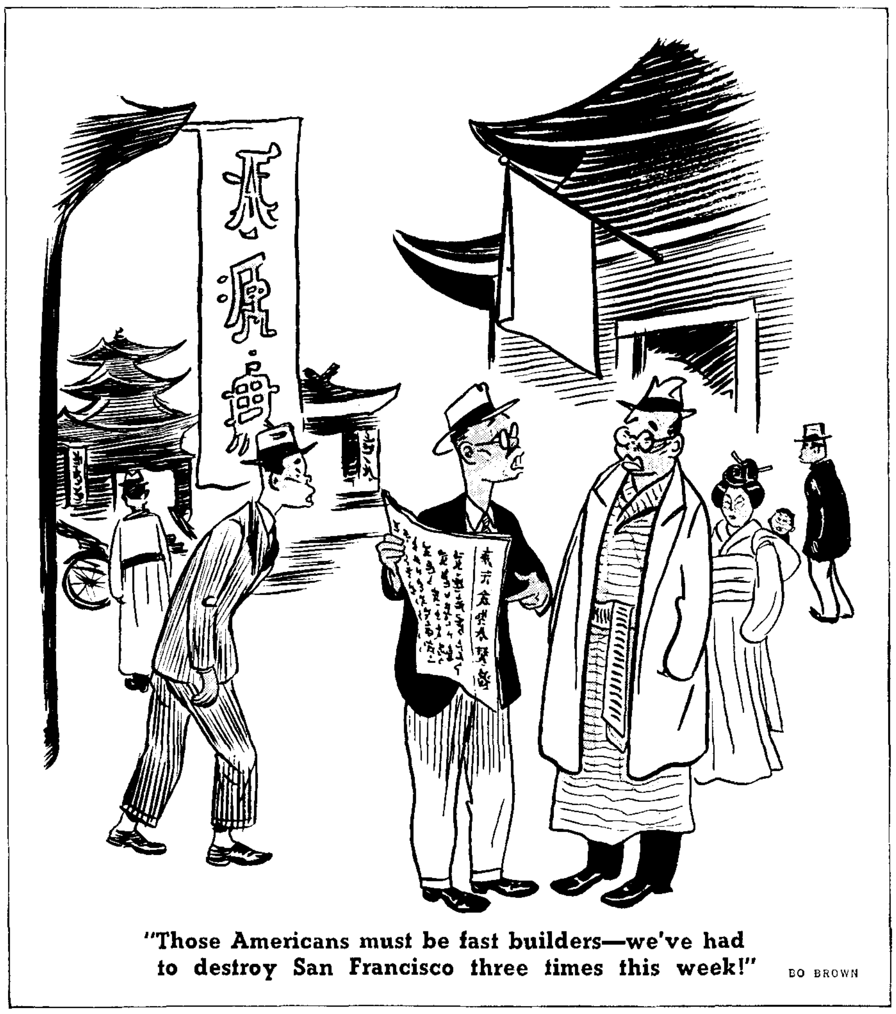
"I work in a small place behind the university. It has a red cross, so you cannot miss it. I will not be there long." She paused. Quayle didn't say anything. She went on: "I am going to Ioannina, which is near the front. But you will be fine for the girls there at the post. You must come. They talk about the blond *Inğlisi*. But you are not blond like Lawson who makes the girls anxious about him."

"I will not make them anxious. When do you go?"

"Next week. I will be glad. It's bad to be here when there is a war. It is not the place to be because we do not feel anything, we do not know it."

"Don't be anxious to get in a war," Quayle said. "It is dirty, the dirtiest thing there is."

"I know it is," she said. "It is not color like rainbow to me. It is essential."



"Those Americans must be fast builders—we've had to destroy San Francisco three times this week!" DO BROWN

They turned in the wide gate and up the stone path into the house.

"I will come to see you tomorrow. Is it all right?" he said to her as they waited at the door.

"Come at lunch hour. We do not work so hard then and we could eat something."

Mrs. Stangou opened the door and they went in.

JOHN QUAYLE did not see Helen Stangou the next day. He never knew when he could do anything for sure the next day ever, unless it rained. He was standing by all day at Phaleron in case there was a raid. Hickey was not back from Larissa, and Gorell's plane was not fixed; a cross-section support in one wing had been torn by a Savoia bullet. So Tap, tall Richardson, with Vain and Quayle were standing by from early morning until late at night.

That same night they were ordered to headquarters. The wing commander was waiting for them in the large white building that had been a school. Hersey was there and they were surprised to see him. Hersey said he had come back by road from Larissa to look at the route for supplies. He said it was very bad country for flying; the worst mountains he had ever seen were those between Larissa and Albania. The roads were so bad, too, that it was going to be hard to get supplies up by anything but Bombay transports flying them up.

Then the wing commander, who was short and vigorous in his speech, said, "I thought you would all like to hear you're going up to Larissa. Gloomy Hersey has just come back. He and Hickey seem to think the drome there is all right. I looked at it myself yesterday. It's a bit wet but you'll be all right. There's only one thing: You'll have to rely on the Greek ground staff for a couple of days. It's going to be impossible to get large supplies over those mountain passes by road. We'll fly the skeleton ground crews up on the Bombay. We've got one for the squadron now."

Nobody asked any questions when the wing commander paused, because there was more to come.

"The Greeks are getting badly knocked about at the front," he said. "The Italians have up to thirty bomber and twenty-five fighter squadrons covering three sectors, so the Greeks get hot water. They're pushing the Italians back near Koritza, but along the coast it's more difficult. We think the Italians are going to concentrate on roads and railways leading to Larissa and along the coast. That's why you're going to Larissa. Later you will go up farther, I think. But you will go up to Larissa tomorrow and wait for the Italians to show up. You'll be patrolling the road and coast areas, but they're so far away you won't be over target areas long. We want the operation kept secret, so just move out quietly tomorrow. We want to surprise them one day without escort. We want bombers down.

"They're worrying the Greeks to desperation because they've lost most of their fighters. But we want this done quietly. Concentrate on bombers but don't risk your neck getting bombers if there are fighters around. You'll always be outnumbered about ten to one with fighters because the Italians are just not taking any chances. Every Italian flight that comes over has a swarm of CR.42s along with it. And they've got some G.50s, we think, but they haven't been checked yet. Hickey will tell you everything when you get to Larissa tomorrow. You can leave before dawn. It will be better and quieter. And do not tell anyone anything about it, even other squadron members. This may be win or lose for the Greeks."

"THIS is going to be fine," Tap said as they walked down the stairway.

"Yes." Hersey was the oldest, so he was allowed to say that. "So we just get picked off by the 42s as we pick off the bombers."

No one took much notice because he was a grouch.

They went out and walked toward the King George Hotel. Quayle wanted to find Lawson so that he could talk with Helen Stangou. There was some sort of party going on at the King George and there was a new porter. Lawson was not in and the porter did not know where he was. Tap and the others had disappeared below to the bar. Because they were leaving so early, Quayle knew he would have to get them out before they got going. He went down, too.

There were a half dozen bomber squadroners there. They were talking with Tap and the Australian, Vain. Tall Richardson was at one end of the bar drinking beer and eating peanuts.

Quayle pulled Tap by the coattails and said, "We'll be late. Come on before you get started here."

"Wait a minute, John," Tap said. "You know Davies of Two-Eleven."

"Sure. Hullo, Davies."

"Hullo, Quayle."

"He's telling us about swarms of CR.42s that get at Blenheims over Valona," Tap said.

Davies turned to the bartender. "Have a drink, Quayle?"

"No, thanks," Quayle said.

"Are you working tomorrow?"

"No. I'm just not drinking."

"Well, go on, Davies. What about these 42s?" Tap said.

"They just come down on you. We come low over the target. They've always got height. We usually get one or two, but we lost Phil Calhoun yesterday. They kept coming after him when he got behind the formation. When are you fellers coming up to do some escorting? What are you doing down here anyway?"

"We don't know ourselves. You can survive until we get up there," Quayle told him.

"I hope you find it as hot as we do," Davies said and went back to his drinking.

QUAYLE got Tap, Vain and tall Richardson out and they went back to the Athenai Hotel, which was their quarters. Hersey, who had remained with the wing commander, came in as they were going to bed in the long suite that was their dormitory.

"If you leave your bed rolls here in the morning I'll take them up with me in the Bombay," Hersey said.

"What sort of quarters have we got?" Richardson asked him.

"Lousy. Cement huts. Tents at the airdrome to stand by."

"Any gals in Larissa?" Tap was sitting on his bed, turning the pages of a book about insects.

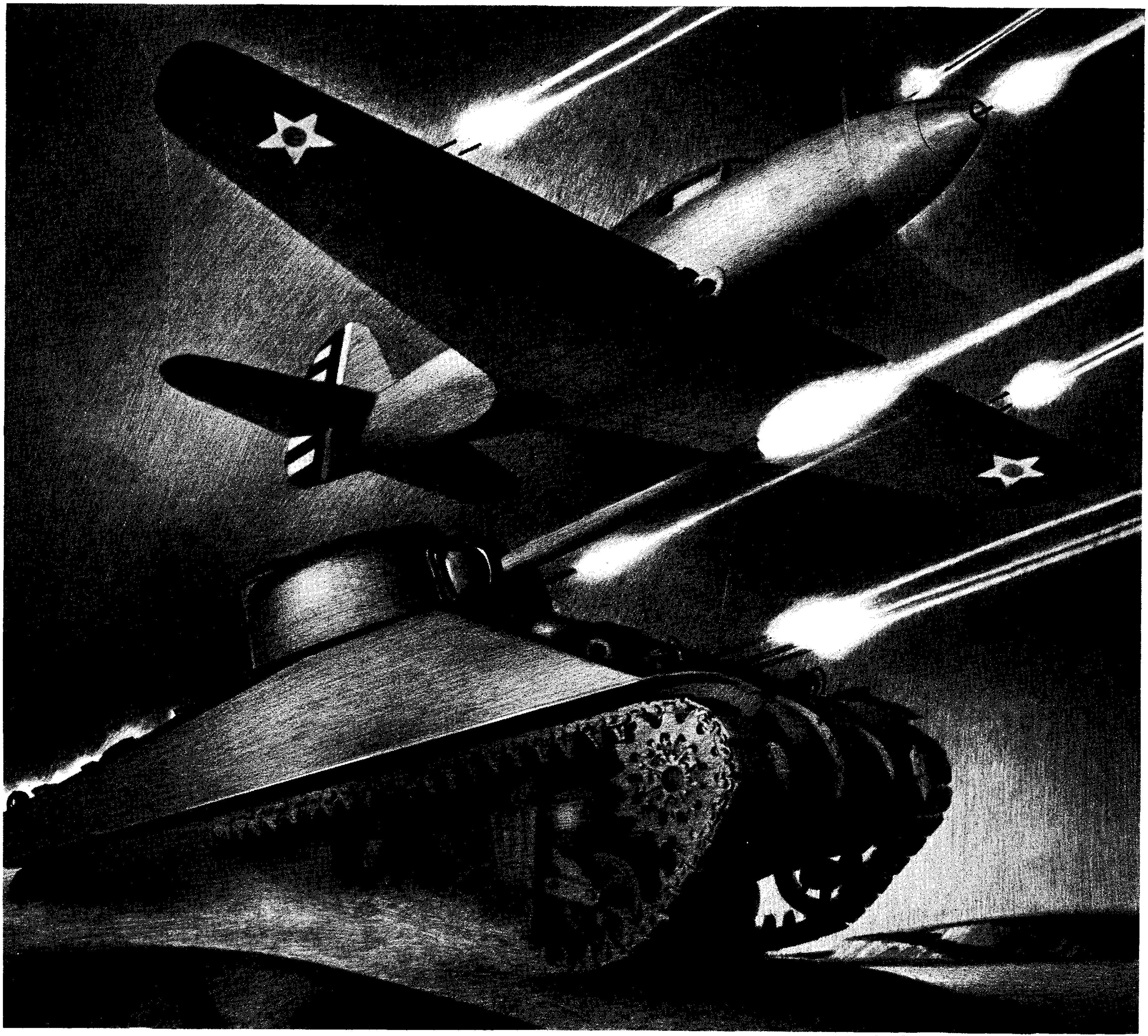
"Sure. But they've got a wall around them."

"A detail . . . a detail," Tap said.

He was still reading about insects when Quayle went to sleep.

(To be continued next week)

KEEP 'EM FIRING!



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"Keep 'em Firing" is Oldsmobile's biggest job in 44 years! *"Keep 'em Firing"* will be the war-cry—and the *determination*—of every Oldsmobile worker until this war is won.

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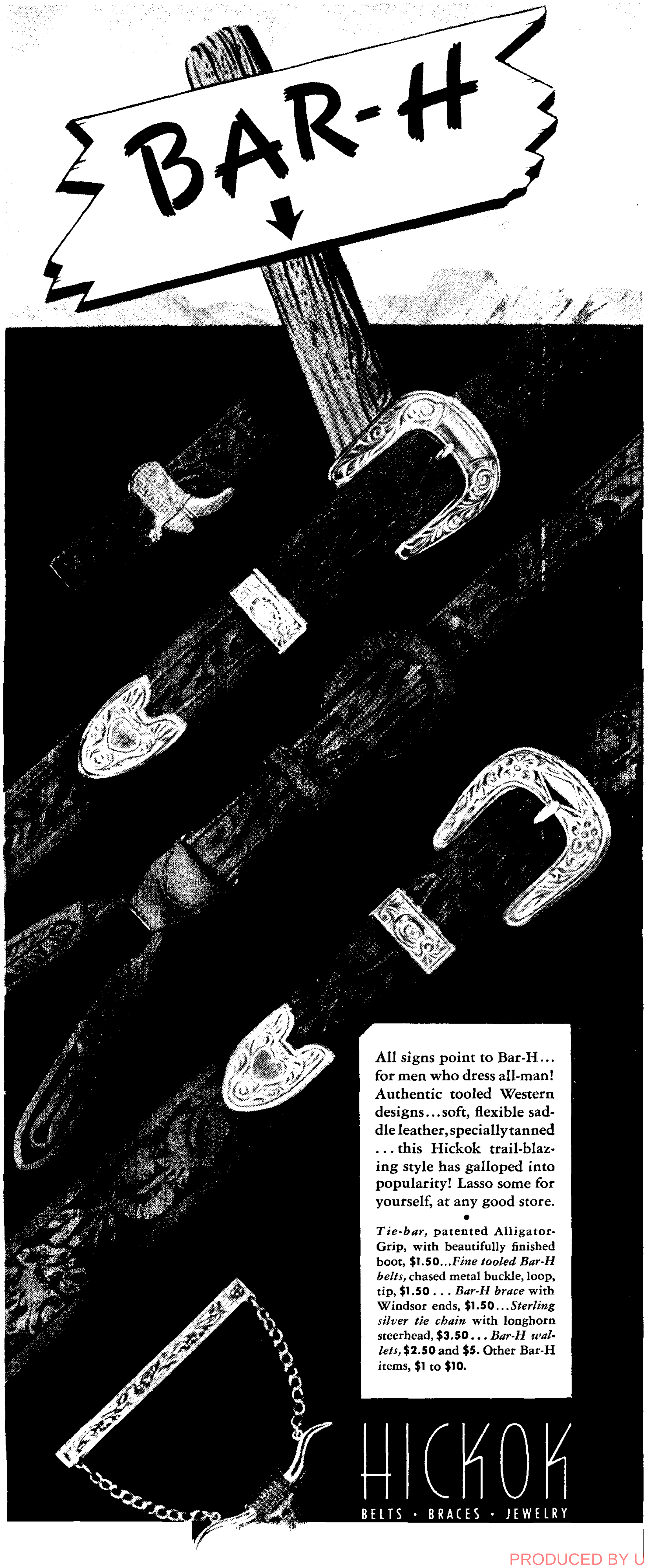

All signs point to Bar-H... for men who dress all-man! Authentic tooled Western designs...soft, flexible saddle leather, specially tanned ...this Hickok trail-blazing style has galloped into popularity! Lasso some for yourself, at any good store.

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HICKOK

BELTS · BRACES · JEWELRY

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

days are on missions of war and when the targets have been disposed of, all they have to do is find their way to the carrier, maybe one or two hundred miles back, and get on deck—with the ship rolling and pitching or the visibility zero. For the carrier pilots at sea, there's no town to paint red at the end of a successful day of combat with the enemy.

A LOT of perplexing questions will have to remain unanswered until we've won the war, chief among these being the instances of American Army Air Forces generals going out on bombing raids in the Far East. Brigadier Generals Lewis H. Brereton and Ralph Royce—affectionately known to superiors and subordinates in the clannish Army Air Forces as Louie and Ralph—have frequently been criticized and praised by their friends back here for their exploits.

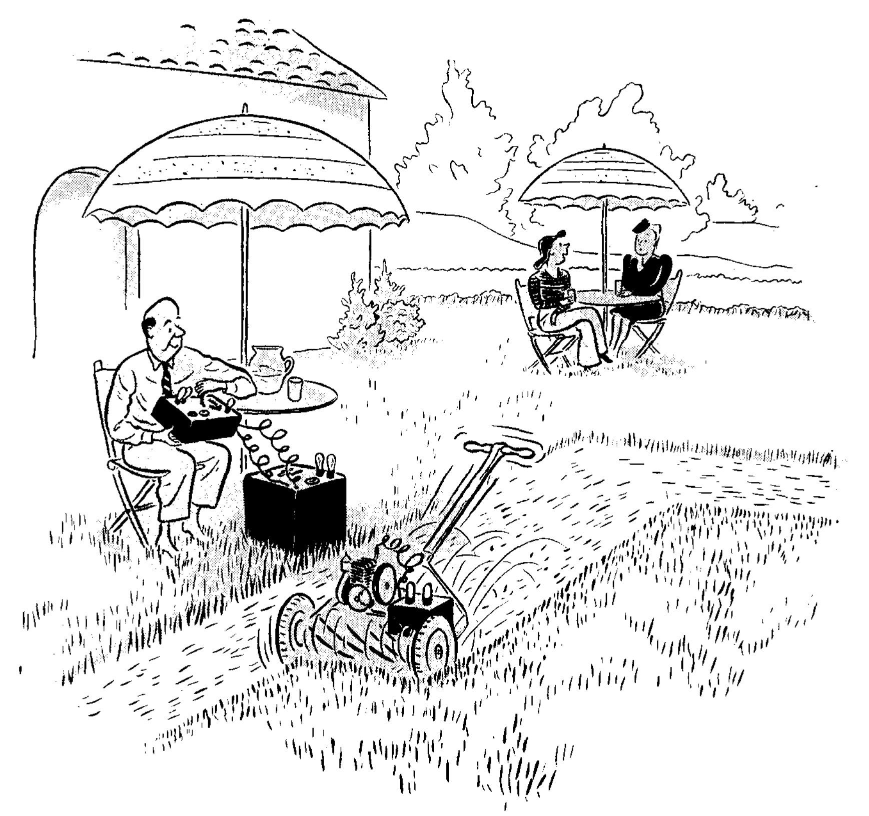
But you don't know Louie and Ralph and perhaps a thousand or more pilots of the Army and Navy, who all through the peace years plotted and planned and fought for recognition of air power. While they carried on this campaign before an indifferent public, the years crept up behind them; increased rank and responsibility became theirs, and one day they awoke to find themselves in the supervisory class, no longer potential war combat pilots. Their experience was worth more to the nation than their ability to score a hit or shoot down a plane. They should leave the actual air combat work to the younger airmen in the Army and Navy.

We know many of these pioneers in Army and Navy aviation. They are responsible for the planes and tactics we have today and they will come to the end of their careers bitterly disappointed because they will never be able to shoot at the enemy from a fighter or drop a bomb on a distant enemy target. But if there are repetitions of the feats of General Brereton and General Royce, someone's got to get tough, or all our high-ranking Army and Navy pilots will be kicking the youngsters out of the cockpits and taking off to meet the enemy just to make sure their theories of two decades were correct.

EACH belligerent knows how many planes it has lost since this war began, but there has been no neutral statistician to compile the accurate toll. However, we have some figures dealing with German, Italian and R.A.F. losses from September, 1939, through December, 1941, which we pass on without attempt at analysis or comment. The grand total is 12,520 for all three nations. But this does not include German losses in Russia or aircraft shot down by British naval planes or British warships and merchantmen. Neither does it include the losses in training for all three sides, or operational accidents behind the front which are plentiful in all countries due to weather and inexperienced airmen stepped up into high-performance aircraft. So we don't know how many have been written off even in the European theater of war, but the 12,520 number gives you something from which to start figuring.

THE three-striper had been flying his own plane as a qualified Naval aviator since the last war and he was about to embark on his greatest air adventure to date—a flight in an airline sleeper plane. He confided to his friends who saw him off at Dallas that, when it came to getting into pajamas and crawling into a berth, he belonged to the gaslight era and he wouldn't shut an eye all night on the flight to Los Angeles. The next thing he knew, the sun was shining in his window and the plane was on the ground. He looked out and saw "Big Spring" on the airport building. Just 277 miles from Dallas.

"You see," said the stewardess, "we started out last night, ran into bad weather and came back and spent the night in the hangar at Dallas. We're now again to start on our way to California." F. R. N.



"Now he plans working on something to make the grass grow faster"

DAVID B. HUFFINE

Ice Heart

Continued from page 14

"I had often heard," Hogan continued, "that golf is about seventy per cent mental and only about thirty per cent physical. So I began to work on the mental side, which, of course, means concentration."

Hogan then began to practice from two to four hours a day. He not only worked out the correct way to swing a club but also to keep his mind focused on every shot. Even in practice, he tried to concentrate on each swing just as much as if there were a championship at stake.

"I soon found," he told me, "that only a few mental lapses were needed to cost you many strokes. I found that you had to give your complete attention to every shot played, from the drive to the short putt. After leaving the first tee, there could be no recess, no loafing spot, on the mental side."

Golf's Ten Commandments

I asked Hogan to name the more important features from the mental side of the game. His answer follows: "(1) You must make up your mind you are going to take a mental and nerve beating by concentrating on every shot played. (2) You must feel in the mood that you are attacking the course, not having the course attack you. Whether you like the course or not, this is the course you must play. (3) Make up your mind definitely what club you need, then play that club for all it is worth. Throw away any form of indecision. (4) Forget any mistake you may have made before playing the next shot. The most important shot in golf is the one you have to play next. (5) Don't let your mind wander for even a split second when there is a shot to play. And I mean a split second. This takes more will power than most people know about. (6) Don't take anything for granted. I mean especially the easy-looking shots. They can get you into more trouble than the tougher ones, on which you know you have to concentrate. This is important. (7) Never start a round with a feeling that you have an alibi or an excuse. No one else cares about that part of it. You are on your own. (8) You must keep a firm grip on yourself, and by that I mean your mind or brain and your nerves. Make them work for you—not against you. Keep them under control. (9) Forget about self-pity when you get a bad lie or have a tough break. That is all part of the game. I have seen too many golfers lose tournaments on that account. Take the breaks as they come. (10) Someone has said, 'Mind is superior to matter—when there's nothing that matters.' In golf, mind must be superior to matter, no matter what happens. Having worked hard to get a golf swing, golf to me means an iron grip on my mental and nerve side, in the thought that I can't afford to play even one careless, slipshod stroke."

Hogan is a star example of mind over matter in golf. I have seen him practicing with his left hand calloused and split, so sore he could hardly hold a club. But he stuck to it. He shoves his left thumb well down the shaft to allow an extra dip in his backswing. With his lack of weight he needs this for distance. Few golfers get as much body action into a swing. He needs this also for those 280- and 300-yard drives.

I've noticed that, when extra length was required on a certain vital hole, 134-pound Hogan was as long as any one in golf. "I have to save myself for those shots," he said, with a grin.

In starting the new season with golf's largest purse, Hogan drove 300 yards and 290 yards on the two drives that won him the money.

"They were two of the longest shots I ever hit," he said. They came off when he needed them most. "I'd saved up something for those two wallops. They were the places I had to get the distance."

"Don't you take quite a mental beating in these tournaments?" I asked.

"Yes, I do," he answered. "But I make up my mind in advance to take the beating. These are tough times where nothing comes the easy way. I still believe that golf is largely a matter of forcing yourself to keep your mind on every stroke you play. This isn't as simple as it looks. I keep in fine physical shape, but too often when I finish a round I am dead tired—not physically, but mentally—and nerve worn. Not only the star professionals but even the average golfers must give more attention to this side of the game—this matter of concentrating on every stroke they play."

No one who follows golf believed that Hogan could hold the nerve-racking momentum he opened up with back in January. But when the Lean Man struck the Carolinas and Georgia in late March and early April he was moving at an even faster clip. He won the famous North and South at Pinehurst. He came from behind to win the Asheville show in early April.

A week later, after spotting the brilliant Byron Nelson 8 strokes in the first 36-hole test of the Masters' at Augusta, Hogan caught Nelson with two incredible rounds to tie at 280 and then lost by a single shot in the play-off. It took Byron Nelson's greatest round to lead him by a stroke. Even in that last defeat, Hogan, over a wind-swept terrain, played the 90 holes in ten under par, an incredible performance after more than three months of unbroken competitive golf.

"I'll tell you something about Ben Hogan," Jimmy Demaret told me after the Masters'. "I played with him in his final round where he had a 70. From the way he was hitting the ball that day, almost any other star in the field would have been above 80. That's how hard he worked to overcome an off day. It was a golfing miracle on the stout-heart side."

No wonder, as the war tournament season moves along toward summer that the remainder of the fast pack can barely see Ben Hogan's disappearing dust.

What Makes a Champion

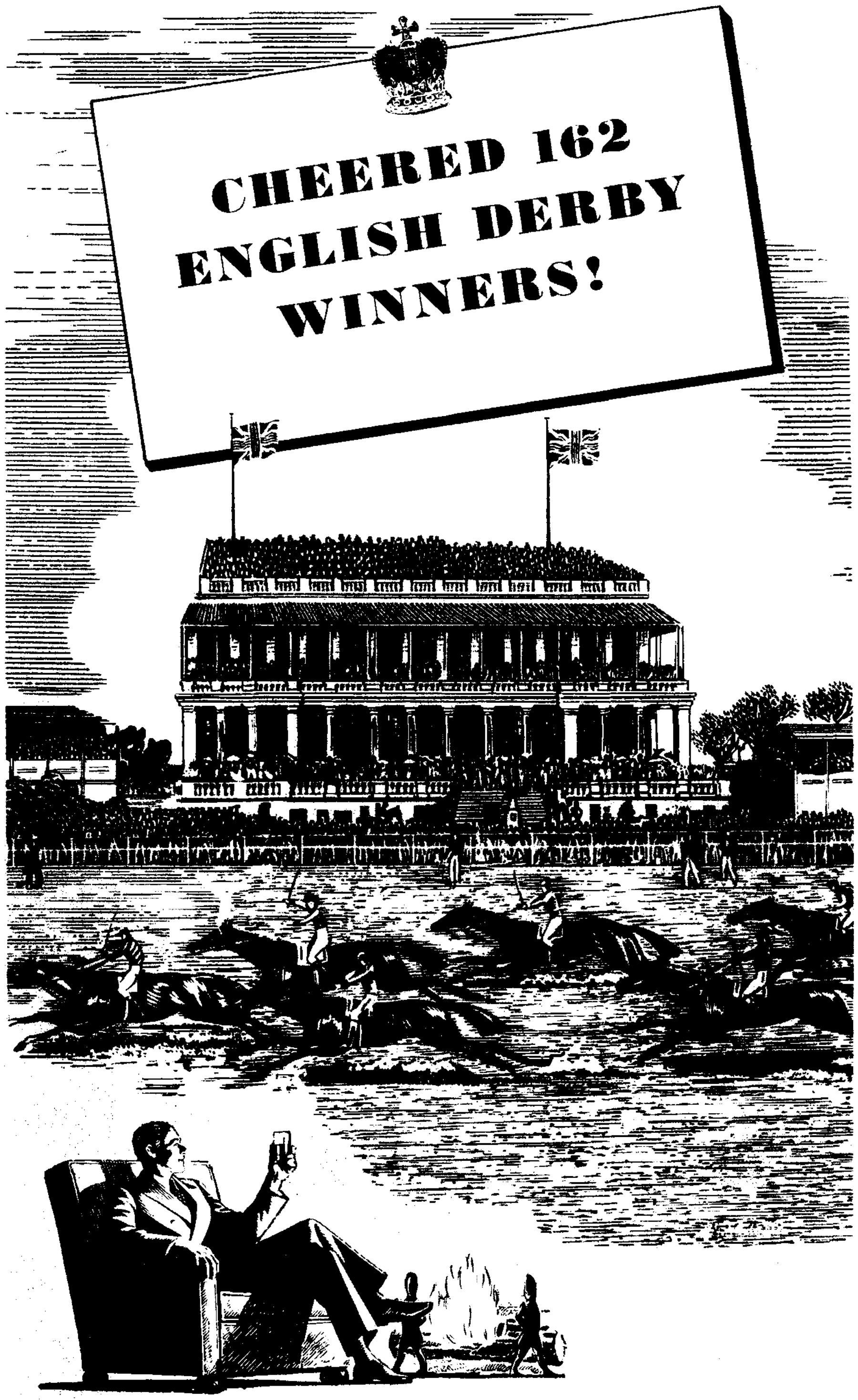
Ben Hogan is known as the golfer in whose veins runs ice water. This is true only because he has forced himself into the type of discipline needed to face and tackle a crisis.

He has cut away not only any softness from the physical side, but also from the mental side, from the nerve side. On all fronts he has hammered himself into the shape that winning golf demands.

This is an age of hardness, of hardihood and lack of jumpy nerves. It is an age where grimness is necessary in the handling of a main job, when unbroken concentration is needed.

These are the qualities that Ben Hogan, the wiry Texan, happens to have in golf—the qualities needed on the winning side in the world today. They have a human slant much more important than any one game.

THE END



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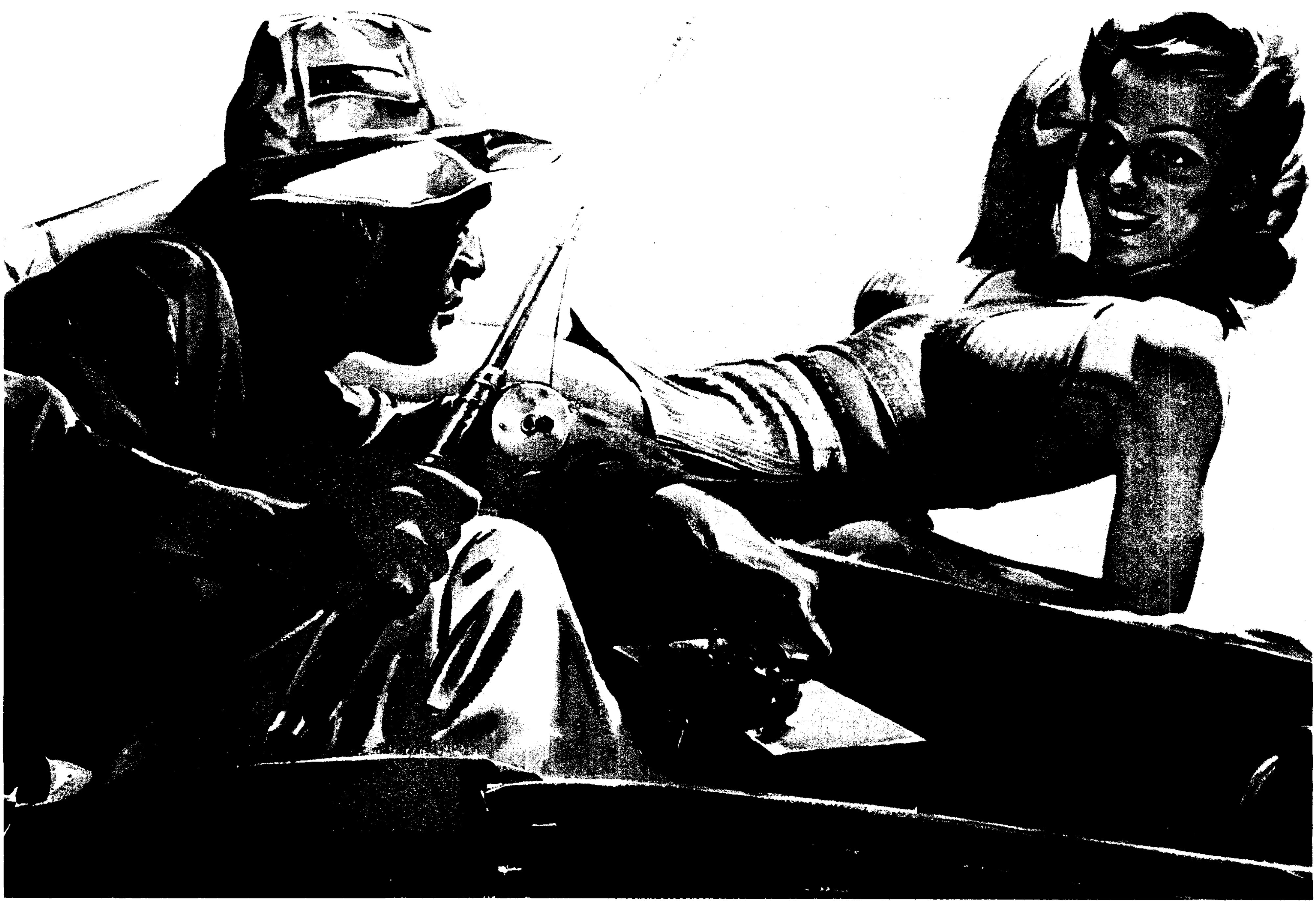


ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

When he got in, he found Delia lying on her back on the pier, beautiful in her clinging suit. "Any luck?" she asked

Trial by Marriage

By Vereen Bell

The Story Thus Far:

HIS mother a suicide, his father (once a noted dog trainer and field-trial man) an indolent wastrel, Duff Webster leaves his home in the deep South and takes to the road. On the verge of starvation, he succeeds in capturing a runaway dog, "Judas"—a savage, unruly pointer upon whose collar is this inscription: "REWARD: Amos Hawthorne, Tafton, Alabama."

Hawthorne—a testy, temperamental old man who owns some kennels near Tafton—lives with his granddaughter, Lucie Sullivan. When Duff arrives with the dog, Hawthorne refuses (on the grounds that the dog is worthless) to pay any reward. Whereupon, Lucie gives the boy five dollars, and—after he has recovered from a serious illness—puts him to work at the kennels.

Having faith in Judas, Duff works on him, tries to train him. But the dog remains surly, rebellious. . . . Seeing much of each other, Duff and Lucie—both young, both attractive—fall in love. Learning of this, Delia Phillips (daughter of the town's leading physician) decides to steal Duff from Lucie, if she can.

Aware that old Hawthorne dislikes Duff and has ordered Lucie to drop the boy, Delia *inadvertently* (so she says, later) informs the old man that Lucie and Duff are meeting—which is true. Hawthorne—almost blind and confined to his room—is furious. He sends for the boy; then, when Duff arrives, he tries to shoot him with a shotgun. Duff, no fool, escapes with his life. But he tells Lucie that he must go away, as soon as possible. . . .

Among Hawthorne's dogs is one that is truly great: "Ambling Sam." Every day, Lucie brings Ambling Sam ("old Sam") in from the kennels, so that the old man can fondle him, talk to him. Unfortunately, Ambling Sam is killed in a fight with—*Judas.* Lucie wonders how she can keep the news from her grandfather.

One dog in the kennels, she remembers, is about the size of Ambling Sam and of somewhat similar conformation. Lucie tells Wesley, a colored helper, to bring that dog—"Piggot's Red Devil"—to her home; and Wesley obeys orders.

When the dog arrives, Lucie leads him into old Hawthorne's room. Hawthorne (who can hardly see) runs his hands over the dog, and appears to be suspicious. But, watching him, Lucie feels sure that—although he is a bit dubious—he does not know, for sure, that the dog is not Ambling Sam.

V

THE dog Judas lay tied to a tree, and his alert yellow eyes followed the movements of jays in the pine trees on the slope, and he saw a sparrow light on a sprig of sedge and press it down to get at the seeds. Occasionally his ears tilted nervously toward the sound of the voices of Lucie Sullivan and Duff Webster, who had run him for a half hour with the chain on his collar, and who now sat near their tethered horses.

Lucie leaned back on her elbow in the warm winter sun, with a tiny bow of ribbon in her loose sandy hair and a cigarette in her mouth. She said, thoughtfully, "Where'll you go, Duff?"

He drew a clipping from The American Field from his pocketbook:

"WANTED, first-class dog man and plantation kennel manager. Must be young, hard-working, intelligent. Apply Osceola Plantation, Zurich, Alabama."

"Oh, it'd be fine if you get that job," she said. "Zurich's only thirty miles. You could come down to see me."

"That's right."

She murmured, "My, what enthusiasm!"

"I don't like the way we have to sneak around. Do you, Lucie?"

"No, I guess not," she admitted. "I could choke that Delia for blabbing it right out in front of the squire!"

"How could she know old Amos would get so mad?"

"Something tells me she knew, all right."

"That doesn't make sense," he said sharply.

She glanced at him in surprise. "Gee, you don't have to get mad. Let's don't fight about that. Let's fight about when you're coming back to see me."

He said nothing. With his pocketknife he cut the rough edges off a piece of pine bark.

"Duff, listen to me," she said finally, sitting up. "Let's get things straightened out. How do we stand, you and me and the ivory table? Huh?"

"There's more to it than that, Lucie. There's Amos Hawthorne."

"I'm not forgetting him. But I'll wait for you, Duff—a hundred years, if that's what it takes. Now, you tell me how you feel about it."

"You don't have anything to worry about," he said. "I'll come back for you."

"That's a fine way to put it," she said angrily. "All I've got to worry about is whether you're in love or just chivalrous. And I think I know."

"Of course I love you," he insisted.

SHE gazed out over the rolling brown countryside for a long moment. Then she took a deep breath, and said, "Duff, I'm going to tell you something."

"Okay."

"You won't like it."

"What is it?" he asked, curiously.

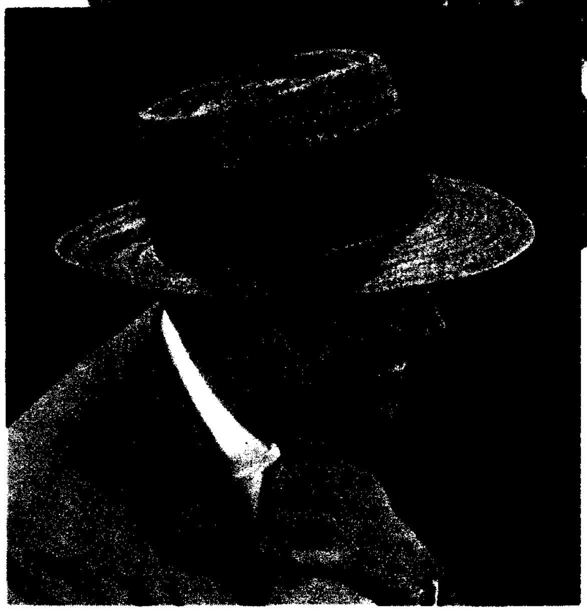
"I wasn't ever going to tell you, but the way you're acting, I'll have to prove you aren't beholden to me."

"Why not?"

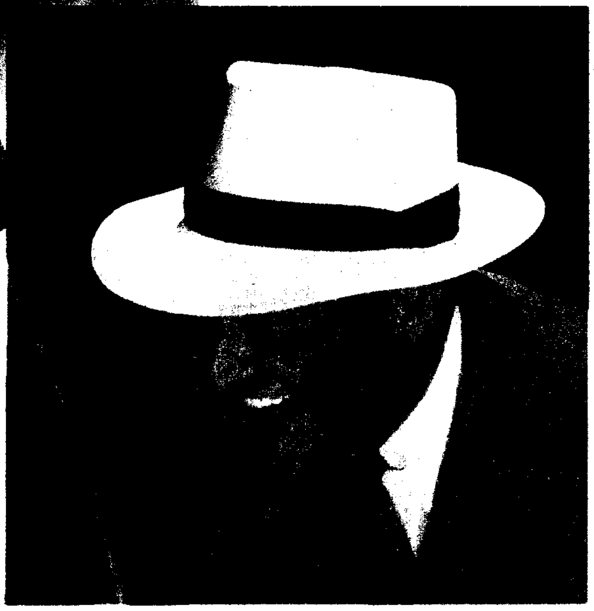
"Well, because of what happened at Grand Junction between Teague McGinnis and me."

He turned quickly and asked, "What

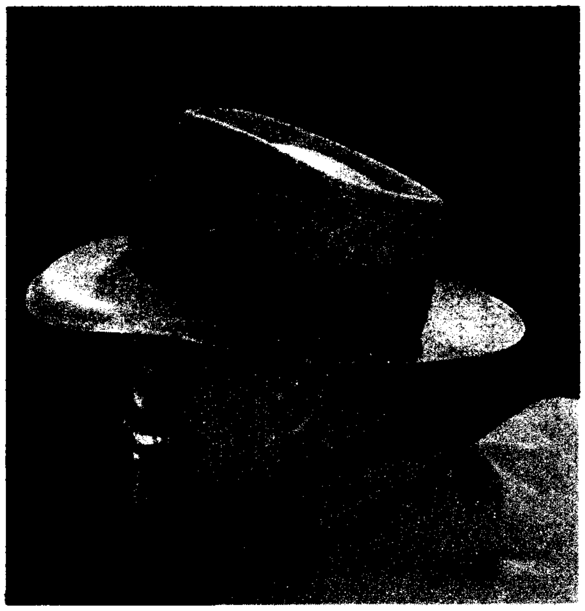
"Edna, you keep out of this"



"TREASURE ISLAND"...NASSAU PALM, $5 • "I can just see her smiling that wifely smile, full of pity for this masterpiece of real Bahama swank with its stunning wide, pleated band... They'll investigate my income tax for this, but I'll buy it. What else have you got? I'm in the mood."



MESH PANAMA, $5 • "She's liable to come edging in here any minute and knock this breezy and beautiful topper right off my head with one look!...I'll buy it, and quick!...Handmade, a good neighbor from South America. Cool, light, white, and sea-going...narrow band...a hot-weather buster!"



"PANALITE"...GENUINE PANAMA, $10 • "Why, I bet she wouldn't even like this dusky brown, close-woven panama! ...A feather-weight classic...make a movie star out of a wooden Indian...I'd buy it for its soft, rich-colored printed band alone. It's the hat of my dreams!"

SENNIT, $4 • "Helping me pick out a hat, she calls it!...I'll pick out my own hats, and plenty of them!...Here's one that's crying out loud for my white suit...light, flexible, but as formal as a straw can be...and I've got just the big-time conservative face for it!"

SEMARANG, $3.50 • "And what about those buckwheat cakes smothered in rosebuds *she* calls hats! She's got no right to take a crack at this light, closely woven, herringbone straw...this new, modified telescope shape. It's mine! And I'll wear this one home!"

I COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER MYSELF!
WISH YOU'D BEEN WITH ME!

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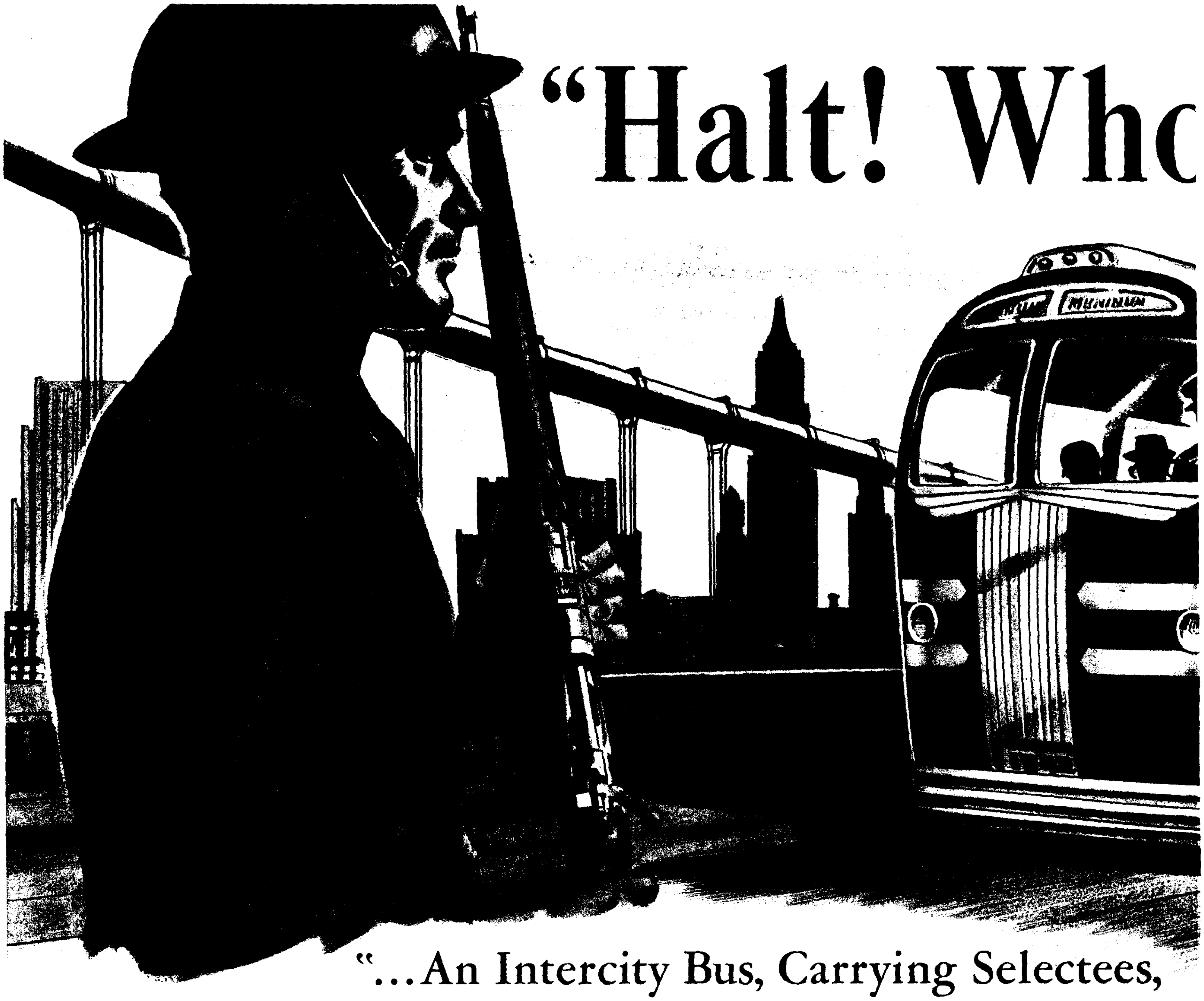
FOR VICTORY—Buy United States Savings Bonds and Stamps

“Halt! Wh



“…An Intercity Bus, Carrying Selectees, Fighting Men, War Workers, Essential Travelers

-Keeping the Highways at Work for Victory!”

SENTRY: *"Drive up and be recognized! I want to know who's on that bus . . . have you called the roll?"*

DRIVER: "I have, sentry! There are 28 passengers on board . . .

"Some of them are fighting men in uniform — others are on their way to join the armed forces — many are going to war-production jobs. There is a government employee and a Red Cross nurse — there are business men, farmers, teachers, housewives . . . *and every one of these people is taking some necessary part in America's war program.*

"This morning I started with 30 passengers, but I have carried 93 during the trip. Only a few of those who started with me are still on board . . . the others stopped off or boarded my bus at a dozen towns and cross-roads along the route—*the kind of service buses alone can offer.*

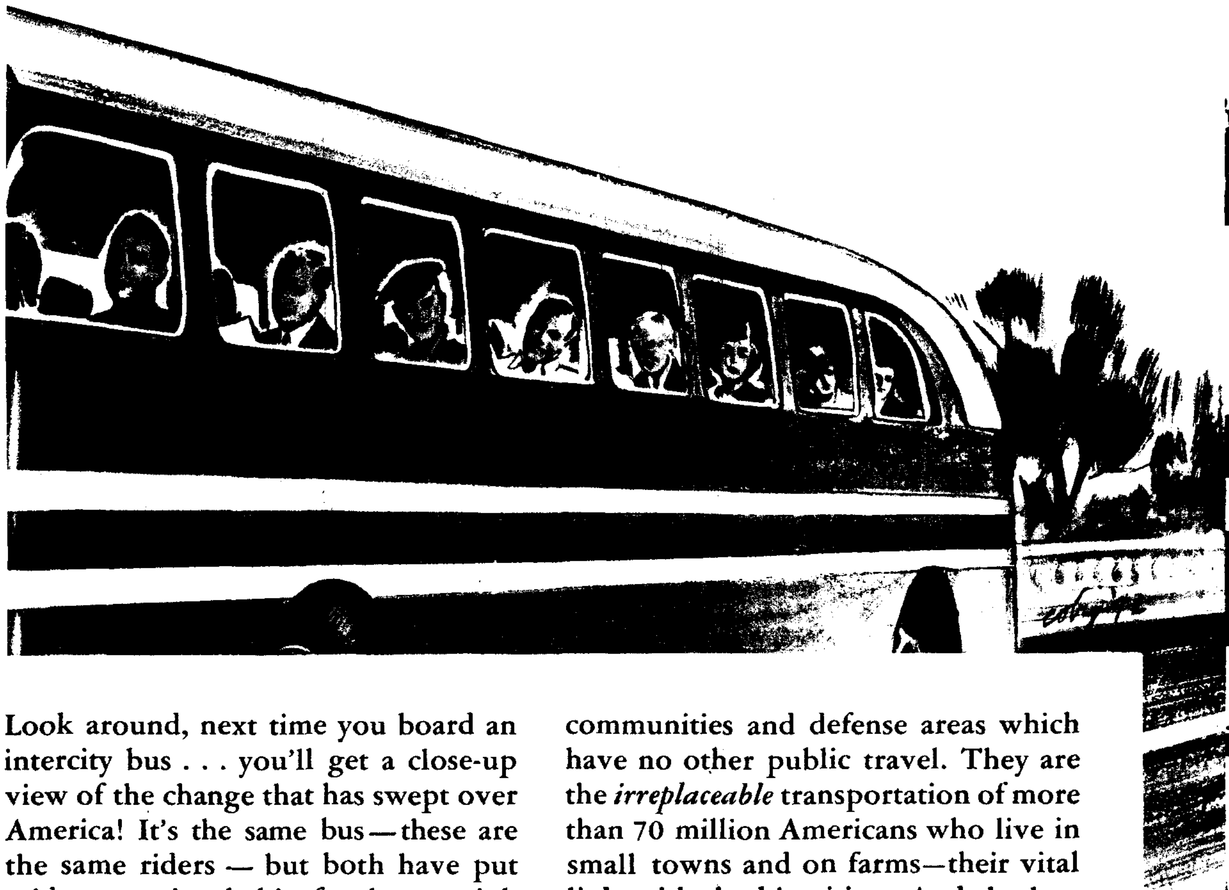
"That's the roll-call for *today.* Last week my bus and I, on special service, carried hundreds of selectees to examination centers — and we have taken part in several important troop movements. America's in an all-out war—and these people are fighting that war, working for it, paying for it . . ."

SENTRY: *"Pass, friend! And keep those buses rolling!"*

s There?”

CARRYING SELECTEES

By agreement between the U.S. Army and the motor bus industry, the great majority of selectees called up are carried by bus.



Look around, next time you board an intercity bus . . . you'll get a close-up view of the change that has swept over America! It's the same bus — these are the same riders — but both have put aside peace-time habits for the stern job of winning a war. Service for Convenience has become *Service for Necessity.*

This is everybody's war. *All* the people, in or out of uniform, are fighting it . . . there are no more sidelines. To win it, efficient, time-saving transportation must be maintained to every populated place in America.

Buses are giving that service at the rate of more than half-a-billion passengers per year. Buses take workers to war plants, selectees to examination centers, fighting men on furloughs, troops on military moves, business men on essential trips . . . they carry the housewives who keep America's homes, the farmers who must now feed not only this Nation, but many of its allies.

Intercity buses are the "street cars" of rural America, serving thousands of communities and defense areas which have no other public travel. They are the *irreplaceable* transportation of more than 70 million Americans who live in small towns and on farms—their vital link with the big cities. And the low cost of bus travel saves passengers millions of dollars each year.

To do their huge and complex job (now sharply increasing as more private autos are withdrawn) bus lines have "cleared for action" — eliminating Express Schedules and purely sightseeing runs.

With the most diligent maintenance and with controlled, moderate speeds, they are setting all-time records for economy of operation—averaging more than 40,000 miles per tire, using only a fraction as much rubber per passenger, per mile, as do private cars.

The pleasant days of travel-as-you-like-it will come again! But today the bus industry accepts the needs of war as self-imposed commands. *The war job comes first—we ask the cooperation of every loyal American in getting that job done.*

TRANSPORTING WORKERS

War workers in hundreds of plants depend upon the motor bus for daily transportation between their homes and their jobs.

SERVING OUR SOLDIERS

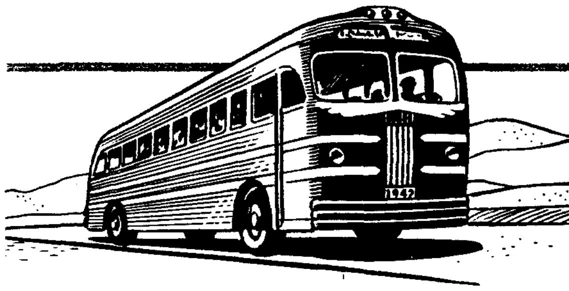
Reaching the gates of all military camps and bases, the motor bus provides an indispensable service for the soldiers on leave.

LAND-TRANSPORT FOR THE FLEET

Traveling directly from the point of assembly to destination, special fleets of buses speed mass movements of fighting men.

MOVING CIVILIANS

Bus transportation for the great civilian army that's backing the fighting forces plays an essential part in the war program.



MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

GIRL FRIEND? All you said was bring a FRIEND!

MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN!

SO...FOR LONG CAR LIFE

BE SURE YOU—SOUND YOUR Z

PENNZOIL

As long as the war lasts, your car is a national asset that can't be replaced. To help keep it in condition, we suggest three things:

1. Make sure you are not misunderstood when you order PennZoil motor oil.
2. Protect your engine by changing oil regularly. Use the next heavier grade from now through Summer.
3. Protect your entire car by lubricating it regularly and otherwise giving it the attention it needs.

This will *save oil,* a vital Victory weapon . . . *keep your engine cleaner,* reducing wear to a minimum . . . *provide an extra margin of safety* for any driving conditions.

For both PennZoil motor oil and lubricants, stop at the yellow oval sign—and sound your Z!

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
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LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

Be Oil-wise
Sound your "Z"

SPARE THE OIL AND SPOIL THE CAR!

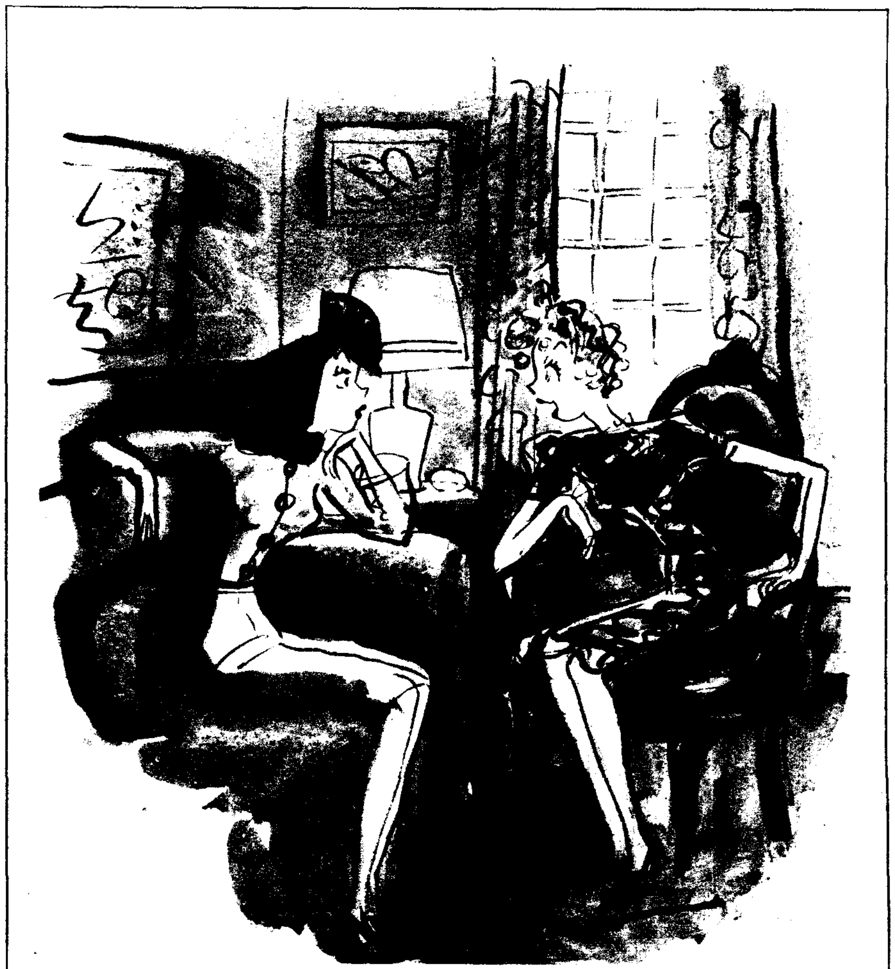
Dirty, sludged oil carries grit to every moving engine part. PennZoil reduces wear by resisting sludge. It helps keep your engine clean. And clean engines last longer. The chart shows how PennZoil is made to fight sludge.

THESE 3 EXTRA STEPS MAKE PENNZOIL

← OTHERS STOP HERE

← REFINING OF PLAIN OIL ENDS HERE

GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY



"She was married at home. And you know that parrot of hers. Well, when the minister said, 'If anyone can show just cause why these two should not be joined together . . .'"

BARBARA SHERMUND

do you mean, Lucie? What happened?"

"Well . . . something."

"What?"

"Something."

He stared at her. The piece of bark dropped from his fingers. Finally he said, "Oh."

"You see?"

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I guess I see."

Some crows found an owl in a sapling, and they dived at him and cried loudly and excitedly. Others, far away, heard the scolding sounds and answered, and flew to join the attack. They came in twos and threes, and lit in the sapling and in other trees near by. The owl stood it for a while, then in dignity flew away. The crows followed, diving at the owl from behind in an angry frenzy. Gradually the bedlam faded into the distance.

"Duff, please say something."

He stared blankly, without speaking. A spider crawled down his arm and out on one of his fingers, then dropped to the ground on a silver thread.

"Duff, aren't you going to shout at me, or something?"

"No."

"Well, say *something.*"

"Why did you do it?"

She shrugged, and two tears spilled over and ran down her cheeks. "Don't know, Duff. Just did it," she said. She thought, *Oh, Duff, it's not true, not even half true. I'm lying because you'd always think you were roped in. You'd never quit thinking that, and we'd never have a chance. There's nobody but you and never will be.*

WHILE he was waiting for the bus, Duff went to the poolroom and drank a glass of beer. Oblivious to the sound of billiard balls and the talk and two men next to him arguing about tractors and mules, he watched the bubbles of beer foam burst. Duff made a design on the frosting on the curved glass with his thumbnail. Behind the counter were several elaborately painted signs: *In God We Trust—All Others Pay Cash. . . . Liberal Credit to All Those Over Eighty—When Accompanied by Their Parents.*

His emotions now, he realized bitterly, were quite different from what they had been immediately following Lucie's confession. After recovering from the first numb jolt of what she had said, he had felt a half-pleasant release. But as soon as he left the Hawthorne kennels the full hurt of it struck him like a maul between the shoulder blades. In trying to understand why he should be affected to such an extent, he finally concluded that it was his pride that had been so severely damaged. Now his only thought was to get away, and to be free forever of any thought of Lucie.

HE GAZED at the beer, wondering if enough of that would anesthetize his brain for a while. If necessary he could wait until tomorrow to see about the job. . . . No, alcohol wouldn't be much help. The only difference in his thinking would be still darker thoughts and more of them.

The shine boy's rag cracked rhythmically. One of the pool players missed a shot and swore feelingly.

Duff finished the beer and looked at his watch. Still thirty minutes before the bus to Zurich came. He wandered out, and gazed dully and absently into store windows.

"Oh, hello, Duff," said Delia Phillips, coming out of the drugstore.

"Hello," he said.

"How've you been?"

"All right," he said. The afternoon sun gave her skin a lovely translucent quality; and the curve of her mouth fascinated him.

"Duff," she said worriedly, "come here and let me talk to you a moment."

Her father's car was at the curb, and they got in and she said, "I've wanted to tell you how sorry I am about the other day. I had no idea Mr. Hawthorne minded your going with Lucie. I feel terrible about it."

"It's okay. Maybe it was for the best."

"But it was so unnecessary to even bring the subject up. I know it caused trouble."

"It did, all right."

"Well, I'm just sorry, that's all." She looked at him. "How much trouble did it cause?"

"Plenty. I'm through out there. But maybe that's the way it ought to be," he said unhappily. "Let's forget about it. I'm not sore at you."

"I do hope you aren't, Duff," she said. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm waiting for the bus. I'm going to Zurich to try to get a job with James Lampley, at Osceola Plantation."

"I'll tell you what—I'll drive you up. Dad's gone fishing with Allan Prince, and won't need the car."

"I couldn't let you do that."

"It's only thirty miles. And I want to do it."

"Well, sure, that'll be fine," he said, instantly sensing a lift in his spirits. And he knew, abruptly, that here was the relief he had wanted. Delia was exactly what he needed.

She backed out and turned the car north, and onto the broad, red-clay highway to Zurich. A rust-colored cloud rose behind the car.

Duff lit a cigarette. "How are things coming along for you these days?"

Delia smiled strangely. "Things are coming along just fine."

DUFF wouldn't soon forget that day, with its seesaw ups and downs. Being with Delia had buoyed him up. Then he had talked to Carl Wind, the plantation overseer, who had sent him on to the owner, James Lampley. Lampley, having been besieged by all the at-leisure handlers—the liquor heads, the dog spoilers, the incompetents, the loafers—had begun to be disgusted.

"Well," he said, "why did *you* leave your last place?"

"I couldn't get along with the boss man is about all there is to it."

"Who?"

"Amos Hawthorne."

"Oh, yes," said Lampley, narrowly. "I know of Hawthorne. You couldn't get along with him?"

"Not so hot," Duff said.

"He wasn't too honest for you, I hope," Lampley said.

Duff rose slowly. "I'm afraid you and I wouldn't get along so well either. Goodby."

"WAIT a minute," Lampley said. "Excuse it. It's been a sorry procession that's come here for this job; men I don't care for my dogs to associate with. I've got sort of touchy. We won't go into Hawthorne's principles. What I want is a young man with a fair education who can produce winning dogs and not put half the kennel expense money in his pocket. Does it sound like that might be you?"

"I don't know about the winning. The dogs have a lot to do with that."

"My bloodlines are the work of twenty years. I'm just now producing the kind of dog I want. I believe my dogs are about ready. But I'll know whose fault it is, the dogs' or the man's, if they don't win."

"Well, before you go to the trouble of investigating me, I better tell you about a dog I've got. He's a sort of outlaw dog I'm trying to break. I want permission to keep him and work him. He's mean—he's the one killed Ambling Sam. But I'll pen him separately."

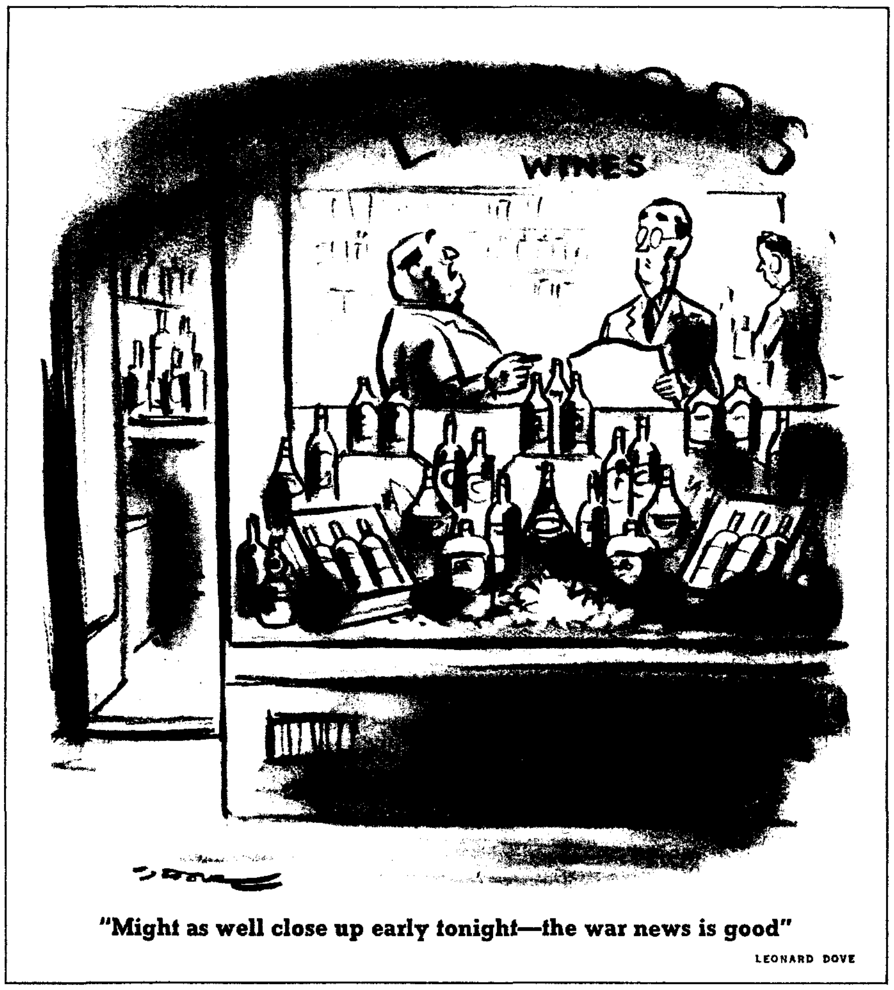
"You must be stuck on him, to keep fooling with a dog like that."

"It's just something I've set my mind to do."

Lampley looked at him for a few moments. Finally he said, "The reason I fired my other dog man was because he never set his mind to do anything that seemed halfway hard."

As Duff walked back out to the car where Delia waited, he kept puzzling about what Lampley had said. *I guess I fooled him into thinking I'm a pretty determined sort of a fellow,* he thought without amusement, and without conviction. Lampley would never pass for an easy-to-fool man.

"Duff, tell me, how did you make



"Might as well close up early tonight—the war news is good"

LEONARD DOVE

At last!
A dinner designed for Dad!

1. This is no ordinary meal—it's *custom-made* by Birds Eye for Dad, and the other menfolks! Three *delicious* dishes—each an *out-of-season* delicacy! And you'll be *amazed* at its low cost! *1st*—Birds Eye Country Style Frying Chicken! Young, *farm-fresh,* so tender it . . .

2. Practically melts on your fork! There's *more white meat* on Birds Eye Chickens! They are cleaned, drawn of *all waste,* tweezed clean of pinfeathers, washed—then *Quick-Frozen!* All flavor freshness *sealed in. 2nd—Garden-fresh* Succotash! Combine *garden-fresh* . . .

3. BIRDS EYE Baby Lima Beans and *sugar-sweet* Cut Corn . . . *Quick-Frozen* within 4 *hours after picking! 3rd—Ah, dessert!* Birds Eye Peaches . . . juicy beauties—sliced, sugared, ready to serve! Make this Dad's Dinner—*tonight!*

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THIS WEEK ONLY! MAY 18-23
COUNTRY STYLE
FRYING CHICKENS
GOLDEN CUT CORN · PEACHES
Other Good Values!
Lima Beans (Baby Green or large Fordhook)
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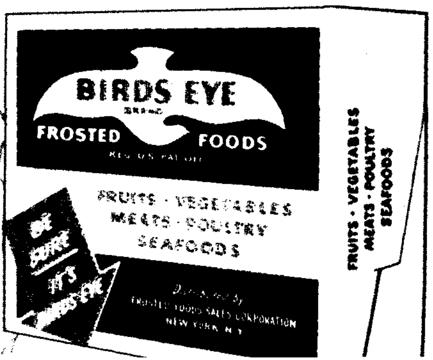


out?" Delia Phillips asked breathlessly.

"Okay. I've got the job—on trial."

"Congratulations," she said, and kissed him with a warm unexpectedness.

Instantly, as he held her to him, all the dormant emotions flared again.

"I'm so glad for you," she was saying now.

He went around the car and got in beside Delia, and as she started the car back toward Tafton, he looked at her wonderingly. She drove with her eyes concentrated on the road. On her mouth was a little smile.

"Delia," Duff said abruptly, "I'm coming to see you tonight."

For a moment her hand lay in his. "I'll be waiting for you, Duff," she said.

SO NOW there he was, with a fine cottage, and a garden, and a kennel of good dogs, and a new girl. From his window at breakfast he could see the trees that hid the big house, and the pumphouse with its massive machinery that could supply a small town with water, and the little concrete-guttered road that led to the stables with their first-class horses and the white-painted kennel pens with hardware-cloth floors so that the dogs lived off the ground, and beyond, the ten thousand acres of rolling quail land.

The only trouble, the cottage, for all its comfort and convenience, seemed empty without Delia there. The days were full—riding endlessly, check cording, feeding, nursing sore pads, immunizing for distemper. But at night there was this lonesomeness, a desire to tell Delia that Judas had got lost that day and of his own accord returned to the kennel four hours later, and that one of the horses had a heaving cough, and that he had seen several quail already paired off for the nesting season, and things like that. This was an unfamiliar feeling, for heretofore he had always preferred keeping his thoughts to himself.

On nights when he could not get down to Tafton in a borrowed station wagon or pickup truck, he wrote to Delia. Sometimes on Sunday she drove up to see him, and they spent the day in the cottage, where she would cook the dinner and afterward read the papers with him on the floor. As spring came on, and the woods turned green, Duff made the down payment on a secondhand car. After that he rode to Tafton to see Delia nearly every night.

ONE day Carl Wind, the overseer, went afield with Duff. Wind was an old dog man himself, and even now supervised the shooting-dog kennel, but Duff presently guessed that his accompanying them today was not accidental or casual. They were discussing Judas, who had run for thirty minutes before bolting, and who was now being pursued somewhere out ahead.

"You ain't never going to break that dog," Wind said.

"That's what they all say," Duff answered.

"No, you won't never break him. But someday or other, he may break himself. You keep hunting him hard, and riding him down, and squalling at him, and maybe some day he'll just take it into his head to behave. You ought to kill a heap of birds over him, when you get him where he'll hold 'em until you get close enough.

"You ever see the McTyre dog run? He was wild as a turkey. One trial the judge told Ches Harris to take that damn' dog home and teach him his name. Some crack to make about a five-thousand-dollar dog, ain't it? But Ches says he went home and killed seventeen hundred birds over that dog next season, trying to learn him something; and when it was all over he come back and won the national championship. But I ain't saying that half panther of yours will be another McTyre."

"Mr. Lampley won't like the idea of my killing a lot of his birds over a dog that don't belong to him."

"You listen. You show that man you got a field-trial champion in the making, and he'll buy all the hunting leases you want. And buy the dog too. Course he'd rather see a dog he's bred himself turn out to be a champion, but it may not work out that way."

"He hasn't said he'd keep me on, yet. This was just to be a tryout for me," Duff reminded.

Carl Wind said, "Well, to tell the truth, that's how come I'm riding with you today. He's going to string along with you. And if you think it's a good idea, he'll let you take about a dozen dogs to Canada this summer. Does that sound okay to you?"

"I'll say it sounds okay!" Duff said.

FOR a while it made Amos Hawthorne angry when visitors found out that he allowed a dog in the house, but he gradually got over that. Early one afternoon a friend came by to see him and after a while Amos pointed toward the dog he thought was Ambling Sam, and said:

"Having this dog in the house calls to mind a fellow named Barbert, a rich little old man that wore nose glasses, used to come up to Pierson, Manitoba. This Barbert he had a dog named Tarbaby's Rex, and he was so crazy about Rex that he couldn't talk about nothing else. Kept him in the hotel room with him on trials, had a bottle of pills he give him every day fer his vitamins er something like that, kept him sheened up like a circus dog. Fer a collar the dog had a silver chain around his neck.

"Barbert had taught his dog all sort of tricks, like setting up, and going to the grocery fer a package, and stuff like that. Many a time I seen him bring that dog into the hotel dining room and take him round showing him off to people, making Rex bark howdy to 'em, and playing dead. Got so nobody could put up with Barbert, he was just a bloody nuisance, and course we all grinned behind his back when he was showing the dog off. Said Barbert had taught his dog every trick in the book except how to point.

"But the truth was that this Rex, spite of all his show-dog tricks and manicured toe nails, was a ripper of a bird dog, and sure enough, at the Dominion trials he stepped right out and won the derby stake. Well, after that there just wasn't no being around Barbert and his dog. I think his wife even come near to quitting him, after being married to him for forty years. The terrible part, young Rex he won again and again; and the handlers they got so they didn't care whether they won the stake or not, just so they whupped 'that damned trick dog.' Then that winter, the end of it come—Rex got hold of some poison a sheep man had put out for sheep-killing dogs. The handlers they said, 'Well that's good—we're shed of *him*.'

"But when they seen how hard Barbert was taking it, they begin to be sorry fer him. Before long they was telling him what a great dog Rex had been, and some of 'em even told him that they hadn't never seen a smarter trick dog. Old softhearted Mel Winder, he give Barbert a fine Air Pilot puppy, and that pepped him up considerable. Last time I seen Barbert he had that puppy up in his room, trying to learn him to balunst a water glass on his nose. 'Yes, sir, Hawthorne,' he told me, 'he's going to be just as good a dog as Rex. Look how fast he's catching on to this!' "

"That takes care of the stirrup pump squad. Now who'll volunteer to smash into stores and extinguish window lights?"

ROBERT DAY

AMOS made a clucking sound with his tongue and the dog in the corner rose and came to the bed. "Now we done made a house dog out of Sam," Amos said disgustedly. "Guess now we have to teach him to roll over, and chase a ball. Sam, you reckon you ain't too old to learn a lot of foolishness like that?"

"To look at that dog," the visitor said, "you wouldn't think he was eleven years old."

Amos said, "Ner to see him hunt you wouldn't, neither. Say, this dog ain't hardly started good. Next year, me and him ain't goan miss out on that championship again. I'm goan git that hardluck monkey off my back, git so I can see and everything." He held the muzzle of the dog he thought was Ambling Sam. "Only way you'd know he's old is by the gray hairs on his face and by his teeth. Them front teeth ain't nothing but stubs."

The blind old handler leaned over as he spoke, and held the dog's mouth open with one hand. His other thumb found its way between the fangs. "See?" he said. "You can see how them teeth . . ." Puzzled, he felt the teeth again. They were sharp, not worn.

Amos sat upright in bed. *"Lucie!"* he roared.

Lucie came hurrying in. "What's the matter?" she asked, rushing to the bedside.

"Where's Sam at?"

"Why, right there beside you."

"This ain't Sam! You cain't fool me. *Where's he at?"*

"He's—he's out hunting today."

"Then how come you brought this here dog, and told me it was Sam?"

Lucie struggled for an adequate lie, and could not find one. She took a breath, and said, "Squire, I'll have to tell you, I guess. Ambling Sam is dead."

Amos lay back down slowly. "I knowed it," he whispered, "soon's I felt that dog's teeth."

"He was killed in a kennel fight. He got one of his cantankerous streaks."

Amos said, softly, "I knowed it, soon's I felt them teeth. I knowed he was dead." He lay still, his blank eyes staring at the ceiling.

The visitor stood uncomfortably, with his hat in hand. "I surely regret—"

Lucie gave him a little smile. "It's okay. He had to find it out." She went with him to the door.

WHEN he was gone, Lucie returned to the room. Amos' fingers played with the quilt. She put a lump of coal in the grate fire, and turned her back to it, hoisting her skirt behind to warm her legs. The fire crackled around the new fuel. From out front came the sound of the visitor's car starting, spitting in the cold, then driving off.

The cook came in with Amos' dinner on a tray, covered with a napkin. Lucie could smell the tomato soup. Putting the tray on the bedside table, the colored girl looked at Lucie, then at Amos. "Here's y'dinner," she said, removing the napkin. Now the soup smell mingled with that of turnip greens. In the street outside children on their noon recess were shouting.

"Lucie," Amos said, "if this dog ain't Sam, take him out."

Lucie went by the dresser and got a handkerchief, and caught the tear that had started down her cheek. When she returned from putting the dog in the woodshed, she said, "I'll write the Field to announce Sam's death."

"No you don't," Amos said. "Just keep your mouth shut about it for a while."

"Why, Squire, for heaven's sake?"

Amos said, "They'll be some bitches sent in here next week to be bred to Sam. You want to lose them stud fees?"

"But Sam's dead."

"All the other dogs ain't dead, though, are they? Breed 'em to some other dog. Won't nobody never know the difference."

"Okay," Lucie said to satisfy him.

She drew a chair near the window so she could raise the shade several inches and admit enough light for reading. Amos heard her sit down, and he said, "What you aim to do now?"

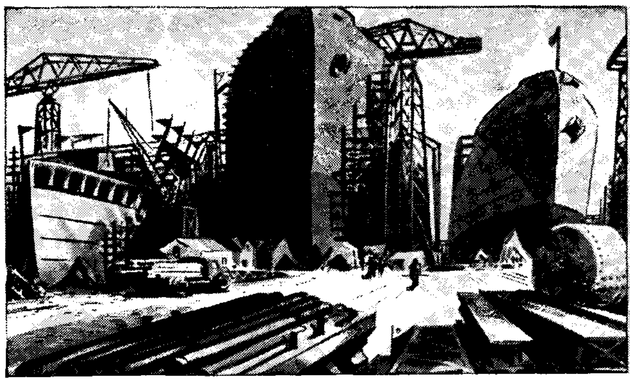
"I thought I'd spend the afternoon with you."

"How come?"

"Well, just because. On account of Sam."

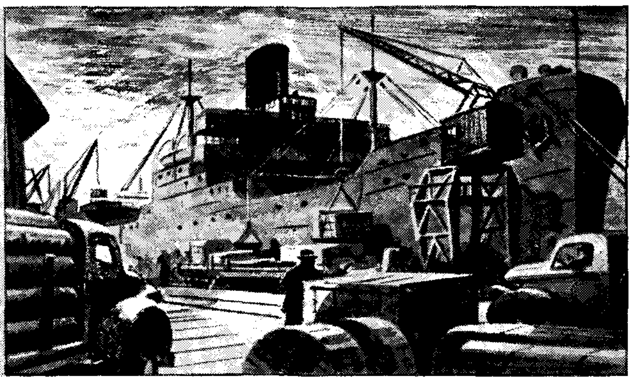
"I don't need nobody. You git on out and make sure them niggers don't ruin every dog I got." . . .

When Lucie came in that evening, the



Carelessness—in conversation or in action — slows up war work here . . . ←

and delays shipment of vital supplies here. →



It's time to clamp down on loose talk!

"MY BOY FRIEND KNOWS A MAN WHO SAYS..."

"DON'T PASS THIS ALONG, BUT..."

"THEY TELL ME IT'S SIMPLY TERRIBLE..."

"HE SAID HE KNEW FOR A FACT THAT..."

"I GOT THIS FROM A GUY WHO KNOWS..."

This Actual Case shows how Rumors delay Vital Work

From a dozen widely separated sources, we heard rumors about a certain plant (insured in the Hartford) which is doing vital war work. The story was: many workers were being killed—the number of injuries was frightful.

The facts were: not one worker had been killed. There had been some injuries—but no more than usual in this type of work. But baseless rumors—spreading like wildfire—were making it hard to hire needed men, were lowering morale, were slowing up production.

A saboteur, or just a careless remark, can start such a rumor —but it takes a lot of careless talkers to spread it! Careless conversation is as dangerous as carelessness on the job, at home or in driving our cars. Every accident, every fire causes loss of time, materials or manpower we can't afford to lose!

Join the Crusade against Carelessness. Be careful in everything you say and do. Impress on others the vital need for care. That's one way you can help speed Production for Victory.

Keep 'em Flying!

Get expert advice

A Hartford Agent, or your insurance broker, can obtain advice to help you prevent accidents and fires. He can also build a sound insurance program to protect you or your business against serious financial loss. Ask Western Union or Canadian National Telegraphs for the name of the nearest Hartford Agent.

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THE TWO HARTFORDS WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE *HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT*

Treat your feet—YES, YOUR FEET—*to* . . .

CREAM 'n COFFEE

HERE'S A FASHION STORY that makes sense—good, substantial sense.

CREAM 'N COFFEE is a swell-looking shoe combination, as you can see simply by looking at the picture. But more—it fills a need you've probably sensed for a long time.

CREAM 'N COFFEE blends with your grays and blues and browns and tans, something no other combination can quite do. And since most of your spring and summer suits, coats and slacks are in those colors, it just makes good sense to have this new combination in shoes.

RIGHT? Then treat your feet to Cream'n Coffee Bostonians. Designed to look right—Walk-Fitted to Fit and Feel right, in action.

YOUR FIRST ORDER of Cream'n Coffee is Walk-Fitted *Nyland*, shown above. Wingtip oxford, bootmaker trim. And—above all—the famous Bostonian Tred-Flex construction that *bends* at the slightest hint from your foot.

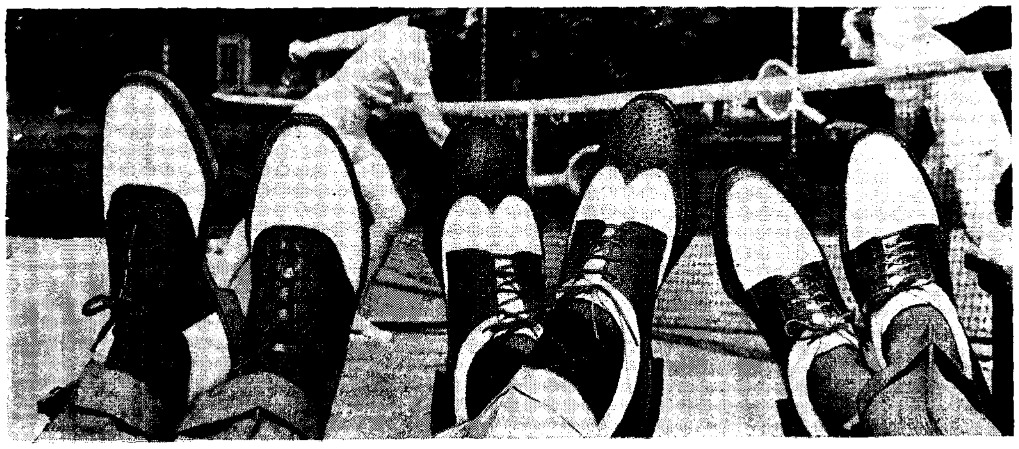
Bostonians . . Whitman, Mass.

Good to the Last "Step"
Cream'n Coffee shoes, like all Bostonians, give you comfort from the first step to the last. They fit right, feel right because they're Walk-Fitted for action.
$8.95 to $12.00

SPORT—that's *Balance*, easy-going saddle oxford in Cream'n Coffee with thick rubber sole. Walk-Fitted.

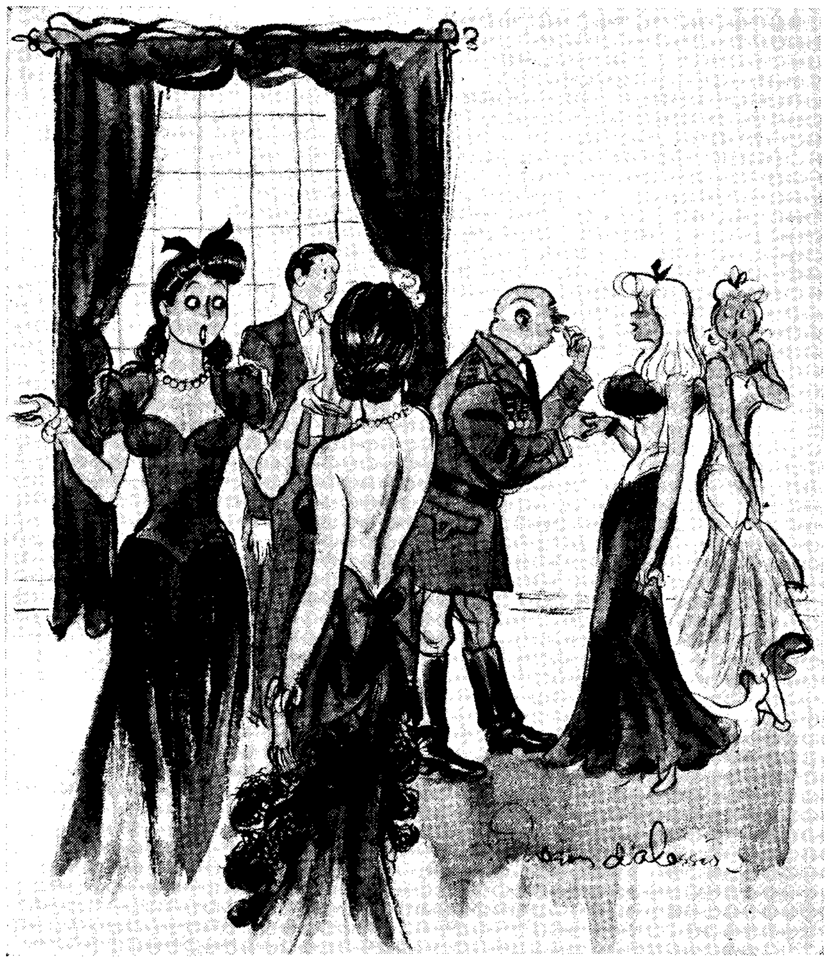
FOR BUSINESS & LEISURE—pick *Kenyon*—good-looking wingtip oxford in Cream'n Coffee. Fits and Feels right!

RELAXATION—that's what you get in Walk-Fitted Bostonians. *Breezeway* is a moccasin type in Cream'n Coffee.



Bostonians

FIT RIGHT - FEEL RIGHT *They're Walk-Fitted*



"I don't know who he took me for, but he dragged me out in the garden and kept plying me with military secrets"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

cook reported that she had taken some orange juice in to Amos and found him asleep, and had not wakened him. Lucie went to the door and softly opened it. Amos lay on his side, face to the wall. She tiptoed across the room, and stood beside the bed, and then spoke to him. There was no movement. She turned the cover back and laid her hand upon his hand, and it was cold, and she knew then that he was dead.

Duff phoned Lucie when he heard about the death of Amos Hawthorne.

"I'm coming to see if I can help you," he said. He was at Delia Phillips' house but he didn't think he should mention that.

"No, don't come. Everything's working out."

"What will you do?"

"I'm closing the kennel. It's okay, Duff, honest. The squire had ten thousand dollars in insurance. I discover. He paid it up long ago, and hadn't borrowed a cent on it, bad as we needed money lately. I'm a rich gal, now, see?" she said. "You can do one thing for me. Find Paul and Wesley jobs."

"Of course. I'll give them work myself, and glad to have them."

HAVING Delia Phillips for his girl, Duff found, was not particularly peaceful. Their days together—and they were many—were tempestuous, often angry, but never dead. On week ends they sometimes went to Willow Lake, where Duff liked to fly-fish for bass. Delia had gone in the boat with him once or twice, but she had become tired, and got the twigs of an overhanging limb caught in her hair, and so now she preferred to stay at the swimming pier.

Two Sundays before Duff was to leave for Canada, he found the bass in a striking mood. As the boat moved slowly along the overhung shore line, he deftly dropped the squirrel-tail fly beside the cypress trees, and close to sunken logs; suddenly there was a powerful swirl of water, and a two-pound fish whipped an arc into the slender rod.

"He got you, boss!" the boatman said in glee. "You ain't got him—he got you!"

But Duff finally maneuvered his fish into the open, and there he let him fight himself down against the springy pull of the rod, and landed him.

The boatman was putting the fish in the live box when, outside, a speedboat whined by in a white triangle of foam. A man and a girl sat together in the front cockpit, and a yellow kerchief flared from the girl's head.

The waves drifted in, rocking Duff's boat. "Now we got to wait a w'ile," the boatman said, resentfully, "tilst de water gits back ca'm again. Looks like dem speedyboats could do dey whiffing around some other place dan where's we's fishing at, don't it?"

"Who was that?" Duff asked staring after the boat.

"Don't know who de gennelmun was," the Negro said, "but dat lady, look to me like, was de one you most generally brings down here wid you, wadn't it?"

"That's what I thought," Duff answered.

When he got in, he found Delia lying on her back on the pier, arresting in the clinging green suit.

"Any luck?" she asked.

"You had some, I noticed," Duff said mildly. "Who was the hotshot in the speedboat?"

Delia said airily, "Oh, I didn't catch his name."

"You mean you didn't even know his name?" Duff asked in surprise.

Delia's eyes darkened threateningly. "Are you going to lecture me, Mr. Webster? You don't expect me to sit around and do nothing all the time you're out fishing, do you?"

"Maybe that's the reason you didn't want to go fishing," Duff answered, now beginning to get mad himself.

And so they had one of their arguments. It lasted for several minutes, until finally they went off in angry silence to their respective dressing rooms.

It was dark when Duff, now let-down and miserable, finished dressing and went to his car. It seemed an interminable time until Delia came and got stiffly in beside him. He fumbled with the switch key, and turned on the lights. The people in the car ahead were waiting for their children to catch the dog, who was darting under the other cars and making a game of it.

Duff pressed the starter button. The motor caught then choked. Instead of pressing the button again, he reached across the seat and found Delia's hand and drew her toward him. For an instant she resisted; then all of a sudden she was tight-pressed against him, and her mouth was against his, and the argument was over.

"Why do we fight, Delia?" Duff asked finally, holding her close.

"You know what they say about the course of true love," she replied.

"Well I don't think we can go on like this," he said. "Delia, let's get married. Soon. Before long I'll be going to Canada, and you can go with me."

"Do you mean it, Duff?"

"You know it's what I want."

"If it's what you want, it's what I want," Delia said softly.

It was hot in the church, and Duff felt the sweat dripping down his back as he waited by the side of Carl Wind, his best man. Somewhere behind the ferns and candles the piano played. Out front was a somewhat vague area of faces, and he wondered if the faces had looked that way to Delia when she had sung in the choir and his had been one of them. Uneasily he thought about the ring, then remembered the extra ones Alex had got for Carl from the dime store, so that no matter into which pocket Carl reached, some kind of ring was there; and he thought about the telegram from Raleigh CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES, LUCIE. Now the song of the piano changed to a more dramatic note, and Delia appeared at the archway on the arm of Dr. Phillips in his white linen suit, and even in his tremulous state Duff's breath caught at the calm loveliness of her.

Finally, after a seemingly interminable flow of words from the minister, it was over.

NOW another month had passed and Delia stood in the doorway of the Saskatchewan farmhouse they called a training camp, and impatiently looked across the hot prairie for the returning horses, for it was noon and dinner was ready. The incessant wind, cold in the morning and hot at noon, whined around the eaves, and she felt the house shudder under its strength. Down on the dry pond, white alkali dust whirls danced across the bottom, and in the distance she could see the rooftop of Benoit's house, Benoit, who Armand said was a beast and should be "trootfed." For the rest of the vista there was rolling dry land of sage and wolf willow and Russian thistle like tumbleweed and yellow mustard, and a huge rusting steam tractor, relic of the days when there were rains enough to grow wheat, and money was as plentiful as saskatoon berries in the ravine.

Down at the kennel beyond the barn, the dogs began to howl again, a lamenting, eerie chorus that seemed to portend tragedy and death. Delia angrily shouted, "*You hush! Be quiet!*" but her voice did not reach to the kennels. Presently they hushed of their own accord, and now the only sounds were the squeaking of the gophers in the yard, and the cry of a hawk that beat back and forth over the meadow, and the occasional wind thumps like a rolled blanket being swung against the house.

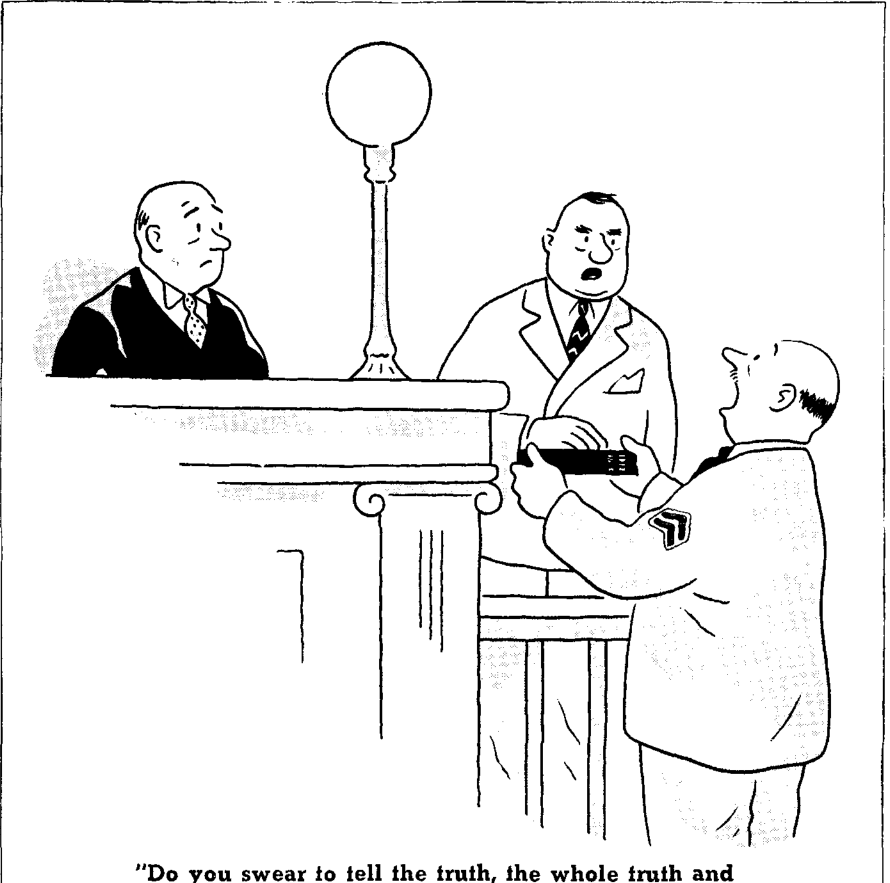
Finally they came, Duff and Paul on horseback, and the dog wagon, driven by Wesley, far behind on a spear grass flat.

Duff came in and dipped water from the bucket into the washbowl, and bathed the prairie dust from his face and arms.

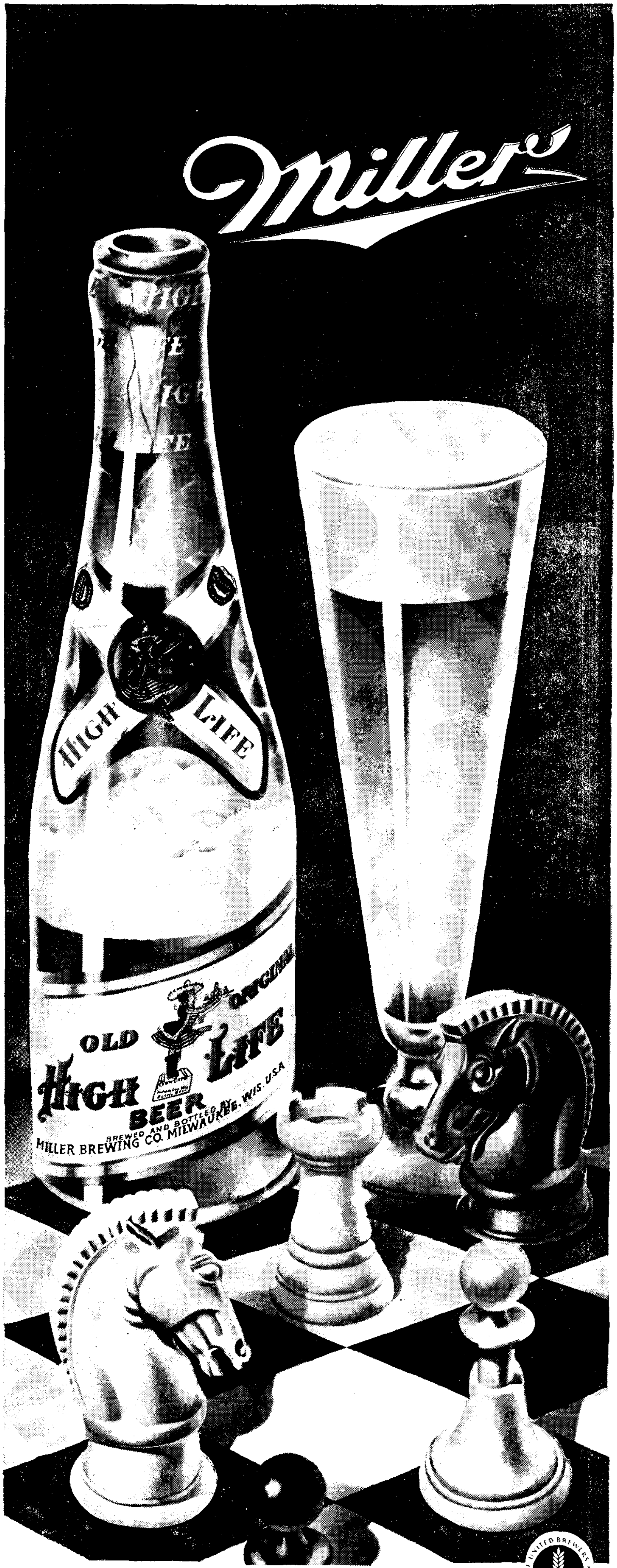
She said, as they ate, "Isn't there some way to keep those dogs from howling?"

"No," he answered, "unless I take them all out hunting at one time. They're not as miserable as they sound."

"They make me miserable," Delia said. "Sometimes I get to thinking your horse has fallen and you're dead, and I'm left



"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you?" . . . "No" CHON DAY



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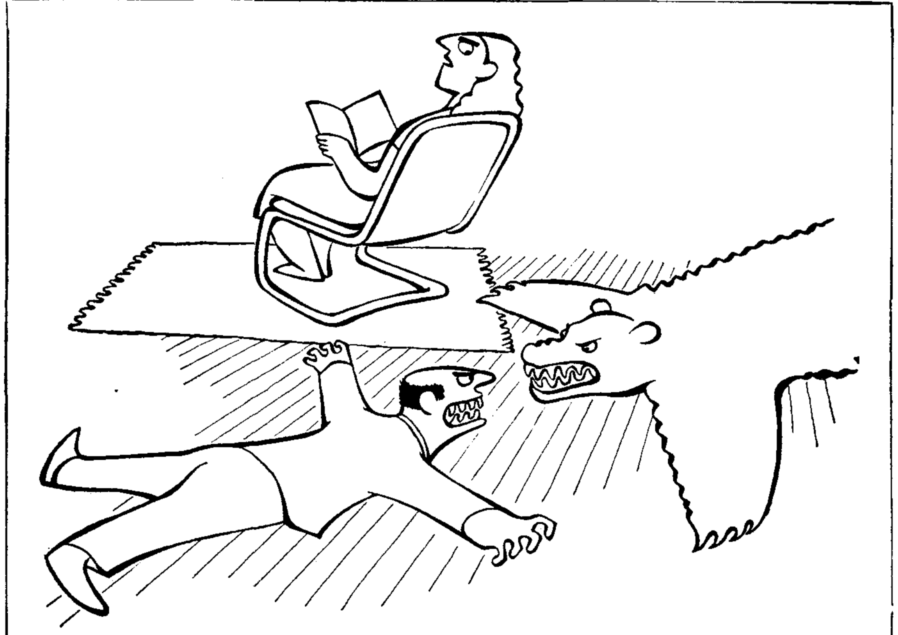


"Are you two fighting again?"

V. F. PARTCH

in this terrible country all by myself."

He patted her hand, reassuringly.

"It seems like we've been here a year instead of a month," she said.

"This isn't bad. I think it's wonderful country."

"You ought to stay here by yourself all day."

"Maybe you think I wouldn't like to stay here in this cool house all day. What you ought to do is go out on the prairie with me," he said.

"I'm still sore from the last time I rode on that wagon. And you know I wouldn't get near one of those horses."

Duff thought about Lucie—as he often did now—and how she loved Canada. He rose. "Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. You see those hills over there? They're the Moose Mountains. We'll ride over there Sunday and I'll show you some Indian graves, and old camps where they stayed when they followed the buffalo a hundred years ago and more. You can still see the rings of stones they put around their tepees to hold them down. Maybe we can find some ripe choke-cherries."

"I don't want to see any Indian graves."

"No," said Duff, "you just want to sit around and gripe. Can't you understand this is my job? It's the only thing I'm fit for."

"WELL I wouldn't admit it," she said. "This is no life for decent folk. We're hardly better than heathen gypsies, living out here on this desolate prairie. It bores me silly."

"Hearing you talk like that reminds me of my folks."

"What about your folks?"

"Well, my mother used to nag at Papa like that, fussing at him for being what he was, and he finally tried to change, and it didn't work. It just come to me that it's the same old story." He said evenly, "Listen, I'm doing what I was born to do, and it's hard honest work and nothing to be ashamed of. I'm as good as any doctor or college president that ever lived. You figured this was a life of excitement, or something, just because we travel around. You'll have to get used to your mistake. We have to run bird dogs where there're birds, and there aren't any birds in Times Square or the Loop—not the kind of birds a dog would be praised for pointing, anyway."

"How can you talk like that to me? How can you see me so miserable and lonesome, and not care at all how I feel? You don't give me as much attention as you give one of those dogs out there!"

He started to answer; then his shoulders sagged, and he said, "Let's don't fight. It's my fault—I shouldn't have brought you up here. But you had to come. Come go with us to the bluff and watch us check-cord some puppies, huh? Then we'll run Judas a little."

"That Judas! I'm sick of hearing about him."

"Well, after I run him this afternoon I'll come in and we'll ride into town and get the mail."

"What fun," she said.

DURING the hot part of the day, the prairie chickens gathered into the shade of the dwarf poplar groves or "bluffs" and became lazy and even stupid. Duff and the two Negroes led three young dogs on long leashes to the trees. Soon one of the dogs pointed, and Wesley, who was holding him, said, "Whoa, now, boy. Whoa-a-p..." The young dog's tail tip waved slightly, and he made a leap forward, only to be stopped hard by the tautened check cord. The prairie chicken, an old hen, leaped squawking into the air, banging against the slender poplar branches, and whipped over the bushy trees, only to come down on the other side of the bluff thirty-five yards away. "All right, now, Cap, we goes and gits her again, only dis time recollect what happen to you w'en you fleshed 'er jist den."

For an hour they flushed chickens back and forth and finally the birds had all got enough of it and flown away to another bluff.

"Paul," said Duff, "you reckon your horse is ready for another session with Judas?"

Paul said, "Yes, sir, that race we had the other day didn't seem to bother him hardly at all next day. He's getting toughened up fine."

"Okay, we'll see what that fool dog will have on his mind this afternoon."

They put Judas down. To his collar was tied a forty-foot check cord, and Duff looked forward to the day when Judas would hold a point long enough for him to catch up and grab the end of that line. Lying on top of the wagon dog cage in a semicomatose state was Blackie, a coyote hound bought from a farmer, whose sole duty was to get on Judas' trail when he got lost, and to find him; Blackie knew his job well and did it capably. Now when he saw that it was Judas who was being released he sat up interestedly, as if hoping his quarry would get lost immediately so he could have some fun.

Saddle girths were adjusted, and bridles straightened. Duff turned Judas loose. Within a few seconds the pointer's swift effortless stride had taken him over the far rise, and they saw him swinging out to the left. Duff's voice rang out, "Ha-a-ay, Jude!" But Judas didn't turn.

"Get on your bicycle, Paul," Duff said.

Paul's prairie-bred horse raced in pursuit at a sand-muffled dead run, sometimes leaping or swerving to miss a badger hole, but not once slowing or misstepping. Within a few minutes Paul had gained on the dog, and when Judas saw them he knew what they were coming for, and he swung back to the right.

IT WAS hard to believe this was the same dog that had last week chased Wesley out of his pen, for afield his disposition was almost merry, and when he turned back to the course it was with an air of playing a game at which Paul had momentarily triumphed. "Sometime it seemlike to me," Wesley had said the day before, "dat dog ain't ornery 'cept when he ain't hunting. Once you tu'n him loose, seemlike he just happy as a jaybird in a cherry tree."

Today they noticed the way he swung back to the course, and Duff said, "I do believe he's learned something."

Now Judas was a half mile ahead and to the right, with Paul cruising in the offing in case he needed turning again. Judas turned of his own accord, though, and then they saw him change ends, make several quick nervous casts, then stop cold. Paul's hat went up in signal for the point, and Duff spurred his horse into a fast run over the sage and spear grass.

When Duff slid off the heaving horse, Judas was still there, with his head and his back straight, and his tail stiff as a poker. In his eye was a glint of something like amusement as from the corner of it he watched Duff ease toward him. When the man was almost within reach of him, he plainly intended to leap away again, and send the birds a-scattering. But today Judas played the game on too close a margin.

Duff saw the grass-stained knot of the check cord lying half-suspended over a wolf-willow bush, and he made a headlong dive. Just as his fist closed on the cord, Judas broke. The few feet of slack evaporated, three prairie chickens burst from the cover, and Judas hit the end of the check cord and went end over end. The shock of the fall stunned the dog, and he sat staring blankly with his tongue hanging sideways out of his mouth and one ear lying on top of his head. At that moment another chicken came out cackling, and Judas made a frenzied leap at it, only to turn another somersault, as Duff shouted, "Whoa!"

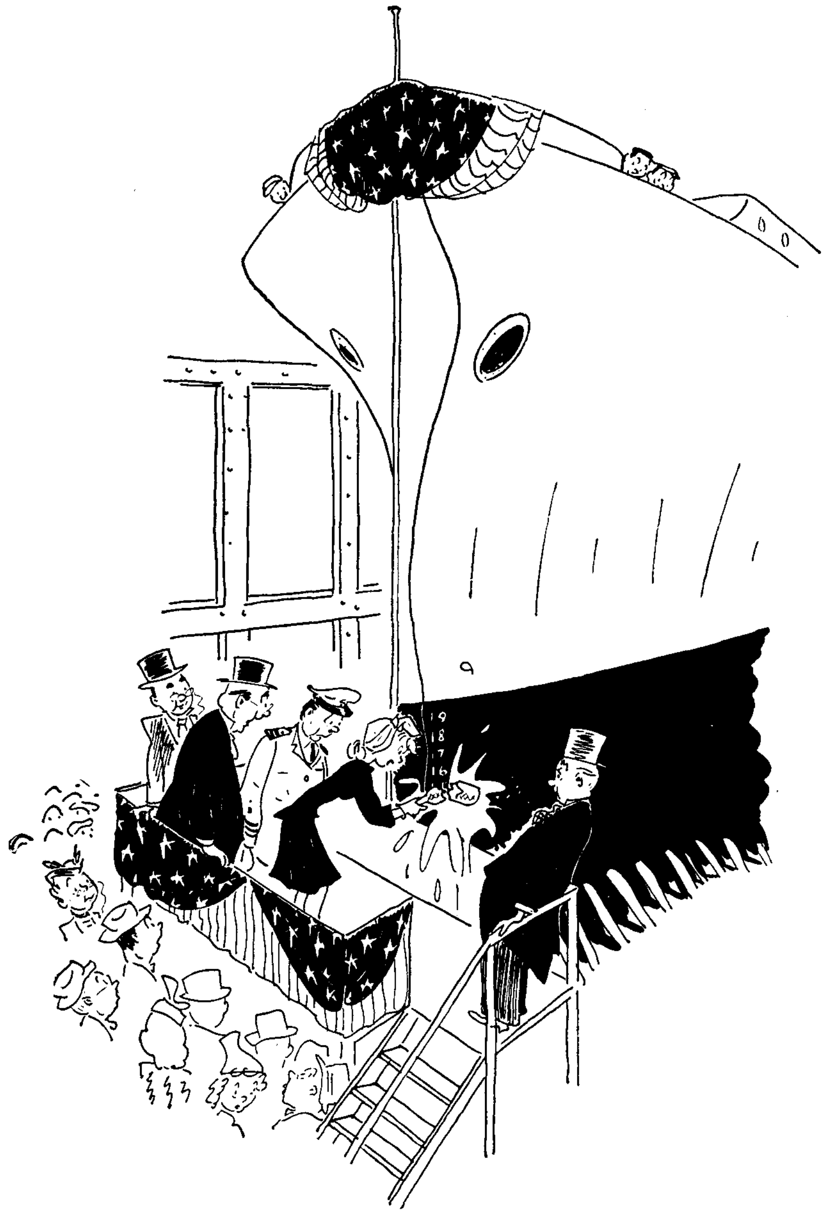
A FEW seconds passed, and Judas waited, watchfully. Then, with his nose lifted he turned and, half squatting, froze into another point.

"Hand me my gun," Duff said sharply. "There's still another bird here. To make a kill over him now will be worth a month's work."

"Mister Duff," Wesley said uneasily, "one dem Mounties liable to be out yonder somewhere and hear you killing dat chicken out of season."

"You do what I say!"

(To be continued next week)



"Whoops! She hit my number! You owe me $100, Admiral!"

REAMER KELLER

JOEL McCREA says:

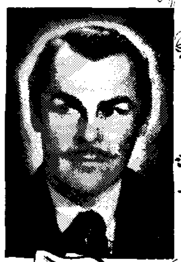
"IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE, THERE IS A SECRET WOMAN!"

Joel McCrea tells about his new Paramount hit, "The Great Man's Lady," co-starring Barbara Stanwyck.

"In every great man's life, there is a woman whose flame of love sets fire to a man's heart and drives him on to great deeds.

"That's the theme of my new picture, 'The Great Man's Lady.' I am Ethan Hoyt, Silver King of the Early West . . . pioneer and empire-builder . . . a great man to the world—but secretly in love with a woman who can never be mine.

"Barbara Stanwyck plays that woman, and I sincerely believe that the Academy Award will be hers for her great performance. *Brian Donlevy* as the swaggering, reckless ruler of the Barbary Coast delivers a performance you'll long remember.

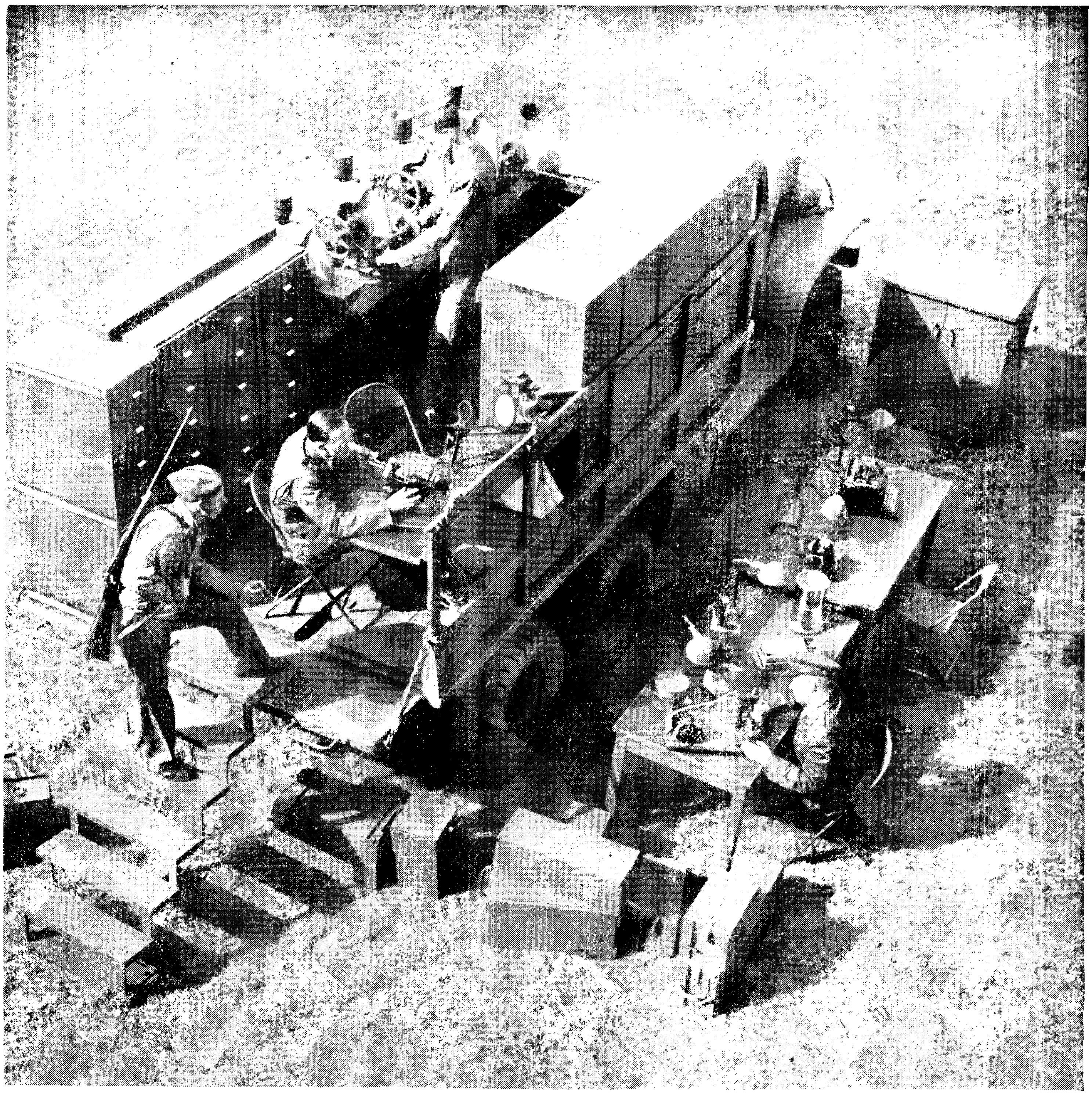


"The critics are already calling 'THE GREAT MAN'S LADY' 'a truly great picture.' I recommend it to you."

"Another 'must' for your movie list . . . 'MY FAVORITE BLONDE,' starring your favorite comedian, *Bob Hope,* and everybody's favorite blonde, *Madeleine Carroll.* It's fast, it's funny, it's better than all Bob's hits put together!

✓ "THIS GUN FOR HIRE," starring the romantic threesome that will set the screen ablaze—*Veronica Lake, Robert Preston* and that sensational new star discovery, *Alan Ladd!*

Paramount Star Parade



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE [illegible] BY AL ERISS

OVERSEAS OPTICIANS. With an estimated 15% of our Army wearing glasses, mobile lens-replacement units will soon follow troops overseas. Built by the American Optical Co. and commanded by Capt. Joseph R. Harrison (*at table, above right*), this first unit is mounted on a 2½-ton truck. Extra equipment is carried in a one-ton trailer. Eight technicians man the truck

A Lensometer, used for recreating a prescription from a broken lens, is shown below. In the background is one of four edging machines. This unit can edge and mount 60 pairs of lenses a day, sufficient to supply the needs of a force of about 300,000 men

Final fitting is made by Capt. Harrison (below). Mobile opticians neither examine nor prescribe for eye defects, their sole job being to replace broken glasses

Our Fighting Men

6
6TH ARMY CORPS

FORT DEVENS, Ayer, Mass. "That means us," sighed the boys of New York's 101st Cavalry when they read the War Department order providing for complete mechanization of the three Regular and seven Federalized National Guard horse-mechanized regiments. First reaction among the enlisted men, as they began to turn in their 564 horses, 77 vans (portees) and assorted leather, was indignation; then they thought it over. "Anyhow," an old sergeant observed, "that takes care of our portee problem. Those things are as big as a house. You can't hide or camouflage them, and if they start shelling or dive-bombing you, all you can do is spread out as far apart as possible and pray they don't get too many vans."

Portees were a big idea 18 months ago. Theoretically, you could put your horses, men and equipment in them, whip to the scene of action, then unload and rush your fresh and ready cavalry into battle. Theoretically, too, you could equal the road speed of completely mechanized troops and yet navigate swampy, sandy or otherwise tough-going terrain where the hay burner was more mobile than the gas eater. But six months ago, in the Carolinas, Army bigwigs found that tanks, besides being able to throw plenty more lead, can go just about anywhere a horse can, and a lot faster; so the internal combustion engine began to replace the horse—again.

Thus for Troops A (Manhattan) and C (Brooklyn) ended half a century of horse transportation. For the 101st as a whole the change was gradual, because the regiment was half mechanized in October, 1940. Nevertheless, the horse half of the outfit is now having to learn to water a radiator instead of a steed, and several regimental schools are busy whipping the bowlegged boys into blitzkriegers. Topkick Jack Singer of Brooklyn, has been with C Troop for 15 years and the loss of the horses irked him more than considerably; but although he says he is going to miss the companionship of his horse and the polo games in which the animal used to tote him around, he's interested in learning the new job. It turned out generally that the boys of the 101st were soldiers first and horsemen second, and after a little preliminary grousing they agreed that the mechanized idea was better and, anyhow, easier on the horse.

THIS is the way one Devens infantry outfit got ready for combat on what is known as a situation course. As the soldier charged in—bang—a sharpshooter sniped at him and up popped a Shickelgruber target for him to snap at. Next he ran into a bayonet dummy hidden in some brush and another sniper pinned him to the ground until he could locate the tree and polish off the sniper. After he used grenades and his bayonet on a machine-gun nest, he was confronted with a couple more targets and required to mop up a dugout. Gas hit him next, following which he had to scale a six-foot fence wearing his mask. Last few items involved investigating a suspicious-looking house on a hill, blowing

(Continued on page 68)

GENERAL MOTORS SERVICE

OUTPOSTS IN THE WAR AGAINST WASTE

PART and parcel of the war America now wages is the unremitting war each one of us must conduct against waste in all its forms • This involves not only avoiding needless use of our cars, but providing the thoughtful handling and care that insure long life and efficient operation • Your General Motors dealer plays his most serviceable role when you call on him to help *prevent* wear rather than merely make up for it • To save rubber, let him watch wheel alignment, brake adjustment, clutch action • To make best use of gasoline and oil, let him apply his experienced skill to keep engines efficiently in tune, carburetors properly adjusted for available fuels, spark plugs cleaned and properly timed • Indeed, he can often give you helpful hints about driving that will help you adjust your car handling to the needs of wartime conservation • Your car is one unit in a national supply of automotive transportation which will have to see us through without replacement — so join hands with your dealer to conserve it, as you are now joining hands with other good citizens in the myriad activities aimed at hastening the day of final victory.

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Cub Pilot

Continued from page 19

Old Friend would go along with him.

Chid heard the General Hook's slow bell; then the renewed beat of the stern wheel and at last the jubilant jingle of full ahead. The steamer had safely passed the Drowned Man once more, taking her bearing from Old Friend's faithful bark, and Lag Jessup, Chid's hero, had her legging it upriver to Hartford again. From now on Sammy Quoonock, the Mohegan boy, would hail Lag from the Prophet's Rock when Lag whistled, earning Chid's money. Chid was off the river.

He ran for the shanty in sudden fear. Bull was in a nasty mood. His bottle was empty and the fire had gone out. "When we get settled," he snarled at Chid, cuffing him, "I'll do you some learnin'. Fetch the nag around . . . an' you walk in front o' me. I ain't for havin' you scootin' off into the scrub; a-runnin' out on your own father. No, sirree, boy. . . . I need you down where we're goin'."

Chid obeyed, feeling the danger in Bull's manner and voice. Before he'd gone to California so quickly that day two years back, leaving Chid without as much as a bed cover, there'd been trouble from that same nasty mood.

Bull had come in from the oyster beds on the Sound, where it was said he'd rather steal a haul than honestly drag one, and gotten drunk in the taproom of the Wagon & Millers at East Haddam. About midnight there was a scuffle and a man lay dead on the floor with Bull's belt knife in his belly.

Sheriff Mott allowed that Bull had been drawn against first but that he'd provoked. "Get out," the sheriff had said, speaking over a gun. "We'd try you but never hang you . . . and we don't want your kind alive around this valley. I'm only saving taxpayers' money, Hawley . . . you be out of the region by sunup or I'll hunt you down like a sheep-killing dog!"

Bull hadn't said goodby to Chid. He had taken the few things of Chid's mother's that he could turn into quick cash and silently left. . . .

Chid marched down the trail to the turnpike road. Bull's hired horse, used to roads, picked gingerly after him. Bull sat in the saddle, his lap crossed with a blacksnake whip, holding onto the horn and swaying, hiccoughing every time the nag stumbled. Old Friend pressed close to Chid's legs, understanding that he and his master were arrayed against something fearful and evil.

"Hey!" Bull hollered, raising the lantern, "where you takin' that dog? He ain't goin' to New Haven with us, not by a long shot, he ain't!"

"Listen," Chid said, feeling sick. "You said I could take him. You said if I'd come peaceable Old Friend could come. I'd have run away otherwise."

"I know you would," Bull said, "an' maybe I just spoke too previous. Keep him out from under the horse . . . an' get 'long quicker, boy, this here travelin' is thirsty business an' you used up all my rum makin' me wait for you."

CHID'S father had gold all right. Chid hadn't believed it when he'd suddenly appeared out of the scrub this morning, claiming he'd struck it moderate rich on the Yuba. Now, in the bar of the Cliff House, Bull showed his money—a great wad of greenbacks. He threw one of them on the bar and gulped the drink it produced; then motioned Chid upstairs, and shoved him into a small bedroom.

"You stay here till packet time in the mornin'," Bull growled, taking the key.

"What are we going to do in New Haven?" Chid asked.

"Cute, ain't you?" his father laughed. "Tryin' to make out you're interested in what your paw's doing; makin' up to me, heh? Since noon you been prattlin' about that Lag Jessup takin' you on as a cub pilot, an' beggin' to give a stranger the help a decent boy owes his own paw. I'm glad you took on some sense at last."

"I still want to be a pilot," Chid answered. "The river is kind of my home, Pa."

"Well, forget it," Bull told him, locking the door. "I'm goin' to buy me the best bar in New Haven and you're goin' to tend it, that's what. You're a strapper for thirteen an' high time you was of use to somebody."

CHID listened to the noisy hotel sounds; the drummers and shadders and farmers at the bar, telling stories. Bull's voice, by right of buying the drinks, was the loudest. Chid had never felt so lonely in his life. Old Friend, sensing his mood, snuggled close on the bed beside him.

From downriver came the hoot of the big side-wheeler Calypso, Hartford bound. Old Friend picked up his ears, leaping for the window. "No," Chid told him, "that's not a friend. That's a side-paddler out to lick Lag Jessup and his General Hook. Down, boy . . . down!"

Chid never heard the Calypso dock. He fell into a weary sleep, his arm thrown across Old Friend, before she unloaded her freight and went sweeping northward growling in her boilers that the General Hook had been up first, taking the cream of the freight and passengers from every landing she'd touched.

Bull roused him out at seven and sat him at a table, ordering food for them both. Sheriff Mott idled on the porch, tipped back in his chair, not seeming to be looking at anything in particular.

Chid ate, slipping what he could to Old Friend. After a while the sheriff stood up and looked upriver, then sauntered over to the dining room. "All right, Bull," he drawled, "here's the General Hook down first . . . you better be on her."

Bull said nothing, motioning Chid to the wharf. Old Friend followed, heeling Chid, and Bull scowled down at the dog. Chid knew a moment of apprehension. "Listen," he said, "Old Friend is comin', ain't he?"

"You won't have no time to dawdle over a pet," Bull said. "You got to leave him."

He took Chid by the arm, dragging him to the agent's wicket. Old Friend kept Chid between himself and Bull.

Out on the river, Lag Jessup passed his bells and the General Hook, reversing her great single stern wheel and blubbering spare steam from her safeties, snuggled to the weedy piles of the wharf. Only one gangway came out; they were skipping the freight. "Aboard, aboard!" the chief clerk urged, herding folks. "We're sailin' at once . . . the Calypso's only the next bend astern. Hurry, please! Mister, you ain't got no way-bill for that dog."

"The dog ain't comin'," Chid's father snapped, "just the boy here. I ain't spendin' cash totin' a fool dog around creation!"

"You promised," Chid cried, "you said—"

"Button your lip, boy!" Bull snarled. "Your dog was useful to get you this far an' hold you overnight. Now, get on the boat before I whale you!"

Chid couldn't help what he did then.

He broke from Bull and threw himself on Old Friend, burying his face in the dog's deep neck fur; hiding his quivering lips in it. Then he let himself be led to the freight deck, not looking up. Old Friend whined, crouching on the wharf, as he did when Chid funned with him.

"No," Chid said. "Down, sir . . . you ain't coming!"

The steamer drew into middle river, commencing the paddle thump of extra high speed. Old Friend raced frantically between the wharf piles, barking for Chid to notice. It only sent Chid into a wild attack, desperate and wrathful. He got hands into Bull's side whiskers, pulling his head down. Then Chid butted, making him howl; ramming his nose. A deck hand let a grin break into a laugh. "Go to it, kid!" he cheered.

Bull drew his arm back, poised to strike, shamed and in real agony. But Mr. Fitch, the card player who practically lived on the General Hook, managed to get his lighted cigar in the way and stopped the blow. Lag took Chid away; holding him firmly by the neck and the pants seat. Bull roared and started after but held his place at an elbow tap from Sheriff Mott. Lag turned Chid over to the steward.

"Wash his face," Lag said, not troubling to hide how he felt about Bull, "then bring him to me in the wheelhouse. I'll keep him out of trouble."

"You let my kid alone," Bull scowled at Lag, "he's mine. I got money; an' plans for the boy. I'd like to see some o' you gentlemen interferers take him away from me."

Lag paused on the companion ladder, looking down with distaste.

"Mr. Hawley," he said, trying to be civil, "nobody's taking Chid away . . . and that's a pity. I wish I could do something about it. I can't . . . save to warn you to keep away from the bar."

Bull estimated the unfriendliness about him; then shrugged gracelessly and turned away muttering. But Mr. Fitch linked his arm in Bull's and said in a loud voice, "Mr. Hawley, the pilot ought to heed the language he uses to passengers. I expect a drink would be welcome. They're on me, sir."

LAG couldn't say anything back. Mr. Fitch was a gentleman and a passenger, too. He was immaculate in mouse-colored top clothes and a new-steamed beaver. It was whispered that he knew all the tricks of cold-decking and stripping but there'd never been any complaint of fleecing and he was counted an honest and decent gambler. He stepped lightly forward now, turning into the bar with Bull.

Chid splashed cold water from the stateroom basin on his face. When he sat down in the galley, taking the milk which the steward had set out for him, he looked some better. But he didn't feel any better.

He faced resolutely forward, fearing to look back to East Haddam wharf. He tried, too, not to watch the gently moving rudder chains which led upward to the pilothouse which Lag Jessup ruled. That was a dead dream now; best, like Old Friend, to forget about.

In the wheelhouse, perched forward of the two tall thwartship stacks, Lag Jessup put the steamer into the Tylersville channel and growled to Horace Stone, his quartermaster. "That boy was happy on the river," Lag observed, feeling mad at his helplessness, "and more likely to come to good than he is now. He's got natural river sense, Horace; I was ready to take him on as cub. If I ever get my hands on Bull Hawley off duty, I'd as lief . . ."

"Pawl the capstan, Lag!" Horace warned. "You're like to be off duty for good. Look astern, Lag!"

Lag snapped his glass on the upriver reaches. The Calypso was just emerging from behind the bend at the River Salmon. Black smoke billowed from her stack and under her bobbing walking beam the paddles beat the water into a white fury. She remained in middle river, not veering into East Haddam and Lag knew what that meant.

"She's skipping her stop," Lag said. "Ed Latham's hooked up to beat us to Saybrook Point and that new freight train from New York. Horace, we lose that, the way profits are now, and Mr. Bowles will lay us up. Ring the engine pit, Horace. . . . I want forty pounds and better!"

Horace chumped on his chew hard in approval but kept his eyes on the river astern. "Lag," he asked, squinting, "set your glass on that fuss in the river off the wharf."

Lag steadied his glass, then telescoped it with a curse. "That," he said quietly, "is Old Friend, swimming after Chid."

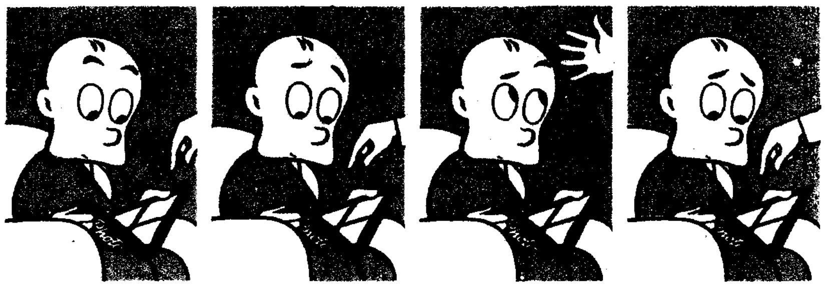
WHEN Chid came to the pilothouse they told him nothing about the dog, far astern now. Old Friend would get tired after a while and swim to shore. It was kinder to remain silent.

Word of the race had gone through the General Hook. She vibrated with a new and ominous tremble, bespeaking high boiler pressures, and her wheel flayed the river with the roar of an overshot mill wheel. Passengers clustered at the rails, peering upriver. Mr. Bowles, the owner, circulated among them, assuring the timid that, fast as they were traveling, Mr. Jessup and the engineer were observing the safety precautions set by law.

"This ain't a pleasure race, sir," he assured a professor from the new university at Middletown, "but we got to get that business from that new train comin' up today. We do, and give service totin' to the landings, I'll sign a contract for regular freighting in a week. We don't . . . lettin' Ed Latham get it . . . I'll admit I ain't got the venture left to fight no more."

The mate shifted some heavy cargo, wagons and cattle and such, giving the General Hook her very best trim for high speed. Folks watched Lag with upturned anxious faces, telling him how much they wanted him to win, to stay on the river. "Don't put any money on it," Lag advised, "we lost an all-fired lot of time at East Haddam."

"That Bull Hawley," said a woman, "he never spelt good for nobody. Right



Motor Trip

CROCKETT JOHNSON

LOGISTICS

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Tactics is the execution of those plans.

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DEPARTMENT OF LOGISTICS
INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION

This message appeared in every daily newspaper, both English and foreign language, in the United States and Canada, on March 30, 1942

now he's in the bar, drinking and card playing."

An engineer came up the fiddley, moving the weights on the safety valves to the last notches, hanging a spanner on each for good measure.

Some of the excitement of it reached Chid, easing the pain of his troubles. He shared the port window with Lag. Lag hooked an arm about him, feeling the broadness of the shoulders which promised a rugged lad, able to handle the big pit wheel, come his full growth.

Chid had never so much wanted to be a pilot before, the grandness of that situation being plain to everybody during a race.

"Calypso's gainin' fearful," Horace observed. "Lag, you'll have to short cut."

"Not with the river in autumn low," Lag said. "Chid, do you remember the ranges ahead?"

"Yes, sir," Chid said, "you line the port chimney on Whalebone creek mouth and lam straight for Anastatia south tip."

"Good boy," Lag grinned. "I told you that only once, a full year back. Chid, I wish I had you for a cub."

"I took a current boat through here and the West Channel, clear to Saybrook Point last week," Chid said with pride. "I got me four dollars but Pa took it."

Chid could risk a look astern now. East Haddam was far in the folded hills of the upper river. He climbed to the settee, hanging out of the stern lay sash. The Calypso was firing with resin now. She had crept into the wake of the General Hook and was gaining rapidly. Lag made some calculations with his gold-nubbed toothpick on the sill varnish and looked anxious.

"How's she doin', boy?" Horace asked.

CHID didn't answer. He couldn't then. He stared fascinated at the foredeck of the oncoming paddler, not believing what he saw. Crouched at the very stem head, sniffing, separating the scents of this strange part of the river, was Old Friend.

The dog scrambled to his feet, standing motionless, almost in a pa'tridge point. His muzzle quivered, sweeping the breezes made by the General Hook. Chid couldn't hear him; but he could see the pinching of Old Friend's belly under his wet coat and he knew he was whining; had gotten his own scent.

"You could," Horace was saying, "take the West Channel and short cut Brockways. It ain't deep enough for Ed Latham's paddles. You could jack up the wheel and skin over, Lag . . . it'ud save a mile."

"I been figurin' on whether to risk it," Lag said soberly, "but there's an oak snag at the lower end; always has been there."

Chid heard. He'd been through the West Channel only six days ago. Lag was wrong about that snag. It had lain there, weaving in the current and tide like a puff adder's head, ready to strike death to the first hull to approach it. But now it was gone, moved to the channel edge by a favorable tide and an easterly gale. Chid, remembering the depths as he'd helped pole the current boat, reckoned that, with her paddle raised a mite, the General could get through.

"Lag . . ." Chid said.

"Quiet, youngster!" Horace growled, not really angry; "Lag's rung up more steam. He dasn't short cut. Looks like a steam race down the East Channel and we haven't got a chance, boy."

Chid could see the mouth of the West Channel opening ahead. It was good-looking water on top and he alone knew it was good below as well. He wanted to tell Lag that before it was too late to veer for it.

But from the Calypso now he heard the joyous barking of Old Friend. The dog knew Chid was on the boat ahead. He ran happily along the waterways, pawing at the rail in his eagerness. In minutes the two boats would be beam to beam and Old Friend only yards across a narrow path of water, Chid then had but to whistle and jump into the river. Old Friend would follow, swimming with him to shore. They could take to the woods, go east, to other rivers where his father would never find them. With Old Friend his again, there was some reason to running away.

"They got the boy's dog," Horace said. "Dipped him up with a scoop net, I reckon."

LAG said nothing. Chid could see the defeat in his face, the disappointment of being licked. Chid slipped off his coat. Old Friend waited tensely, seeming to understand. Mr. Bowles came to the half door, dabbing at his forehead. "Mr. Jessup," he said, "you got to do better. You're shuttin' me and steamboatin' down."

"There ain't another turn in her paddle. You got every trick I know," Lag said, keeping his eyes on things far away. "You can fire me now . . . there's nothin' more to do."

Chid tugged at his shirt buttons. The river would be cold. But not as cold as living in a strange noisome city. The shirt buttons stuck, making Chid mad; making him count ten for calmness.

But curiously, in that ten count, he didn't see Old Friend or the plunging Calypso drawing steadily abeam to where the hound could see him and hear his command to jump. He saw Lag Jessup buying him a basket of staples and giving him a warm coat, saying it would do until he rated a pilot's reefer. He saw Lag pointing out his secret ranges, sharing his river knowledge with him and he saw him, too, without a job, kind of disgraced on the river.

"Jump from the stern, Chid," Lag said quietly, "clear of the wheel. And good luck. If I ever get on the river again, I'll be wishing for you, Chid."

"Go aft, boy!" Chid yelled to Old Friend. "Back, boy!"

Chid couldn't look at Lag. He was doing an awful thing to a man he loved, not telling him about that snag being gone. But Chid couldn't tell him. Lag would sheer off before the Calypso came alongside. He'd leg it for the West Channel mouth; separate him forever from Old Friend and escape.

The valley boomed with the echo of the two racers thumping their engines. Smoke poured from the stacks, darkening the churning wakes. Passengers cheered and catcalls shrilled between boats.

From the General's freight deck Bull Hawley argued drunkenly with someone, shouting he'd not only navigate the ladder to top deck but lick his brat proper once he got there.

Old Friend barked imperatively, urging Chid to action. West Channel mouth was almost abeam now and the Calypso coming up fast. Chid dropped to the deck, ready to run aft. "Goodby, Chid," Lag said at the door, putting out his hand.

But Chid couldn't take Lag's hand. His whole being was suddenly dead. His feet wouldn't move, inside he felt empty, as if something ununderstood was floating away, leaving him only a shell. It wasn't too late; not to do what Chid knew he had to do.

"Lag . . ."

"Go on, boy," Lag said, "you'll make it, Chid."

"No," Chid cried, "it ain't that. Lag, the West Channel is open. The snag's gone. Swing her, Lag, swing her!"

There was a mist over his eyes, come unbidden and not going away. Old Friend whined, begging his best. "It's the word of a boy," Horace said, not chumping.

"It's true," Chid sobbed. "I took five feet through six days ago."

LAG'S answer was softly spoken. "This boy's word is all right by me," he said. "Swing her for the West Channel, Horace. Hard down now . . . steady . . . and line her for center water." Lag tooted the whistle, calling the mate. "Get the paddle jacked up, Mr. Mate. Chid, ring up more turns if the engineer's got 'em. . . . I guess you know the bells as good as I do."

The compliment didn't brighten Chid now. The water lane between the two racing boats widened, as if each had suddenly taken a different fork of an unseen road. To Chid it was a fork, a parting of the ways and he had made the irrevocable choice of the path which led to everything he hated. Old Friend's bark was stilled by distance now. Chid threw himself on the settee, burying his face in his arms. He wanted desperately to cry but strangely he couldn't.

THE valley spread her red and orange autumn finery to the river's edge, parading it before the pilothouse sash. Ahead, like a jewel on her breast, budded the white spires of Saybrook Point, sparkling in the thin morning air. But to Chid they were only the ugly buildings of New Haven and one of them was an unclean tavern where there could never be anything beautiful or good save remembering what he had just done.

The emptiness was gone from him. That part of him which had almost vanished filled him again and, oddly, it left him unafraid; in a strange way, happy.

Far astern the Calypso opened her safety valves, wasting steam, acknowledging defeat. The General was past the snag place, the paddle again lowered for the deep water main channel and the railroad dock, piled high with upriver waiting freight, lay ahead. The New Haven train waited at the station shed, ready to take Chid down the last stretch of the path.

"You don't know what you just did, Chid," Lag said over him soberly, "but some day you'll understand. Be proud of it, Chid . . . nothing can hurt you, not New Haven or anything else. Chid, word's come that you and me's wanted below."

"I can't go," said Chid. "I was almost blubberin'!"

"I think folks'll understand," Lag said. "Come along."

Chid followed Lag down to the lower deck and into the bar. Mr. Fitch and Sheriff Mott sat at a round card table, greenbacks piled before them. Mr. Fitch smoothed his shirt frills and puffed a new cigar with relish, waving Chid to him.

"This here money," he said without ceremony, "is yours."

"Pa . . ." Chid stammered.

"He ain't got nothin' to say about it no more," the sheriff told him, watching him keenly. "Mr. Fitch won it from him, reasonably fair and square. Mr. Fitch reckons it belongs to you. Boy, your father is broke; cleaned and picked . . . and that sort of makes you my charge, seeing as he can't provide."

"He'll make me go to New Haven," Chid said.

"Oh, no, he won't!" Mr. Fitch said with conviction. "He's aft now, sobering under a hose. I guess he just ain't a fitten father for a boy, Chid . . . a matter we've all been too slow realizing. But, boy, you got to have a guardian. I wish I was a different kind; I'd admire to qualify."

Chid felt Lag's hand seek his; felt the warmth and fellowship in its pressure. It was a rough hand, used to spoking a wheel on a bitter night or casting the sounding lead himself as careful pilots will do. The hand suited Chid. Besides, now, that dream of sharing its work some day was no longer dead.

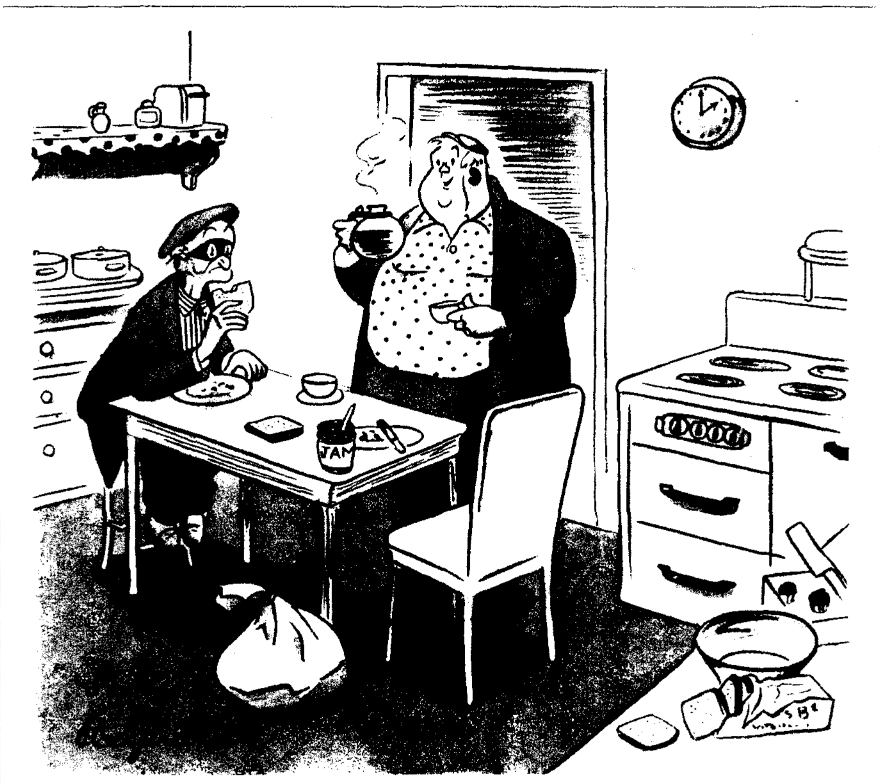
"Yes, sir," said Chid, "I guess I got a guardian, sir."

He watched the New Haven train puff westward. Bull was in the caboose, with a one-way ticket. Then he looked upriver.

He couldn't see Old Friend but he could hear his bark. He reckoned one of the things a cub pilot would have to learn was patience. But, tarnation, five minutes was an awful long time to have to wait for the Calypso to dock.

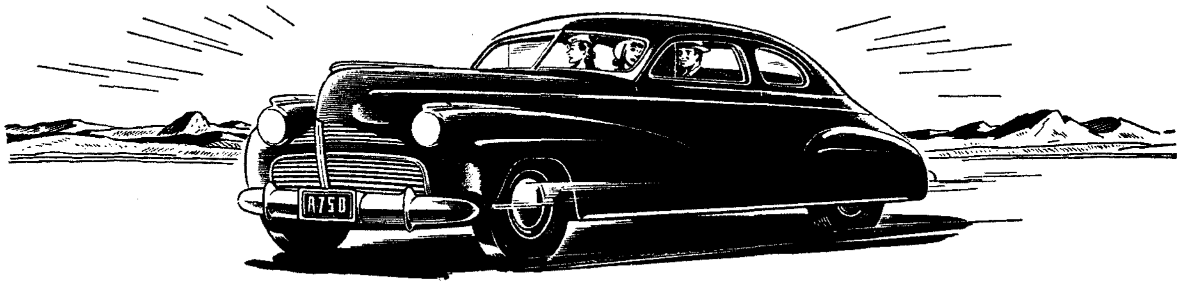
THE END

BUTCH By Larry Reynolds



"Shall we take our coffee in the livin' room?"

AUTO-LITE
MEANS
AUTO LIFE



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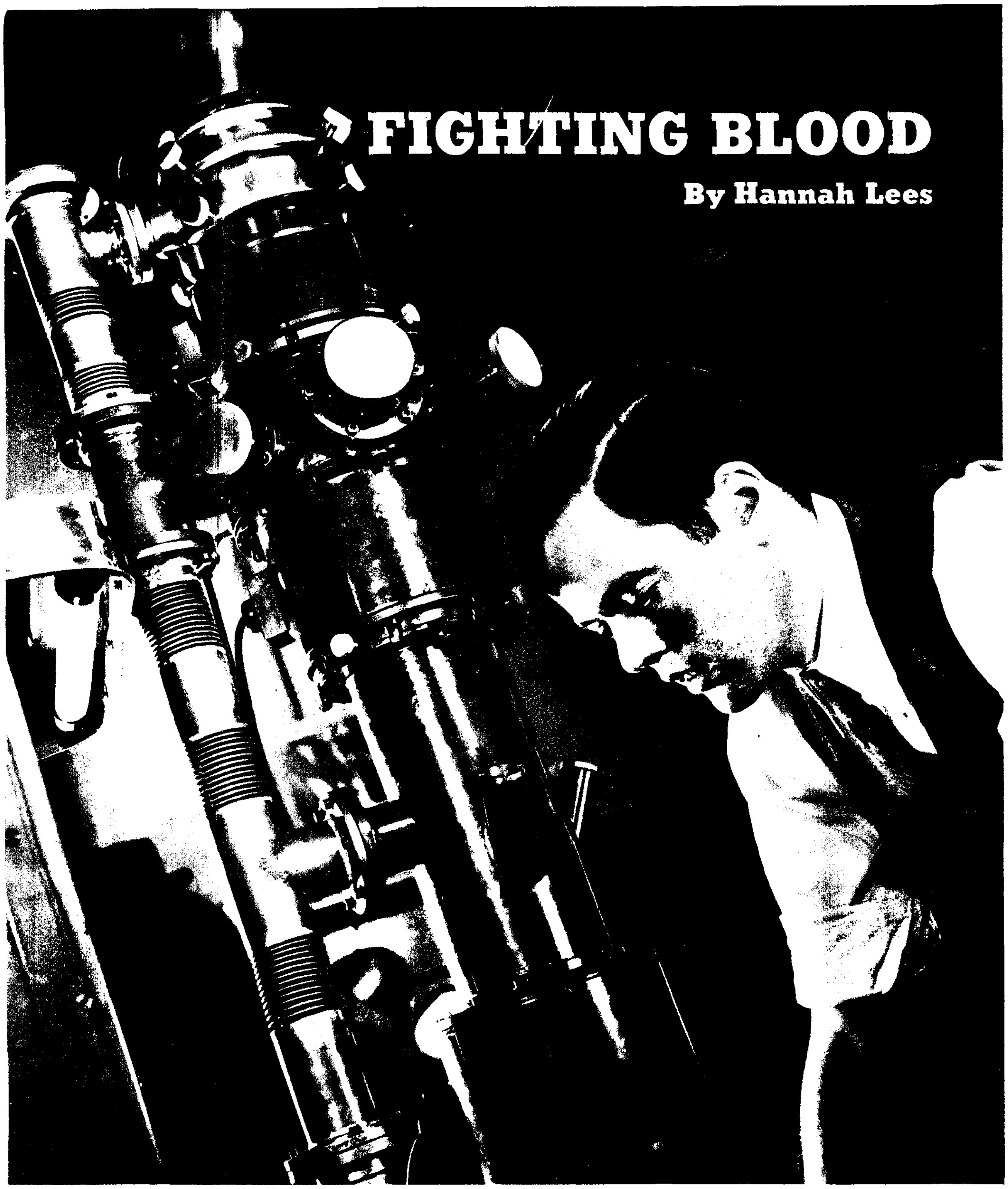
FIGHTING BLOOD

By Hannah Lees



BEN SCHNALL

Dr. James Hillier of RCA's Electronic Research operating the electronic microscope that has given scientists their first sight of the natural defenses of the blood in action against germs

Meet the antibodies. They are your best defenders against disease. But no one has ever looked at one of them—until now

WE MIGHT as well give up, those of us who have been going around saying plaintively we haven't any fighting blood in our veins. Down at the RCA laboratories in Camden, New Jersey, where that electron microscope you've been hearing about is at work exposing secrets, they've just got through proving we have. Joe Dilks may think he's a conscientious objector. Mrs. Mildred Mush may be too mild even to argue about a tough steak. But they ought to see what their blood's doing all the while. Just as busy as Joe Louis' or Winston Churchill's, busy fighting.

Scientists as a body aren't terribly surprised by this stirring bit of news, just gratified. Like hearing about your tentmate's sister, and reading her letters and eating her cakes, then meeting her and finding her as dream-girl as you'd imagined. They've known for a long time, you see, that the blood had a standing army, and they've known all about that army's personnel and equipment, theoretically. But only theoretically. They'd never caught even a glimpse of the main body of the army till just about now.

Maybe you've been thinking it was the white cells in your blood that fought infections. Well, they do, partly. There is a kind of small energetic white cell, called somewhat incredibly a polymorphonuclear leucocyte, which swims around in the blood like mad, tracking down all sorts of foreign particles from germs to India ink and trying to swallow them up. And there is a bigger, slower white cell called a macrophage that also swims around in the blood, sucking in foreign particles.

Pus, as you've probably heard, is basically made up of dead white cells and dead bacteria. But these leucocytes and macrophages are just about as much good by themselves as light and heavy tanks—even the best and newest ones—without men to run them or ammunition to keep the enemy from getting away. There is something else in the blood that does the real fighting and gets the germs ready to be mowed down and swallowed up. Without those somethings, if a white cell comes up against a germ, it just bounces futilely off again. With those somethings—well, we'll come to that in a minute, but those somethings are what scientists have been calling, sight-unseen for a good many years now, antibodies.

All they knew about antibodies to begin with was that after a person had had certain diseases, something happened inside him so that he wasn't likely to have them again. After a person had had typhoid fever or scarlet fever, for instance, the white cells which, before, hadn't been able to do much good against the typhoid or scarlet fever germs were suddenly able to swallow them up and cart them off. Then they began to find that if over a period of time a person was given a series of shots of killed bacteria, typhoid germs, say, he built up something—antibodies—which made him immune to the disease. And they found, too, that if a person had recovered from certain diseases, or an animal was given shots of the bacteria of these diseases, their blood got so full of that something—antibodies—that their blood serum could be injected into people sick with those diseases and actually help them get well by reinforcing their own defenses, or antibodies. They had to be special antibodies too. You couldn't help a person get well of diphtheria by injecting scarlet fever antibodies. Each disease had its own particular one, apparently, and no other antibody—whatever antibodies were—would do.

That wasn't so surprising, they soon found out. Scientists spending hours over microscopes saw that different antibodies had different ways of attacking their own particular enemies. Some types of bacteria, the ones that cause diphtheria and tetanus and scarlet fever and gas gangrene, to mention a few, give off toxins that flow all through our blood and make us generally sick, just as if we'd swallowed poison. The germs may be relatively few and may stay pretty much in one place, yet the toxin goes all through us. And what the antibodies do against these diseases, apparently, is set to work with a sort of chemical warfare and neutralize the poisons as fast as they're made and keep on neutralizing them until more and different antibodies can be made which will attack the bacteria themselves. So they called this lot of antibodies antitoxins.

But there are other bacteria that keep their poisons firmly attached. It isn't nearly as important to neutralize the poisons from this kind of bacteria as to destroy the germs themselves. So the body has worked out a couple of systems of doing this. One system, and the most dramatic probably, is to dissolve the germ. Scientists have seen the cholera bacillus, for instance, dissolving right before their eyes under the influence of cholera antibodies. It doesn't really dissolve, they've discovered more recently. What actually happens is that something—antibodies—surrounds the bacteria and breaks down their cell walls and lets the innards of the germs escape out into the blood where the white cells can take care of them at their leisure. But it looked like something dissolving in the beginning, so they called this kind of antibodies lysins, which means dissolvers.

Visible Results of Unseen Causes

Still another method of attack is the one the typhoid antibodies have evolved, which is to surround the typhoid bacillus in bunches, crowd the bunches together and precipitate them out of the blood— agglutinate them, that is, which is why this lot of antibodies is called agglutinins.

Mind you, nobody had ever seen the antibodies doing any of these things. They had seen the diphtheria and scarlet fever poisons being neutralized and the germs finally rendered harmless. They had seen the cholera bacillus apparently dissolving, and typhoid bacilli being bunched together in clumps. They knew by chemical and other studies that what must be happening in each case was that something surrounded the bacteria, making a film around it so that along with all the neutralizing poisons and breaking down of cell walls the bacteria could be swallowed up by the white cells. But they had never seen what made this film and never thought they had a chance of seeing it until the electron microscope came along. Until Dr. Stanley and Dr. Mudd and Dr. Anderson began investigating the tobacco mosaic virus and the typhoid bacillus.

You probably know a good deal about the electron microscope already if you've been following the news. You probably know that the only similarity it has to an ordinary microscope is that it gives enlarged images of minute particles—quite enlarged, something like twenty-five thousand times as large as life. Otherwise it's more like an X-ray machine than a microscope.

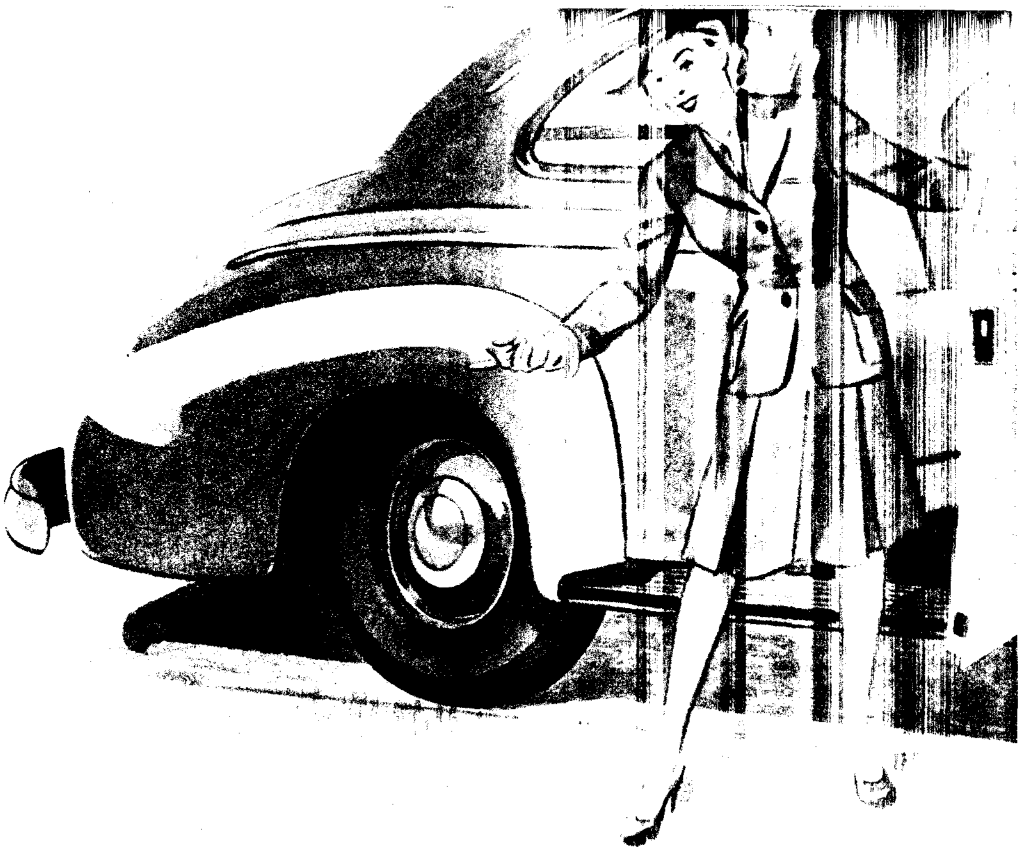
Take that typhoid bacillus and get it ready for the electron microscope. Instead of mounting it on a glass slide you'll mount it on a tiny circle of wire mesh, less than a quarter of the size of your little finger nail. It's pretty fine mesh, two hundred and forty wires to the inch, and when you put it in its little cartridge and slip it into the electron microscope and turn on the current, what you'll look at is whatever organisms lie in one of the holes made by four of those two hundred and forty wires.

Then, instead of shining light on the specimen, you'll shine a flood of electron waves that are generated by an "electron gun," a tungsten filament with a tremendous electric charge going through it.

Instead of concentrating the electron waves with a glass lens—glass, even the *(Continued on page 73)*

"No more rides for me –till you get those grabby brakes fixed"

– says Stopper

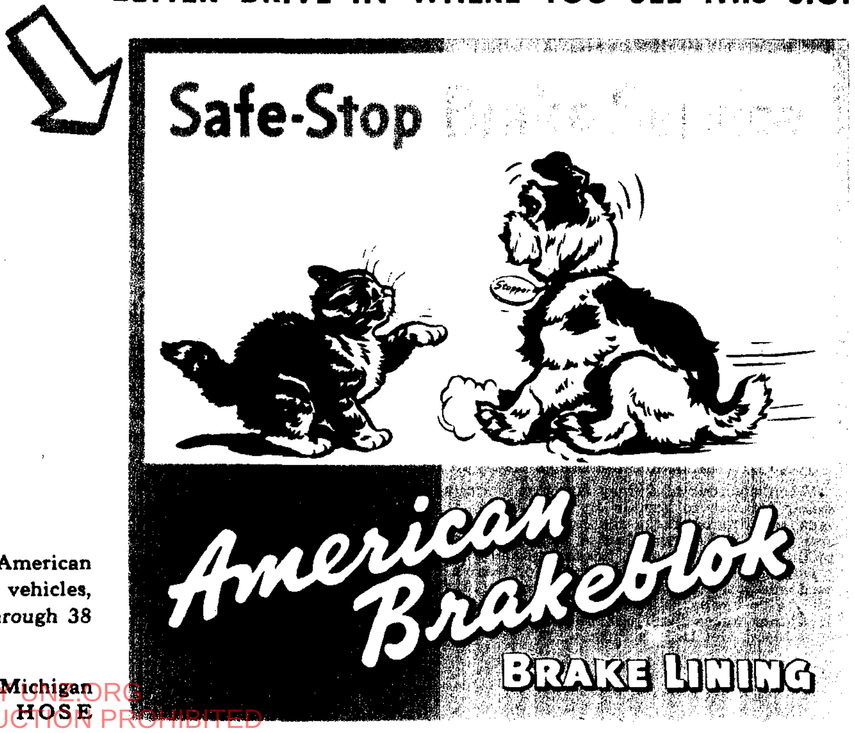


ARE *YOUR* BRAKES WORKING ALL RIGHT?

OR DOES YOUR CAR:

Nose dive when brakes are applied?
Pull right or left when braking?
Have slow or grabby brakes when wet?
Need frequent brake adjustments?
Let brake pedal down to floor?
Squeal, groan or chatter on stops?
Brake on only one rear wheel?
Make grinding noise when stopping?

BETTER DRIVE IN WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN



Safe-Stop Brake Service is sponsored in repair shops and service stations by American Brakeblok, makers of The Safety Brake Lining, now in use on millions of motor vehicles, trucks, buses and coaches. This brake lining is quickly available everywhere through 38 NAPA Warehouses and a nation-wide distribution system.

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FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

It Needs No Brush
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Modern life demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—and men in service must get clean shaves, too. Yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream—not greasy or sticky.

SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oil from the skin that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's edge to *glide* over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin.*

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For men who must shave *every day*—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, service men—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider was developed by The J. B. Williams Co., makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

If you want to try Glider right away, get a regular tube from your dealer. If you can wait a few days, however, we'll send a Guest-Size tube for a dime and any used metal tube. It is enough for three weeks and is very handy for traveling.

On this test we rest our case entirely—for we are positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've used.

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This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

No Glamor Gal

Continued from page 13

going to the South Orange and Maplewood (N. J.) High where Stanley Wood was instructing the young thespians, and Papa Wright took Mr. Wood's word for it that Teresa wasn't hopeless. Father staked her to two summers' tuition at the Wharf Theater in Provincetown, where Teresa wrestled with scenery, lugged props about and looked wan and wistful.

"The least likely to succeed," was the Provincetown verdict.

But Doro Merandi of the Provincetown company liked her and when Miss Merandi went into the cast of Our Town she put in a word for Teresa, who was hired as understudy to Dorothy Maguire, who created the role subsequently played by Martha Scott. By the happy chance that suddenly made pale and bedraggled females invaluable, Miss Wright was in a good spot. When Eddie Dowling started to cast the touring company, he became irate.

Thanks to Mr. Serlin

"That infernal Hollywood!" cried Mr. Dowling, expressing his resentment of a machine that invariably sucked in every talented youngster. There was nobody but Teresa and she made the rounds of New England and the Middle West.

Next summer she was with the Barnstormers Theater at Tamworth, New Hampshire, where she learned a great deal. When that was over she came back to New York and started giving readings for Life With Father, along with all other destitute actors. The boss of the play was Oscar Serlin, who had been testing director for Paramount for many years and hated the films with a stern magnificence. As opposed to that, his reverence for the stage bordered on the pathological.

Oscar was in no rush. Miss Wright thought she was revealing Spartan courage when she gave her first reading, but after she was on the fifth round she looked at Serlin piteously, anxious merely that she should be shot like a wounded rodeo pony and put out of her misery. Oscar had made up his mind that a blonde should play the role. Teresa was a brunette. Oscar fidgeted and finally decided that it made no difference whether a blonde or a brunette played the role. Teresa was in and later she had a lot more to thank Serlin for, because he made her screen test when the Goldwyn offer arrived and gave her even better advice about her contract, which is unique in cinema history. Here are a few portions of the Serlin-indited work:

"Clause 39. The aforementioned Teresa Wright shall not be required to pose for photographs in a bathing suit unless she is in the water. Neither may she be photographed running on the beach with her hair flying in the wind. Nor may she pose in any of the following situations: In shorts, playing with a cocker spaniel; digging in a garden; whipping up a meal; attired in firecrackers and holding skyrockets for the Fourth of July; looking insinuatingly at a turkey for Thanksgiving; wearing a bunny cap with long ears for Easter; twinkling on prop snow in a skiing outfit while a fan blows her scarf; assuming an athletic stance while pretending to hit something with a bow and arrow."

Faced with these restrictions the Goldwyn publicity staff kept Miss Wright at a distance and caused her some uneasiness. Her competitors were getting their pictures in the papers; she was only appearing on the screen. She approached Mr. William Hebert, Goldwyn publicity head, about the matter.

"Friends have told me I have a very nice figure," she said demurely but insistently.

Mr. Hebert called in the photographers. Interviewers were also coaxed into presenting an appearance but in several cases this created an assorted amount of ill will when they arrived with licorice sticks and ice-cream cones under the illusion that they were to visit Baby Sandy.

Hardier souls who came with less enlightenment and greater discernment found her a very nice girl, a touch on the unexciting side. When they asked her pointedly about her personal life she said, "I want to be a good actress above everything."

At this juncture the Goldwyn press representative would invariably offer his stock of information.

"Miss Wright is five feet two and weighs 110 pounds. She has wavy brown hair and greenish-blue eyes."

The interviewer would look at Miss Wright and confirm this. Miss Wright would then laugh very *merrily*.

"If you want to write something entirely original," she would say, "just put in that I hate the hours."

It seemed that although Miss Wright had been reared in Jersey, she had been born in New York. She felt that six o'clock in the morning was an improper hour to be abroad. It had been even worse when she was over at M-G-M making Mrs. Miniver under the direction of William Wyler.

"Mr. Wyler likes you to be perfect," said Miss Wright.

She demurred rather tartly about taking the role of Mrs. Gehrig but the studio executives convicted her of contradiction out of her own mouth. She felt that audiences would not accept her in an older role after what she had been playing, but they reminded her of one of her more romantic periods. When she was appearing in Life With Father she received a mash note from a well-known and elderly actor.

"I saw you Saturday night in the play and really thought you were terrific," he wrote. "The last time I saw you was in Pasadena where you were with the King Players or something of the sort, and that was so long ago it doesn't seem possible that an old dame like you could play a young girl like Mary Skinner and get away with it. You were swell. Call me up and come to dinner with me. I'm at the Blank Hotel."

Hollywood Has Its Way

She didn't ring him and missed the meal but she made the mistake of telling the Goldwyn office about it. They used it against her. She had never been in Pasadena, she was not an old dame, and the gentleman was obviously under a misapprehension, but the studio pointed out that if she could fool a man of his astuteness there would obviously be no difficulty in convincing the public that she was her own age.

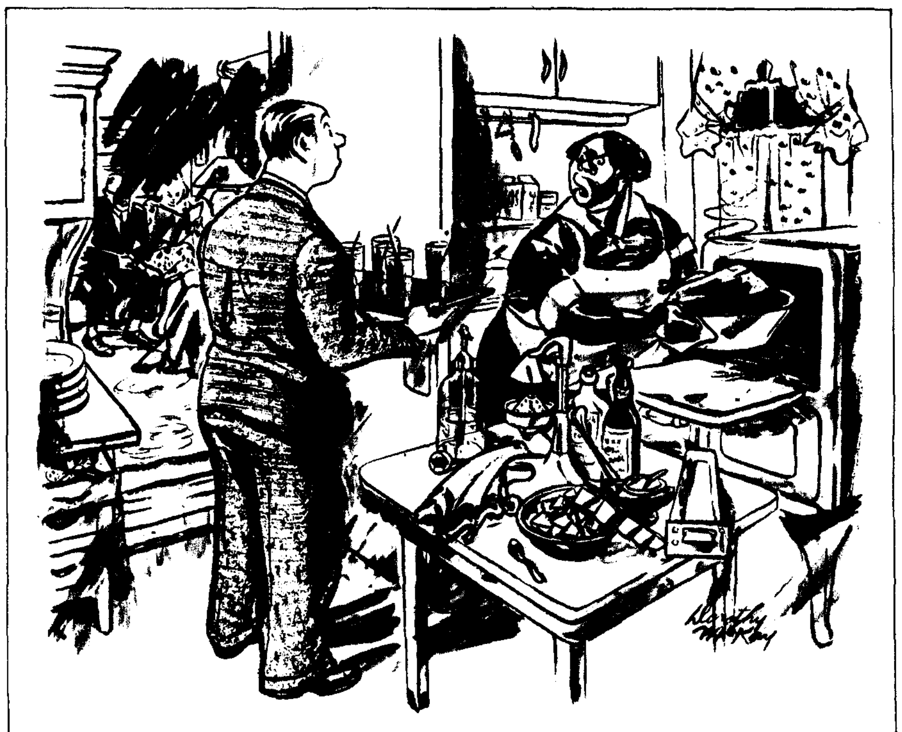
On the personal side, a little snooping revealed that Miss Wright will soon enter into a formal engagement with Mr. Niven Busch, a writer. This removes her rather definitely from competition and accounts for the fact that she is not seen in Hollywood night clubs and is as little known as any human could be in that torso factory. She has a pretty taste for good painting and good photographs but confines her reading to her craft, boning up on plays with the thought that she will eventually return to Broadway, as is permitted in her contract. She was back last spring for another Serlin masterwork called The King's Family. Mr. Serlin directed this himself and it died rather grimly in Boston before reaching New York. Miss Wright was frank about the matter.

"This small episode gave me pause," she said.

What this seems to mean is that Teresa will follow the line of most actresses who have a Broadway fixation and a juicy Hollywood contract: She will see Broadway on an average of about once every nine years.

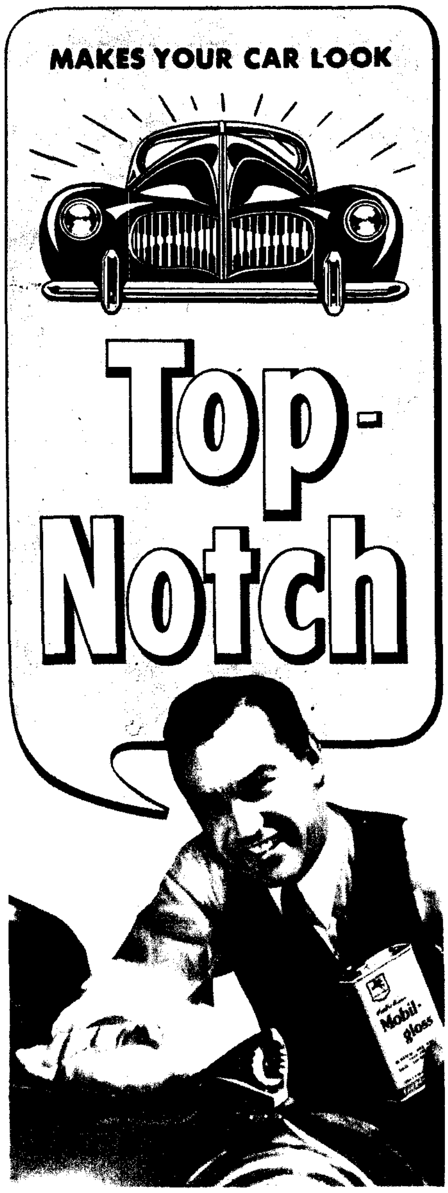
Close scrutiny of the public prints will afford conclusive proof of the trend of the Wright thought. Even the faintest glimpse of the Wright ankle in a studio publicity shot will be evidence that Teresa has gone the way of all flesh. Hollywood will have her.

THE END



"Don't you-all get high now and cut this chicken cockeyed!"

DOROTHY MC KAY



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● Nowadays it seems no work at all to have a showroom finish on your car. MOBILGLOSS cleans and polishes—in little time—with little effort.

A special blend of solvents quickly removes road film, dirt and grime. The rich original color and lustre reappear. Then a few more strokes of the cloth bring up a brilliant polish. It's a real beauty treatment!

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● If you wish a protecting wax finish, use MOBILWAX. This comes in convenient tubes—in creamy wax form, which makes it exceptionally easy to apply. Requires only gentle buffing to produce a lustrous protecting sheen that lasts. You save time and work.

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BY SOCONY-VACUUM

College on Horseback

Continued from page 21

gathered together about 25 cowboys—Wood says a cowboy turning out for polo has a fifteen-year start on any other boy—to develop into three or four first-string teams, sending them in against opponents in the same game much in the manner made famous by Howard Jones in football. When he has fully tried this system you are going to hear more about those Arizona polo teams.

In Bill Dent, held over from 1940, Wood has a hard-driving player who has been favorably compared to Cecil Smith, another former cowboy and the only 10-goal player at present active in this country. Jim Taylor, his second holdover from the 1940 team, is a skillful and daring rider (another New Mexico Military Institute boy), a fine horse trainer, and a strategic poloist.

The other two men on the team, DeLeslie Woodell, off a cattle ranch in Sonora, Mexico, and John Donaldson, a blue-blooded fox-hunting lad from upstate New York, are still green; and Wood does not feel that he would be justified in attempting another Eastern invasion this year. But he is looking forward to 1943 if the Army doesn't take his best men away from him.

Not all Wood's varsity are cowboys. There is another notable exception besides Donaldson. This is Pete Bidegain, a sheepherder. Pete protests, however, that the cowboys hardly ever make him remember it. "I guess—" Pete explains this unusual friendliness between cowman and sheepman—"I guess I'm just naturally rugged."

Under the impulse given to polo in the West by Arizona, coast colleges, including Stanford, California, Oregon Agricultural and U.S.C., began to knock polo balls around on their parade grounds. By 1923 Stanford had in Barby, Edwards, Bruce and Vanderburg a famous Four Horsemen who preceded Rockne's Stuhldreher, Miller, Layden and Crowley, by quite a spell—a polo quartet which won 19 consecutive games in the West and only went down, at last, before the Arizona contingent.

Prep-School Polo Ponies

Also, under the immediate aegis of the university, polo has taken a spurt in the near-lying prep schools of the Tucson district. It is the ordinary thing now for boys entering the Arizona Desert School, the Evans School, the Southern Arizona School for Boys, the Judson School for Boys, and the rest, to buy their own horses for $50 each from the school, and then sell the mounts back to the school at half price when they leave.

Ordinarily a rich man's game requiring at the very least a string of fine horses and the means to care for them, in the West polo is played by boys who are earning their way through college as stablemen, riding instructors, dude wranglers, and rodeo contestants. But since all are training to be cavalry officers, and since Uncle Sam always has manifested a fondness for polo players in this branch of his service, the use of government horses for the games in this section is the common thing.

Polo for the girls was tried for a while at Arizona, but was finally discontinued. This doesn't mean the girls don't do their fair share of whatever riding is done at the school, as has been indicated before now.

Today the girls share the running of all horse events at the school except polo. Also, quite apart from the boys, they have in their honorary, the Desert Riders, a group of eleven young horsewomen who would be a credit to any Madison Square Garden horse show. Members are picked from women riders in the gymkhanas and horse shows; and their moonlight rides in the spring back to Mt. Lemon with the boys' honorary, Scabbard and Blade, are now traditions at the school. So are their pretty desert hikes on horseback in the flaunting color of long spring desert evenings.

The gymkhanas and the horse shows, which began as military events for the boys, the girls now share equally and sometimes even predominantly.

They go in for box jumps and polo jumps, and can clear automobiles, along with the boys. They do Roman and Cossack riding, and are outstandingly accomplished in the mountain slides, which you used to see the Italian cavalry officers doing in the newsreels. Only the Arizona girls would make the Italian officers look silly by comparison. At least, that's what the Arizona boys say.

Crazy Over Horses

In the Southwest the line between spectator and participant at any social doing is more figurative than actual. The grandsons—and, yes, let's say the granddaughters, too—of the gents at Tombstone, who didn't like to drink alone, still carry a special brand of gregariousness over into everything from a barbecue to a ball game. When it comes to horse events, even staid citizens who have lost power to get in the saddle without the aid of a pulley don't like to sit idly by. Tucson people put on ten-gallon hats, wind bandannas around their necks, and whoop it up for a week or two before any circus, rodeo or preview of a Western picture comes to town.

This fiesta attitude has had its effect upon the boys and girls of the campus. With good distance judging for holidays, the kids have placed their rodeo just one week on the calendar behind the big state rodeo in the town. The result is that the university as a unit dons Western garb a couple of weeks before the town blow-off and doesn't skin out of it —if at all—until a week after their own show, giving the district a full month of Western good time every year at the turn of spring.

Western assemblies are held to pep matters up; recalcitrants are all put in a big bull pen in the center of the campus for all to see their shame; Western music and Western dancing become the evening's entertainment.

Cowboy-attired youngsters around corner lamplights carol their desire to be buried on the lone prairie or home on the range, sing nasally and in falsetto that they want to follow the dogies, ride the canyons, or muddle through the mesquite on the mesa for the last roundup.

But as most of this vocal effort manages to drift into open sorority windows near by, this also helps to keep alive older traditions not peculiar to Tucson.

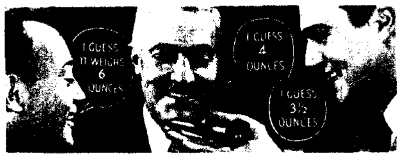
Colorful? Sure. But don't get the notion that all this stuff is quaint. These are not peasants of Mittel-europa out for a Maypole dance. These are Southwestern Americans fashioning a way of living that suits them, however unrelated to the latest amusements on Broadway or in Hollywood. If you want to play in their part of the country, brother, you play the way they do. And time, in the warm Southwest, is decidedly not of the essence.

THE END

The new Breezewood Pipe

The forest primeval now gives Americans a native pipe of astonishing lightness!

In the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains, in North Carolina, America has again demonstrated its incredible richness. An unexplored, untapped virgin forest has been discovered of pipe burls lighter in weight than any heretofore known, "Breezewood." The Breezewood pipe, complete with mouthpiece, weighs on the average, less than 1¼ ounces! You'll find, too, that Breezewood gives you an unusually *dry, sweet* smoke. Hold a Breezewood in your hand—then see what smoking pleasure *America* has for you, in Breezewood!



No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than 1¼ ounces.

Free your hands for other tasks

Breezewood is comfortable because it's light. When motoring, writing, fishing or whenever your hands are busy, you don't have to interrupt yourself so much to handle your pipe.

Copy. 1942. The Breezewood Pipe Co., 680 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Grade-A Bee

By Dudley Haddock

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Down where the tupelos bloom, a pampered race of bees is literally working itself to death to enrich our sugar-short larder with hundreds of tons of their own special variety of fragrant white honey

A group of beehives by the banks of Florida's Apalachicola River. From the blossoms of the tupelo tree, these bees produce a distinctive honey during their twenty-one-day working season

The tupelo tree, found scattered through the swamps of the upper Gulf coast, surrenders a nectar from which bees create a unique honey; pure white, remaining fresh indefinitely

OUT West it's horse stealing. In the Ozarks it's kicking a fellow's dawg around. But down in the swamp country of northwestern Florida mashing a bee is practically suicide. The two billion bees down there along the Apalachicola River are so highly thought of that they work only 21 days a year, have a swell boat ride and a nine-month vacation in the cooler North, and get free food if they need it. In return for all this pampering they produce about 375 tons of honey each season. In normal times this great blob of sweetness is an always-welcome addition to the national menu; in these days of increasing sugar shortages it begins to look more and more like manna from heaven. Not only for the 25 or 30 apiarists (a fancy name for beekeepers) that these bees support, but for all of us.

The Apalachicola River bees produce a special kind of product: tupelo honey. It's pure white, keeps indefinitely, won't turn sugary and has a flavor of its own. Some of it used to be mixed with other honeys for flavoring purposes and as a preservative. But chemists found cheaper preserving methods and flavoring processes, and the demand for tupelo went down—for a while.

When chemists analyzed it, they found that while ordinary honey contains about 34 per cent dextrose, tupelo has only 23 per cent. Ordinary honey has about 39 per cent levulose; tupelo runs around 46 per cent. This means in ordinary language that most of the sugar in tupelo honey is in effect predigested. Levulose is a sort of fruit sugar. When you eat sugar a complicated digestive process breaks down some of it into levulose. In tupelo, part of this work is done by the bees. The demand for tupelo increased.

Tupelo honey doesn't come from a flower, as we think of flowers, but from a spongy yellowish-green ball. On male trees these globes are about a half inch in diameter; on female trees about the size of a clove. About 99 per cent of the trees are male. There are two kinds of tupelo—black and white. The black is a variety of gum and grows tall and big. The white is a sprawling shrublike affair, twenty or thirty feet high, with long, straggling branches. Black tupelo honey is good but it's the white that is important.

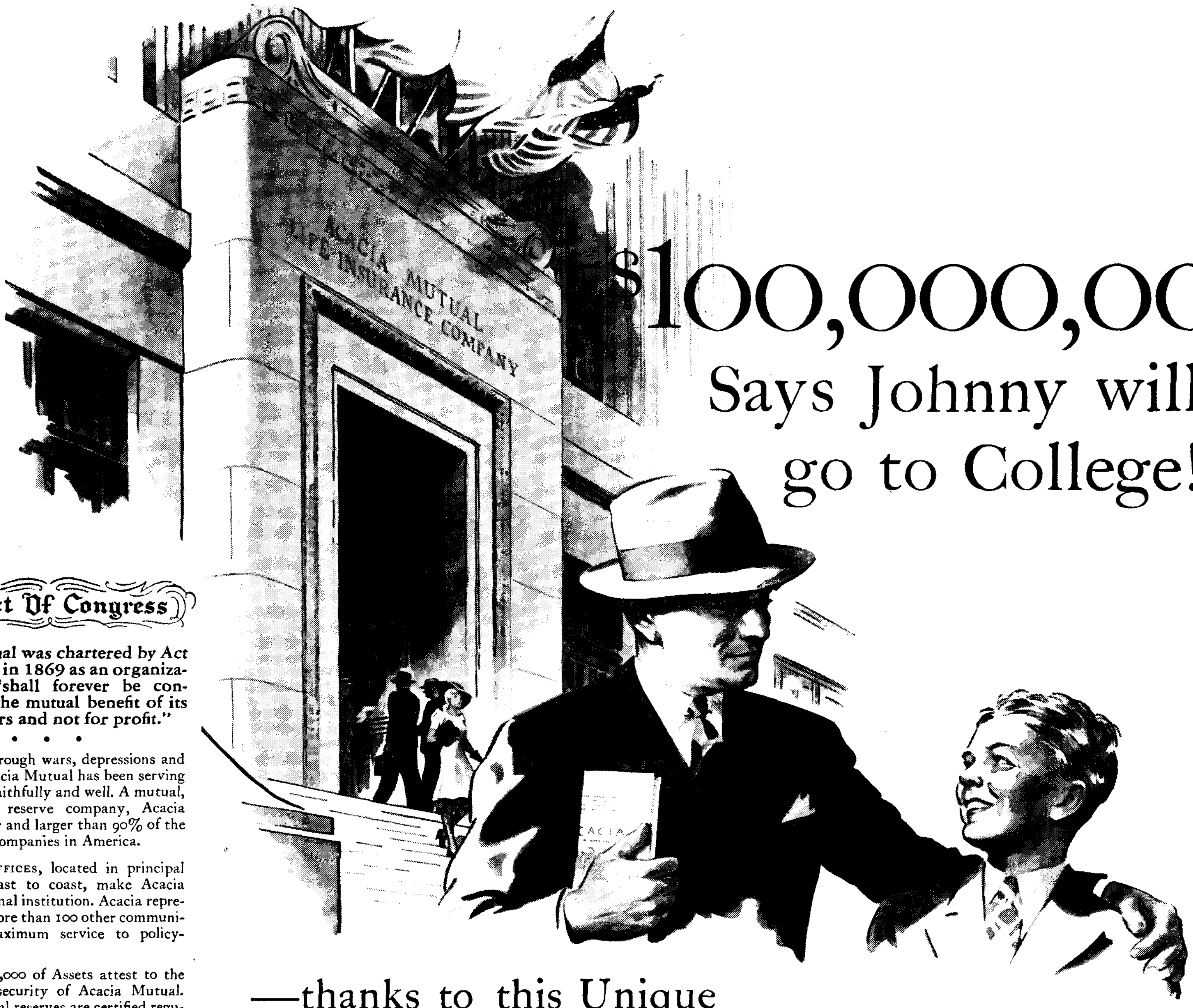
White tupelos, which are useless for lumber, are found scattered through the swamps of the upper Gulf Coast, but the honey produced in many sections isn't pure because there are other blooms from which bees gather the nectar. It is in Gulf, Franklin, and Liberty Counties, around the town of Wewahitchka, that the tupelo tree blooms alone; no other flowers bloom at the same time and the nectar brought to the hives by the bees is pure.

A few years ago, when there was a demand for tupelo honey, everybody around Wewahitchka and the Apalachicola Valley kept bees. Boys and girls got colonies as Christmas or birthday gifts. Housewives tended a hive or two for honey money as farmers' wives elsewhere kept hens. Filling-station attendants and deputy sheriffs had bees working for them on the side. During prohibition somebody discovered that tupelo honey made swell rum and the Valley was invaded by thirsty citizens from miles around.

Dwindling demand and the end of the dry spell made bees unprofitable for amateurs. Gradually the business concentrated in the hands of two or three dozen apiarists. It was and still is uneconomical to operate fewer than one hundred colonies—because of that expensive vacation the bees have to have each year.

Along about the middle of May, while the tupelo is in full bloom, other flowers begin to appear in the swamps. If the bees which have been pumping nectar from the tupelo for three weeks start pumping from these other blooms as well the resulting honey won't be pure. So the bees—two billion or so of them—are hived up and moved by truck to a river landing, and placed on barges, outboard-powered, each holding about one hundred hives. The barges chug up

(Continued on page 70)



$100,000,000 Says Johnny will go to College!

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By Act Of Congress

Acacia Mutual was chartered by Act of Congress in 1869 as an organization that "shall forever be conducted for the mutual benefit of its policyholders and not for profit."

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Since 1869, through wars, depressions and prosperity, Acacia Mutual has been serving policyholders faithfully and well. A mutual, old-line, legal reserve company, Acacia Mutual is older and larger than 90% of the life insurance companies in America.

60 Branch Offices, located in principal cities from coast to coast, make Acacia Mutual a national institution. Acacia representatives in more than 100 other communities assure maximum service to policyholders.

Over $100,000,000 of Assets attest to the strength and security of Acacia Mutual. These great legal reserves are certified regularly by the Department of Insurance of the District of Columbia.

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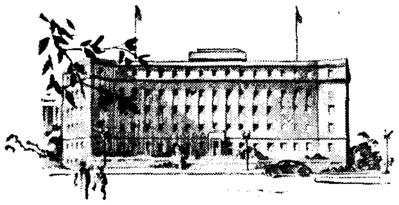
To Serve You Better, Acacia Mutual introduced its unique life-service agent's contract, which has attracted to the company men of the highest calibre to advise you in insurance matters. More such men are being added and trained constantly.

What "Acacia" Means

Acacia Mutual derives its name from the Acacia tree, which since the dawn of history has been a symbol of everlasting life. In ancient Egypt, in the Holy Land, in the islands of the sea, the Acacia was—and is—revered as a token of resurrection and immortality.



Even during wartime, Johnny's Dad is making certain that there will be money to send Johnny to college! One of the provisions of his Family Security insurance policy covers Johnny's education . . . and behind that Family Security policy stands Acacia Mutual's more than $100,000,000 in assets.

Acacia Mutual is a 73-year-old life insurance company that really is unique and different . . . unique in the way its flexible insurance plans can be fitted exactly to *your* problems and *your* income . . . different in its "economy" basis for determining rates, which keeps your premium payments extremely low.

Why Acacia Mutual's Rates Are Low

In 1926, to place insurance within easier reach of more people, Acacia Mutual pioneered this new idea in premium rates. It abandoned the customary mutual company practice of charging relatively high premiums and then refunding a part of them later in the form of so-called "dividends." It introduced the plan of paying "dividends in advance" . . . in the form of substantial reductions in premium rates . . . plus additional dividends earned through sound investment, economical management and careful selection of risks. All this enables foresighted men and women to buy insurance which otherwise they could not afford.

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Acacia Mutual's Family Security Plan is entirely new in principle. In addition to an educational fund, this all-embracing plan provides a "clean-up fund," an emergency fund, and a monthly income for as long as 25 years. One $5,000 Family Security policy can provide benefits totaling as much as $20,885! Here is broad protection which, under older plans, would require many more dollars than the average pocketbook could stand.

Learn more about this plan, and about the different kind of insurance company which offers it. Read the column at the left for further information about Acacia Mutual. Then fill out and mail the coupon without delay.

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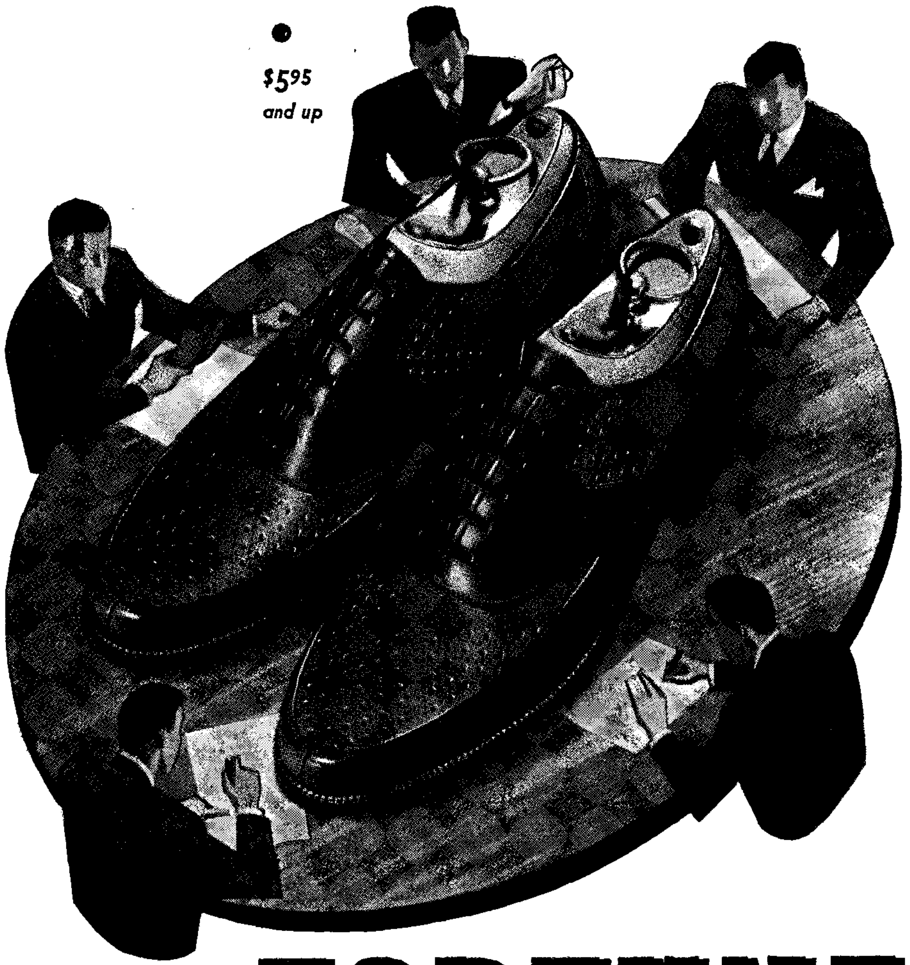
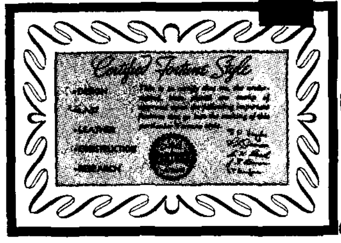


FORTUNE

Shoes for Men



● *The Fortune Style Forum consists of five members — experts on design, leathers, lasts, construction and research — experts who personally supervise the building of Fortune's authentic styles. The Forum's "Certified Fortune Style" certificate, packed with every pair, is your assurance of authentic up-to-the-minute styling.

RICHLAND SHOE CO. ● Nashville, Tenn., Division General Shoe Corp.

Any Week

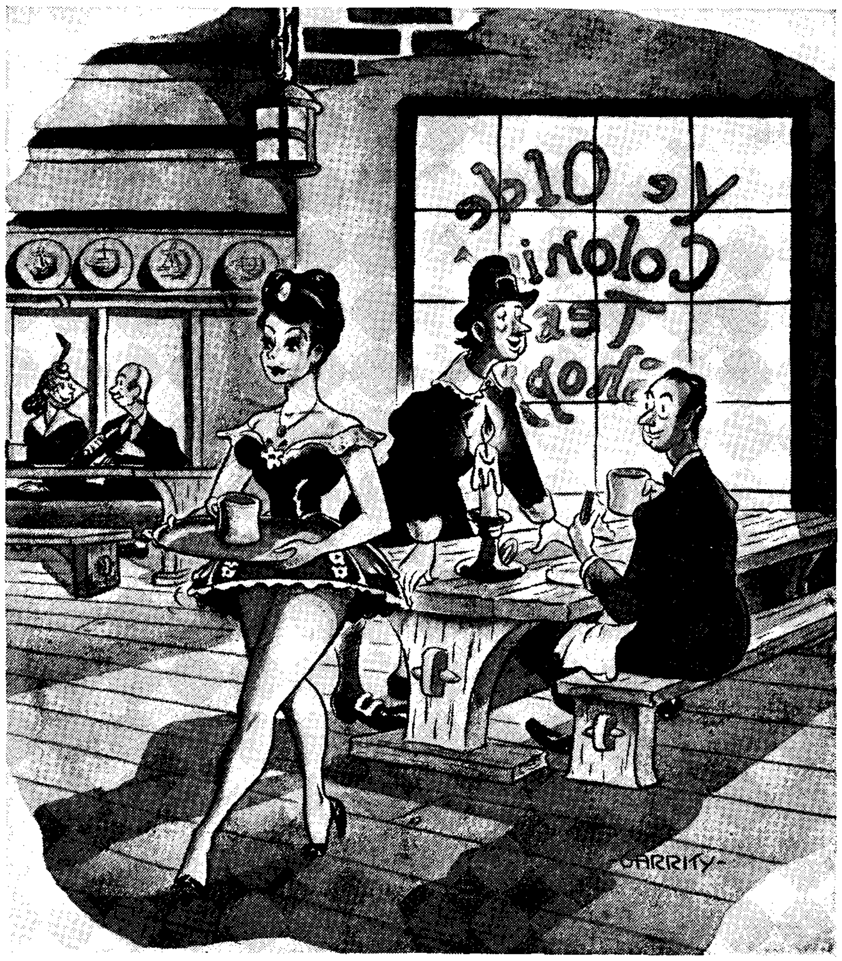
Continued from page 4

have always seemed to us to be more or less inoffensive. "Things are happening so fast these days that I may have missed a Washington ruling against women carrying handkerchiefs. But every other story I read in the magazines includes a woman bursting into tears, and a man who hands her a spotlessly clean handkerchief—linen, and always precisely folded. Don't women carry handkerchiefs any more? And don't men ever use the ones they carry? And another thing: I am sick and tired of vitamins, listening about them on the radio, hearing people talk about them, reading about them. Maybe it is vitamins that ail us. Too much vigor, not enough outlets for such vigor. Therefore war. You give me a pain, too, you big vitamined sap!"

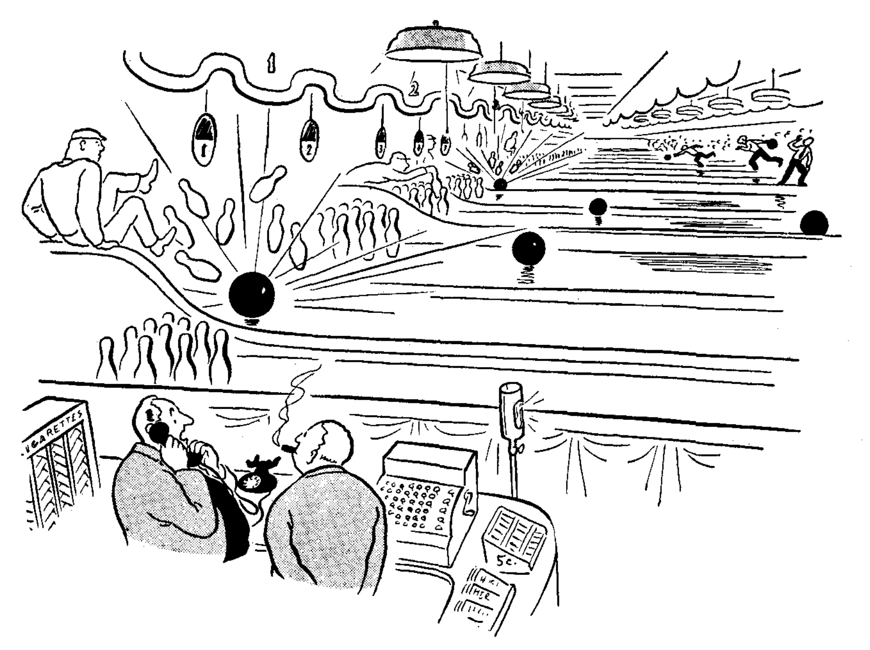
APPARENTLY Mrs. Miller's sore about something. And who isn't? Mr. Jackson Brewerie of Kenosha, Wisconsin, is complaining with some heat that we have ignored "an editorial policy sent to you by me four months ago that would make a magazine of you at a cost of only $100,000 in ten yearly payments and give all sides of this war instead of being the narrow partisan you are." We've made inquiries but can find no one in these offices who remembers seeing the Brewerie Plan. However, it isn't Mr. Brewerie's letter that traps our interest so much as his concluding words. We recommend them to officials of the State Department who, when writing to diplomats—even those who are doing their best to make the job of licking Hitler as difficult as possible—always wind up their letters with: "Accept, Excellency, the renewed assurances of my highest consideration." Mr. Brewerie comes to a halt with the following words: "If I don't hear from you in a satisfactory manner by return mail I will come to your office and kick the tripe out of you."

WE ARE glad that General Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, is back home from England. And it's none too soon either. We've just been trying to get Republic 6700 on the telephone. The operator rang the number for two or three minutes, getting nowhere whatever. Presently she said, "Sorry, Republic 6700 doesn't answer." That's the War Department's number. Guess they were all out somewhere fighting. In Washington if you want to telephone to the War Production Board or any of its allied war agencies you call Republic 7500. And it gives you some idea of what the capital of your country is like these days to know that we had just been talking to a fellow at Republic 7500, extension 71,242. Very soon his extension will be among the low numbers. He said that 1,724 new phones were being added to Republic 7500 and that there'd be many more as soon as the materials for making new instruments are available. The switchboard is no trifling matter either. But it's something of a military secret and you'll have to use your imagination for the rest of this paragraph.

WE HAVE no objection of course to a nice electric slogan for this war but there are signs that the search is getting out of hand. For example, we've just seen one in a Washington newspaper: "Ibbidy, bibbidy, zibbidy, zam. Give your cash to Uncle Sam!" It is the creation of a citizen who modestly signs himself Anonymous—which, we think, is about the least he could do . . . W. D.



"Our shoppe is old colonial to the last detail. We even put hoop skirts on our waitresses!" MARTIN GARRITY


CIGARETTES
5c
D. ALAIN

"It's those people downstairs again"

Come Home Again

Continued from page 24

Jill was waiting for him. She was standing on the porch at the head of the steps when he got there. She had on a pair of jodhpur breeches, and a tweed jacket, and she had her hair done in a way that he'd never seen before, but otherwise she was just the same as she had always been. Her eyes were just as blue as he'd remembered they were, and her hair as black, and she still had the little scar that she'd got from falling off a horse when they were kids. She didn't say anything until he reached the top of the steps. Then she said, "Hello, Ching. It's been a long time, hasn't it?"

"Yes," he said, "it's been a long time."

He shook hands with her because it seemed to be the thing to do, and in the formality of that gesture he recognized how far apart they were.

There was a fire burning in the outside fireplace on the porch, and he moved toward it, to stand with his back to the flames, letting some of the cold and dampness soak out of him.

Jill said, "Four years haven't changed you much. Except for the uniform."

"No."

Not outwardly, maybe. What they could do to you inside was something else again. Jill was staring down the slope toward where he'd parked.

"New car?"

"Yes."

IT HAD cost him a lot of money, and it looked it, and he knew what she was thinking. You didn't buy a job like that on Army pay.

"Still a big mining man?"

Here it goes again, he thought, and he could feel the old familiar feeling of annoyance rising in him.

"Big in a small way," he said. "I've got a dragline outfit working down in Idaho." Inside the house he could hear a woman's voice, and the sound of laughter. "I didn't know it was a party."

"Not a party," Jill said. "Some friends of mine from New York, and a lawyer."

"Strictly business?"

"Strictly."

At least I know now where I stand, he thought, but it hurt some place just the same, and he suddenly realized how tired he was. He was conscious, too, of his wrinkled uniform, and the stubble of beard on his face. He rubbed one hand reflectively across his chin.

"If I stood inspection this way I'd get court-martialed" he said. "You haven't got a spare bed around the place, have you?"

"You drove all night, didn't you?" Jill said. "That was stupid of me, Ching. I didn't think."

She started toward the door and he picked up the bag and followed her.

"Like old times," she said. "Your room's all ready for you."

IT WAS late in the afternoon when he woke up. The sleep hadn't done him any good and he knew why. The tiredness he felt you didn't get from a long drive and lack of sleep. You got the way he felt from seeing someone you'd been in love with at one time, and realizing that you were still in love, and realizing also that it wasn't going to do you a bit of good.

He got out of bed and took a cold shower and that didn't help. Neither did shaving, nor combing his hair, nor putting on a clean shirt, but it was the best he could do. When he had finished, he went downstairs.

They were having cocktails when he came in. Jill got up and took him by the arm and led him over and introduced him: "Mr. and Mrs. Holland, and Mr. Dunham, Lieutenant Talbot." Ching poured himself a late-comer's drink, and sat down and did his best to act civilized.

The Hollands were all right. They were a nice looking, amusing couple, and under other circumstances he might have enjoyed them.

Dunham was something else again. He was pompous and self important, and obviously impatient to conclude whatever business he was there for, and to get back to wherever he had come from. His merely being there put everything on an impersonal basis, and it didn't add to the gaiety of the occasion. There was a tension in the atmosphere, like blowing up a toy balloon and waiting for it to explode in your face.

It was a relief when Jill finally said, "You're staying over the week end, aren't you, Ching?"

He shook his head. "I have to be down in Idaho tomorrow night."

It wasn't true. He could have stayed and it wouldn't have made any difference. But enough was enough.

Jill said, "That's a shame," but it

IS THIS THE REUNION OF '37 ?
NO...OUR CLASS IS 33 TO 1
33
JACK, YOU'RE HORRID! THAT WAS MY BOY FRIEND, DIPPY DAVIS. YOU TURNED HIM OUT– NOW BRING HIM BACK!
OKAY, FRAN. BUT I WASN'T KIDDING. THE CLASS OF THIS REUNION IS "33 TO 1."
JACK BRINGS HIM BACK
NOW JACK, PLEASE APOLOGIZE TO DIPPY AND EXPLAIN ABOUT "33 TO 1."
THAT'S EASY– IT'S THIS COOLING QUENCHER – 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER!
AH–NOW I GET IT–BLENDED "33 TO 1." THAT'S WHY IT'S IN A CLASS BY ITSELF FOR FLAVOR!
I SEE YOU GOT YOUR MAN, FRAN. LOOKS LIKE HE'S ENJOYING HIS REUNION WITH GOOD OLD PABST BLUE RIBBON, TOO.
A TREAT LIKE THIS DESERVES A TOAST! HERE'S TO THE REFRESHING CLASS OF "33 TO 1"!
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER
CLUB SIZE
REGULAR SIZE
Pabst Blue Ribbon
33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

FLAVOR! EXTRA-DELICIOUS FLAVOR...BECAUSE PABST BLUE RIBBON, LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES, REACHES PERFECTION THROUGH BLENDING. IT'S SPECIALLY BLENDED, "33 TO 1."

It's the class of any party–the beer with a flavor that can't be copied, because it's *specially* blended from 33 fine brews. That's why it's a universal favorite–and the leading beer in the homes of all America.

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was only politeness, and he could appreciate the way she felt. There was no profit in being around each other when all it did was stir up old things that were better put away and forgotten.

"I'd like to stay," Ching said, "but I've put a new boss on the job and I'd like to be sure things are running right before I go back to camp."

Dunham got out of his chair and set his glass on the mantelpiece. "In that case," he said, "it might be a good idea if we got our business settled and done with."

It broke up the party. Mrs. Holland said something about getting dressed for dinner, and left with her husband. Jill wandered out on the porch.

Ching was glad of that. He'd tried to talk business to her once before with a considerable lack of success, and he had no desire to repeat the experience. With Dunham there would be no personal feelings to intrude, and that was the way all business should be transacted. He got out of his chair and walked over and leaned against the mantelpiece.

Dunham said, "Miss Garrison isn't satisfied with this arrangement of a joint ownership of the land." He was faintly ill at ease. He threw his cigarette in the fireplace and moved over to sit down on the couch. "There's nothing personal in it, of course," he said, "but we have some plans for development of the property. I'm prepared to make you an offer for your share."

"I'm listening."

Dunham said, "One hundred thousand dollars."

IT TOOK a minute for it to soak in. It was too much money for the land. It was so much too much that it could only mean one thing, and it explained Dunham's being there. Jill would have to have some backing on a proposition like that, and Dunham represented that backing. Ching came around on his heels and flattened his shoulders against the mantelpiece. That's one for the book, he thought. Aloud he said, "It's a pretty fair mining prospect."

Dunham didn't try to deny it. "It's a good prospect," he said. "It's also a fair offer for your share."

"The offer's fair enough."

It made him sick. When you sold out your principles there was nothing left, and Jill had sold out. More than that she had sold him out, because he knew suddenly that in spite of the anger and the bitterness he had felt toward her he had respected her as being the one person he knew on earth, whom money couldn't touch. In the last four years he had seen greed in every shape, manner and form, and it had left him with a lasting contempt for money, and for the things people would do to get money. Everybody's got a price, he thought. Everybody!

Dunham was still waiting, but Ching didn't pay any attention to him. He walked over to the window. Down the slope in the corral he could see four horses huddled into a corner with their tails turned into the wind. And beyond them he could see the sweep of the meadow, a mile and a half, maybe two miles of it down the valley.

It was green and rich-looking after the rain. The willows and alders and birches were swaying in the wind, and the berry bushes were thick-clustered along the stream.

When he was a kid he used to go along there in late summer, with a bucket over his arm, gathering berries. He had caught lots of trout in that stream. And he didn't know how many times he'd ridden up through that meadow after dark, tired and cold, but happy, waiting for the lights of the house to come into view. And right then it hit him. Everything that had ever happened to him in his life that he liked to remember had happened right there, and for the first time he saw exactly how Jill had once felt about the land. If he had any home at all this was it, because you couldn't call a construction shack or a ten-dollar-a-week hotel room a home.

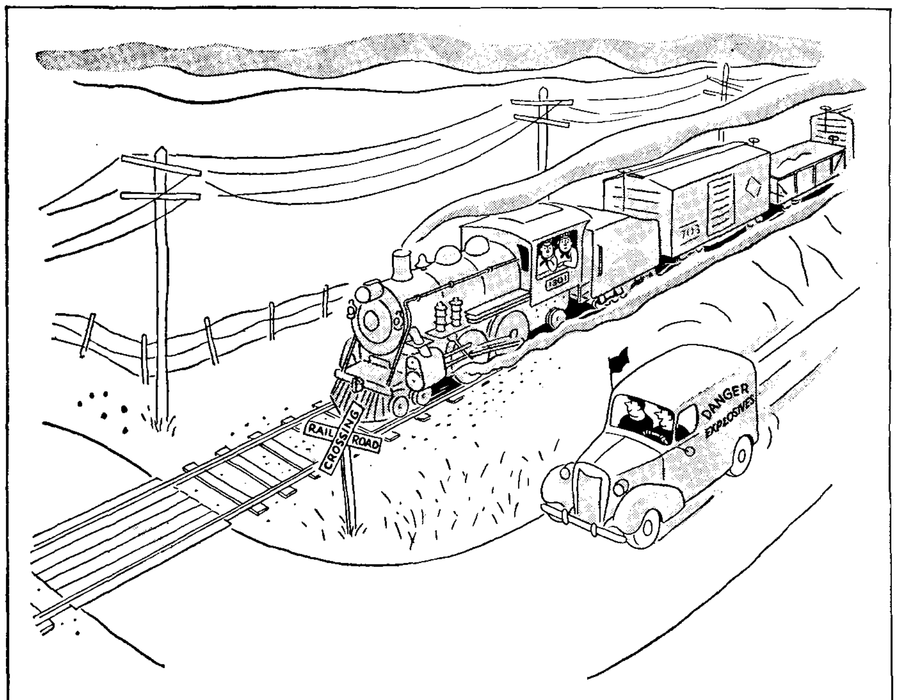
All right, he thought. He was twenty-eight years old, and a man could change his values in four years. He'd turned too much earth grass-side down not to know what that valley would look like when a dredge got through. It would be just one big heap of stones and gravel; something like the Sahara Desert only not so picturesque. And he didn't want that to happen. There was something funny in that too. He and Jill had fought about it once before, and now they were on different sides of the fence. He went on looking out the window.

He said, "Look, I was born and raised on this land, and I like it the way it is."

"You'd naturally have some sentimental attachment for it," Dunham said.

"We'll call it a sentimental attachment," Ching said. "If it is it's the only one I've got left, and it's one I can afford to keep."

He could hear Dunham getting up from the couch behind him.



"I'll bet they're just a little worried about what we're going to do at the crossing"

TONY BARLOW

"Let's say five thousand dollars more for the sentiment."

Ching said, "I still like it the way it is."

DUNHAM didn't get it at all, and you couldn't blame him for not understanding. Ching wasn't sure that he understood it himself. A part of it was the land. A part of it was his new bitterness toward Jill. He came away from the window.

"You think I'm trying to jack up the price on you," he said. "I'm not." He lighted a cigarette and flicked the match toward the fireplace. "Four years ago," he said, "I was broke, and I wanted to put a dredge in here. Jill didn't want it. She wanted the land unsullied and unspoiled. That's the way she's got it."

It sounded childish, he supposed, but it didn't matter, and Dunham didn't matter either. The lawyer was there for what he could get, and he was angry now because he had run into some unexpected opposition. He started his protest, "Listen, Talbot . . ." and Jill's voice said flatly, "Let it go."

She was standing in the doorway, her eyes large and dark against the whiteness of her face. He could still hurt her, Ching thought, and in the momentary anger that came out of his bitterness and disappointment he made the job complete.

He said, "You called me cheap once, but I wasn't selling out anything that I believed in. Now it's my turn."

She didn't move, but her mouth twisted at the corners, like a child about to cry. Except she didn't cry. She said, "All right, Ching. All right."

Dunham moved away from the fireplace, confused but still angry, and Jill said, "You pay your debts, don't you, Ching. I had it coming to me."

HER voice was tired and defeated, and at the sound of it the anger Ching had felt left him, and without the anger he had no defense against her. He turned away, feeling suddenly sick. He passed the Hollands on the stairs and nodded without speaking. Mrs. Holland's heels tapped on down the steps, and below him the sound of voices broke up the silence.

The upper hall was dark. He stumbled once on a rug and fumbled for the switch in his room. Inside he lay down on the bed with one arm thrown across his eyes against the glare of the light, and after a long time the sickness was gone. He got up then and packed his bag. He took the backstairs going down, and the back door going out.

It was getting dark outside. The sun, what little there had been, was gone behind the hills, and the overcast was heavier. Three hundred miles more in the rain, he thought. The turf was soft and springy under his feet, and he could smell the pines and the heavy wet smell of the grass.

It was the last time he would ever come there, he knew, and because it was the last time he stopped at the corner of the house and set the bag on the ground, and looked down the valley for a long time. He couldn't see much on account of the darkness, but he looked just the same. This is the second time it's caused me trouble, he thought, and I'm through with it.

He had his mind made up. Jill could have the land if she wanted it. Except he didn't want any money for it. Now or ever.

The bag seemed heavier when he picked it up. Darkness had gathered in the valley, and he went carefully down the slope, feeling the shadows and the trees in the blackness around him. The lower branches of the big fir slapped him in the face when he put the bag in the back end, and he wiped the water off with the sleeve of his coat. He moved up to the front end of the car, and he was standing there fumbling for the ignition key when Jill spoke to him: "Get in, Ching, and let's talk a while, shall we?"

He didn't say anything for a minute. He didn't even think anything. He just stood there.

Then he said, "Talking does no good. I've done too much damage already talking."

Maybe it's an apology she wants, he thought.

He said, "It's easy to say things you don't mean when you're angry. If I told you why I said it you still wouldn't understand."

"Maybe I would," Jill said. "Get in, Ching."

He got in. He closed the door and sat there, not looking at her, but feeling her close to him in the dark.

"There was a window open on the porch," Jill said. "I heard it all."

"All right."

"We might as well clear the books," she said. "You thought I was after the money. Well, I am. Only not in the way you think."

"What difference does it make?"

He could hear her moving in the darkness. "It makes a lot, Ching. For the past two years I've been working for an advertising agency. Forty dollars a week."

That was explanation enough, he supposed. If you had ever been accustomed to much money it was hard to get on without it. He said, "All right. You got tired of it."

"I suppose I did," Jill said, "but it didn't matter, because I knew I'd come back here some day. And then Mother's heart got worse. She's in a hospital in New York. I have to have the money, Ching."

HE SAT for a moment too shocked for speech. Then he leaned forward and switched on the dashlight, and looked at her for the first time. She was sitting huddled in the corner of the seat, crying without sound. He snapped the light out and leaned back, letting his breath come out in a long sigh. He had done considerable traveling down the wrong road, and it was a long way back.

"If a man tries," he said, "he can build himself up a nice set of wrong ideas. Why didn't you tell me, Jill?"

"I have some pride. Maybe not any more, but I did have some, and I didn't want your sympathy. It was a business proposition, and I thought you'd jump at it. I thought all you ever wanted was money, Ching."

"I see," he said, and it wasn't merely an idle expression, because, looking out through the windshield at a blank wall of darkness, he saw a lot of things that he had missed before. Maybe it was too late now, he thought, but the least a man could do was to try.

He said, "I've got seventeen days left. It might be a long wait after that."

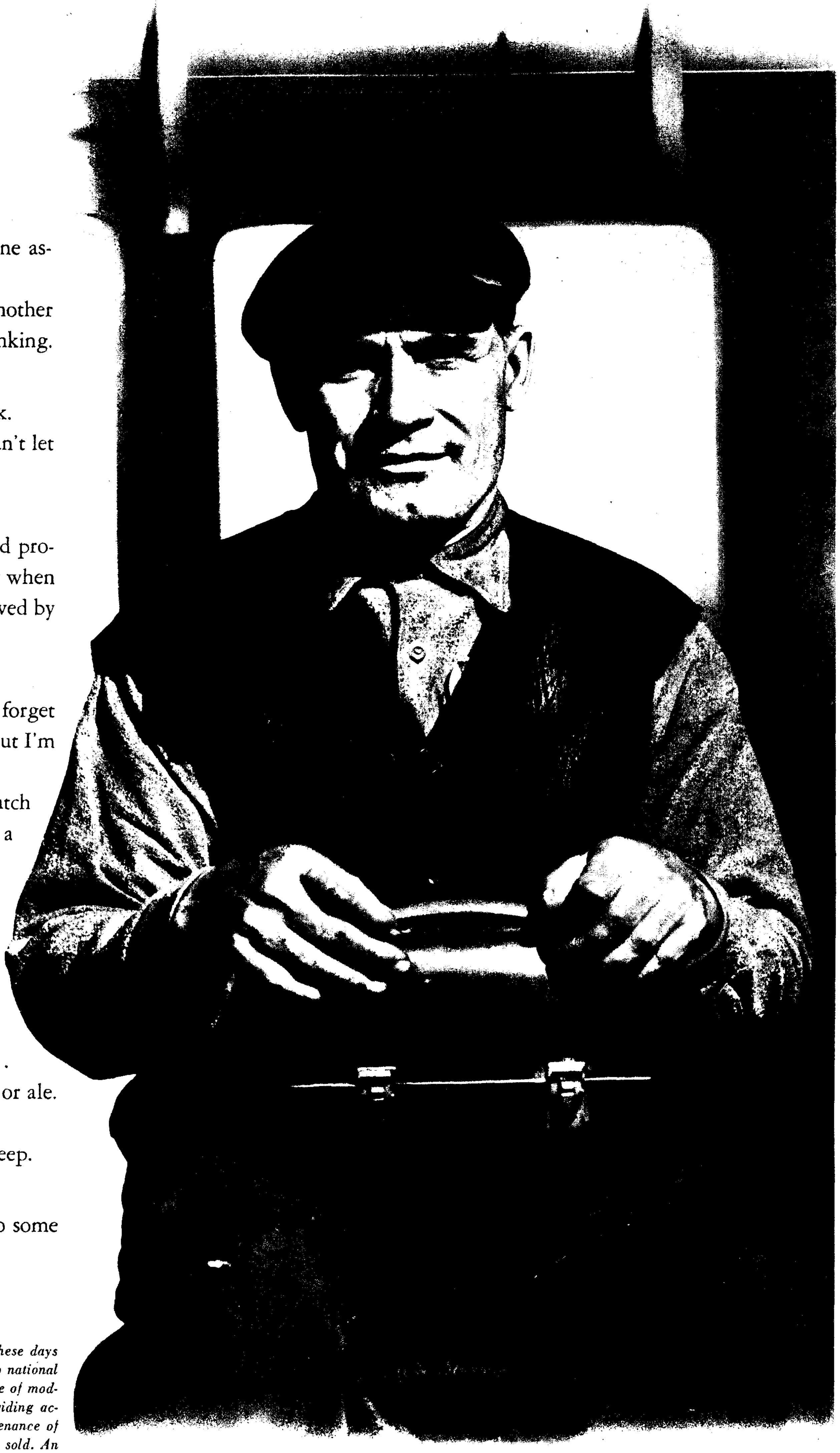
She sat for a moment, withdrawn and remote before she answered him. "We aren't the only ones, Ching. Anything worth having is worth waiting for."

That was the thing she had always known, and the thing he had had to learn. You could break up your whole life in a few moments talk, he thought, and you could put it back together again in the same length of time; and he knew then how it would be. The land didn't change. No matter what happened the land was always there, and some day, when everything was settled, they would both come home to it again. The vision of that filled him with a deep and quiet content.

He said, "Yes, it's worth waiting for," and moved toward her in the darkness.

THE END

ME



Mike Anders . . . that's me.

Married. You bet . . . four kids.

Age . . . forty-three.

And a first class mechanic . . . airplane assembly.

And tired out. AND how! . . . after another overtime shift on the "line." But still thinking.

* * *

Thinking about how to do more work.

This country's been good to me. I can't let this country down.

* * *

Today the big boss said we men could produce more work if we relaxed properly when we went home. He said that's been proved by people who study those things.

* * *

So . . . tonight I relax. I'm going to forget all about the plant and the machines. But I'm going to take it easy, too.

I'm going to sit on the porch and watch the kids play ball. I'm going to have a glass of nice, cool beer. Will that taste good! And it sort of eases the strain, too. Beer always helps me relax.

* * *

Later, after supper, I'll get together with a couple of friends. For a quiet, sensible evening. Lots of good talk . . . and maybe another glass of good beer or ale. We'll take it easy.

And then I go to bed and get some sleep.

* * *

Tomorrow I'll show them how to do some ***real*** work . . . for Uncle Sam.

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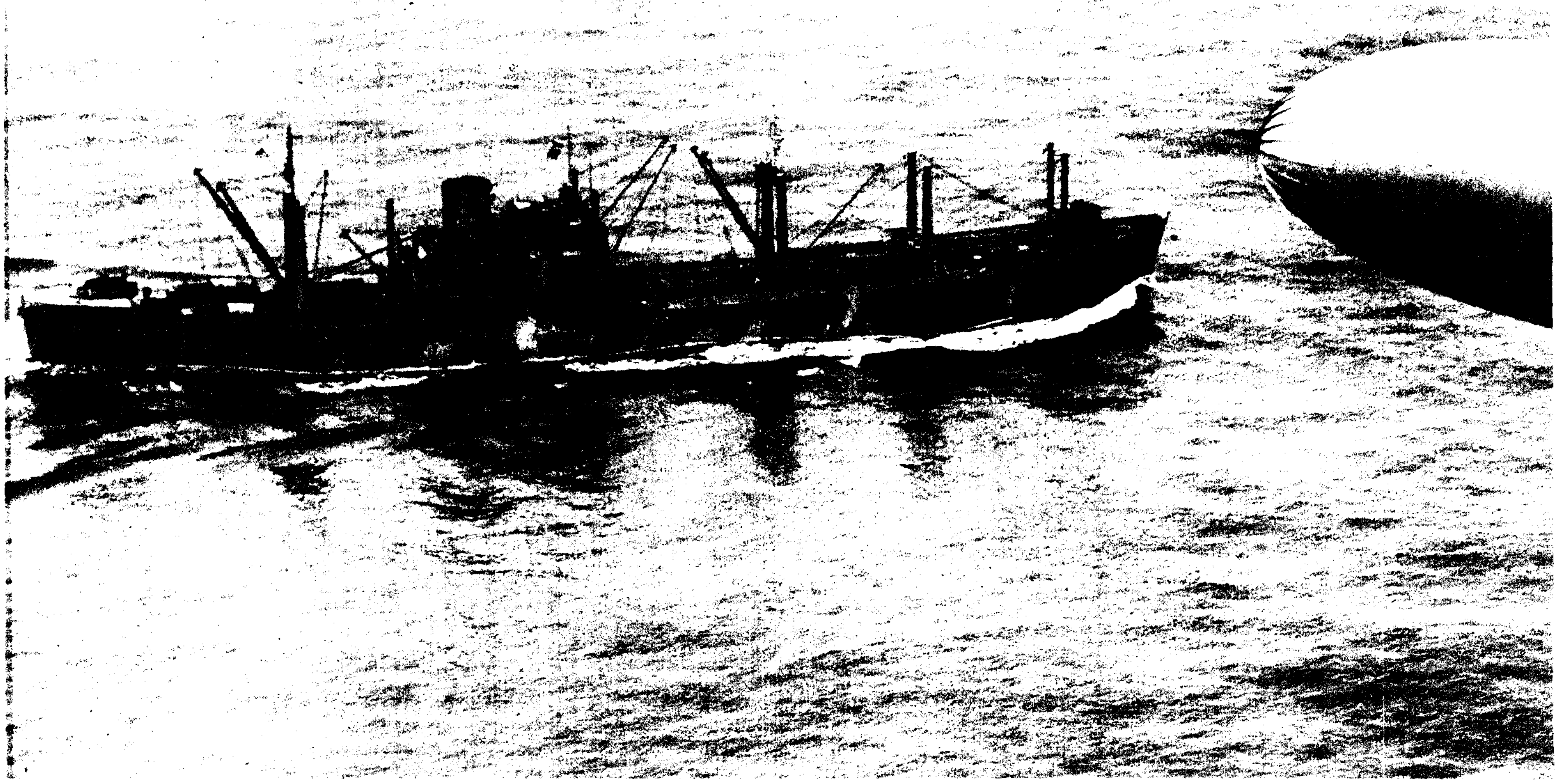
SKY-SCOW

By Paul Schubert



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

One of the United States Navy's blimps on antisubmarine patrol over the Atlantic comes down for a look at a lone freighter

Here's one of the reasons for the Navy's announcement of a sharp reduction in submarine attacks off the Atlantic Coast: the big blimps are on the job. Come along and watch us kill a U-boat

ONLY forty or fifty miles from New York's Times Square, a ship changed her course and stopped in the dusk to investigate a drifting life raft, mutely empty. The sullen sea was streaked for miles with traces of oil from torpedoed ships. There was a U-boat alert on, and from our height—we were 600 feet up in a Navy patrol blimp—we got a balcony view of all the far-flung machinery of antisubmarine war.

To the north, a couple of lean destroyers charged along. To southward, Coast Guard cutters and Navy subchasers made a wet but businesslike pathway across the waters. Army bombers, swooping low in the twilight, hunted for U-boats like gulls hungry for a fish supper.

The tension over this part of the Atlantic was war-zone tension. Only the day before, a tanker and a destroyer had been torpedoed; loss of life had been heavy. You got this tension during the last war, but only as you drew near Europe. The 1942 no-man's-land feeling of death and destruction off New York was as if the English Channel had moved across the Atlantic to take up residence near Manhattan's bright lights.

When we saw the ship change course we thought she had sighted a sub. All hands were at battle stations aboard the blimp, and I, on board as an observer dressed in borrowed Navy flying clothes with a big pair of prism binoculars slung around my neck, was periscope-hunting with the rest of them.

The ship was a British freighter, heavy laden, her decks jammed with enormous packing cases. She was warworn and in need of paint but clean and well kept, with the undefinable smartness of a "taut" ship. The men on her bridge were looking off over her starboard bow.

"That's wreckage she's looking at," reported our chief boatswain's mate from the bomb bay. "No—it's a life raft!"

Our skipper swore softly. "She's stopped her engine. That raft may be a decoy."

We half expected to see the wake of a torpedo make its way suddenly along the uneasy surface. The skipper took an Aldis lamp and began blinking downward through the blimp window to warn the ship of the U-boat alert.

The steamer's captain, down below us, turned and called an order across the bridge. Her propeller began to thrash over and she got back on her course eastward, resuming her voyage promptly. A flashing lamp on her bridge blinked up an answer to our message. We read it out word for word. "Thank . . . you . . . good . . . night."

"Any signs of life around that raft?" our skipper asked the chief boatswain's mate. "Or bodies?"

"No, sir. Nothin'."

We revved up the motors and returned to our patrol.

Blimps are back on the job as one of the most useful cogs in the antisubmarine machine. All along our coasts, as fast as hangars can go up and the big silver sky-scows can be provided, we are expanding our blimp establishment and working it to the limit.

What Blimps Are Like

These blimps are big gas bags shaped like elongated teardrops with a cabin attached to the underside, steering and elevating rudders at the pointed tail, and a couple of aircraft engines mounted on struts at either side of the cabin. They have changed very little in a quarter of a century—grown bigger, that's all—and the engines are better. And the cabin is now streamlined and fitted to the bag, instead of being an open car suspended by wires.

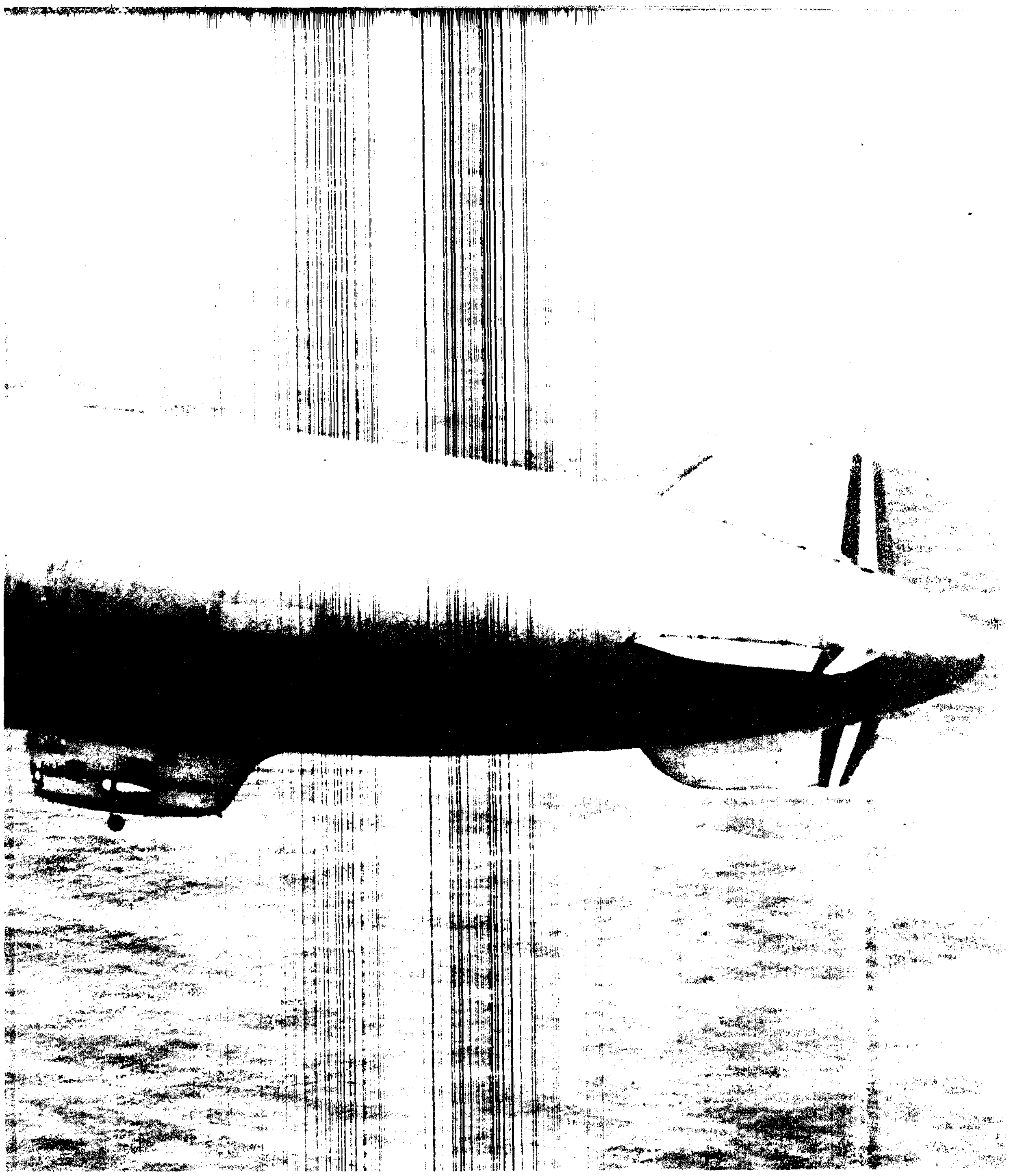
There are two standardized sizes, the smaller version being used for training pilots and crews, while submarine hunting is done in big patrol blimps whose lift is great enough to carry a heavy weight in bombs, machine guns and supplies, plus fuel for a long cruise and a crew of eight or ten officers and sailors.

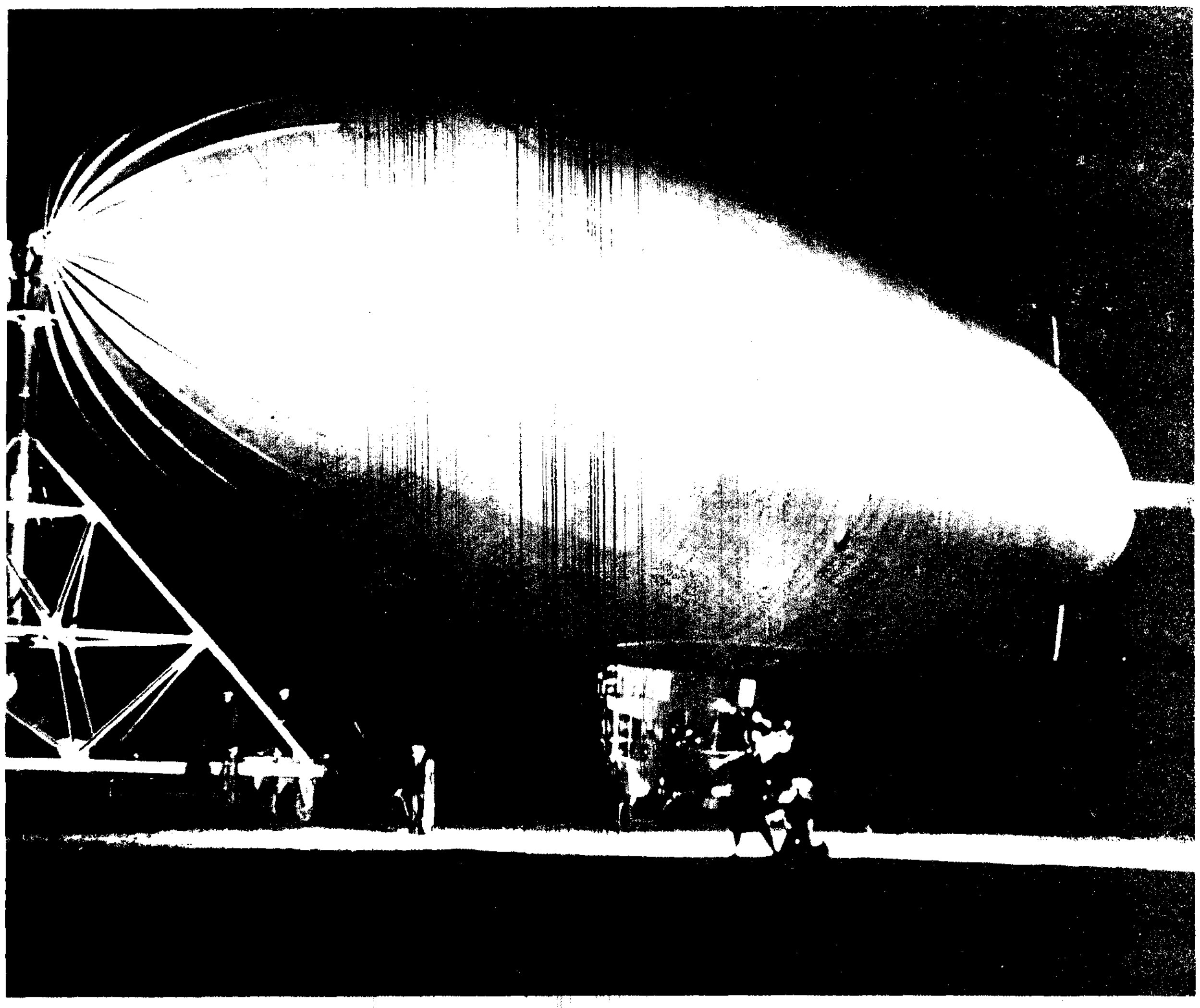
The cabin of a patrol blimp is about the same size as a motorbus but is longer and slimmer and shaped to eliminate wind resistance. The seats along both sides are cushion-padded for comfort; a couple of double-decker folding bunks back aft make it possible for men off watch to turn in during extended flights. The control room is forward, shut off by a sliding door; a gangway runs the full length of the ship all the way aft to the slender stern.

All the equipment is light in weight, utterly simple but sturdy enough to be practical. The navigator has a chart table forward on the port side. There's a compact but very adequate radio installation, an instrument panel for the engines and even a pint-sized galley, made up of an electric hot plate and an electric coffee maker.

A blimp is a ship. She feels like a ship, she acts like a ship and she's run like a ship. The moment she takes to the air, after being hauled out of the giant hangar in the predawn darkness, she rolls, rocks, yaws and tosses for all the world like a fat-bellied fishing smack. Motors roar; she climbs up to cruising altitude and steers across country toward the coast. As she passes over the surf line, dimly visible in the half light below, and goes to sea, all hands put on inflatable rubber life jackets.

By that time you're almost contemptuous of the fact that there's a good long drop of empty air between you and the ocean. It's a little like being up in the big crow's nest of an invisible liner,





A blimp's extensive patrol route usually brings it home after dark. This one is attached to a mooring mast at the Lakehurst Naval Air Station. In emergencies, blimps may be refueled at sea by Navy ships

with a fifty-mile circle of visibility ringed around you. The crew is as "Navy" as any man-of-war afloat, and the old Navy smell of "Jamoch" brewing in the galley (coffee to you landlubbers) adds the finishing touch.

The gas bag that holds—or helps hold—this thing up in space is just a big envelope pumped full of helium, the noninflammable gas which has almost as much lift as hydrogen and is infinitely safer. The fact that other countries make less use of blimps than we is not because they wouldn't like to, but because any dirigible inflated with hydrogen is a deathtrap in this day of incendiary machine-gun bullets—and we are the only country with an adequate supply of domestic helium. This doesn't apply to Britain's barrage balloons, since these blimps carry no crew and can be hydrogen-inflated without danger to life.

It is very important that the gas pressure inside a blimp bag be great enough to keep the bag swelled out to its proper shape, because a large part of the blimp's lift comes from the aerodynamic effect of driving the ship forward by its motors. In fact, though blimps are called lighter than air, it is quite common for them to take off heavier than air and to stay heavy through the first part of their flight, until part of their gasoline load has been used up.

It wouldn't be hard to keep the bag pressure constant if the balloon stayed in her hangar. But the moment she rises from the ground into the thinner upper air, the gas inside the bag tends to expand. As the chill of dawn gives way to warmer daylight and then to warm sun, the gas expands still more. Conversely, if the ship runs into fog, the gas contracts. Even a change of atmospheric pressure affects it.

The Big Trick of Ballooning

To allow for this expansion and contraction, the bag is only filled about three quarters full of gas. The rest of it is filled with inner pockets, or "ballonets," puffed out with air under pressure—air scooped in as the blimp drives forward, or pumped in with a little putt-putt motor when she is hovering.

This job of watching the gas pressure is the big trick of ballooning. It's in the hands of the pilot on duty, who watches a panel of pressure manometers and manipulates the controls of vents and dampers leading to the big bag. In an emergency, if the ship should start to rise suddenly—if she ran out of wet fog into hot sun, for instance—he can valve some of his helium, allowing it to escape into free air. If she starts down, he can dump some of his load to make the ship lighter. Fuel is one of his biggest items of ballast; another is his heavy load of bombs. But under ordinary circumstances, he keeps her at cruising height, or takes her up or down, as the skipper orders, by working the big elevating hand wheel just under his right hand. As the old girl sails along with her comfortable rocking pitch and heave, she rides the air waves in sky-scow fashion, and the pilot keeps her tamed with that elevating hand wheel connected to the elevating rudder in the tail.

Alongside the pilot, the second pilot mans the steering wheel. She steers just like a ship, yawing to the gusts and calling for plenty of energetic wheel work to keep her on the course.

We ran into danger ten miles off the coast, just as we were cruising over the wreck of a torpedoed, fire-gutted tanker—the kind of sight to make you ball your fists at the thought of the good men who had been trapped and killed in that water-borne inferno. The sea was sloshing over the hulk's broken back, sucking in and out of the gaping torpedo wound, and a Navy tug was standing by in the hope of towing the derelict into port.

Just then we ran into a squall.

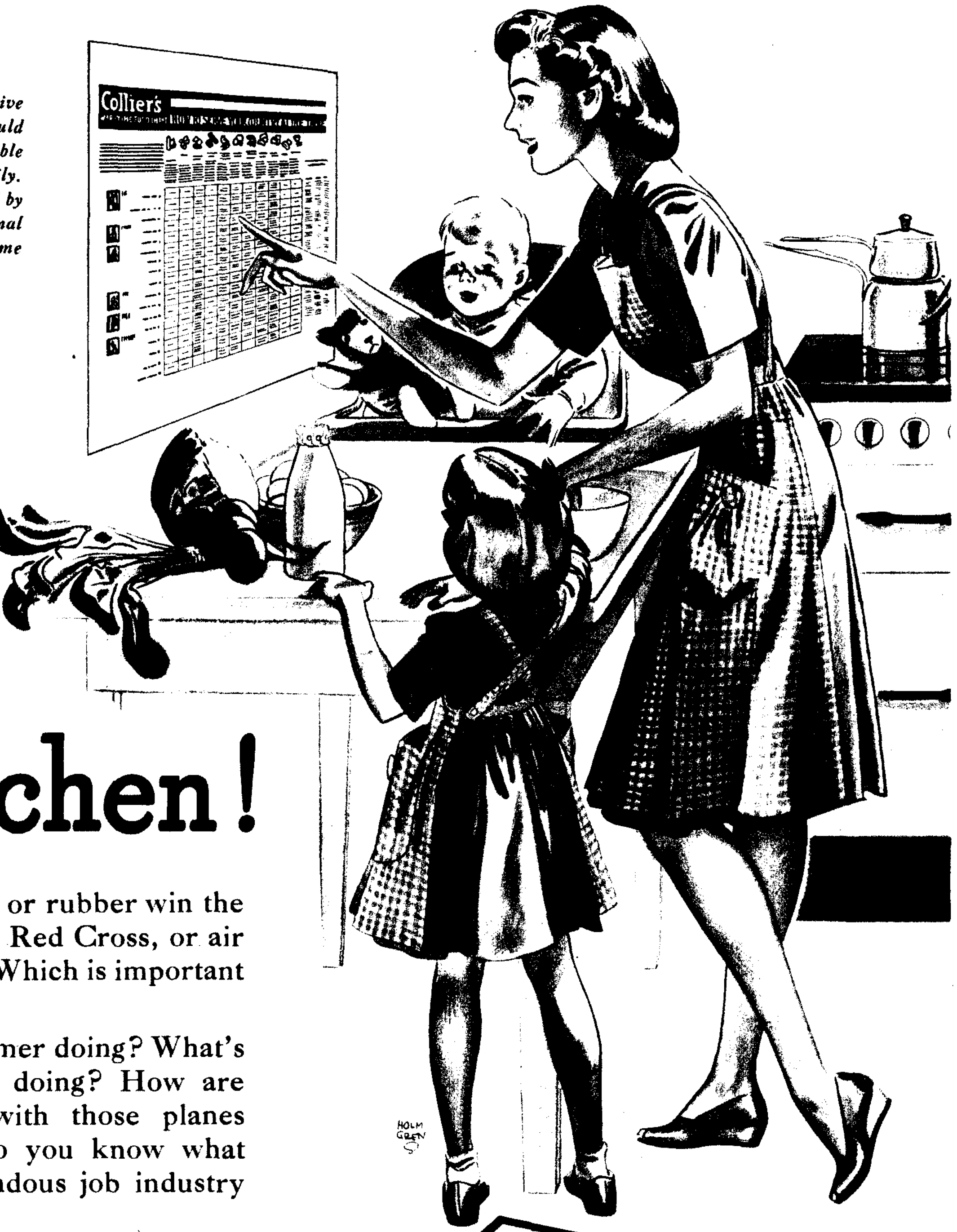
"Ice, Cap'n," said the chief boatswain's mate, who had the pilot's controls.

"Head her for the beach!" said the skipper, and our motors roared to a droning urgency.

Rain, freezing on that big silver bag, added weight so fast that the skipper's brow furrowed up with the anxiety of his responsibility. Blimps are precious right now, and if the cards were stacked against us and we had to make a forced landing, he wanted to have the ship over solid land and not on that choppy sea. From our height, the sea looked deceptively smooth, but when you put the binoculars on the Navy tug down there astern of us, you saw waves breaking against her stubby bows and rocking her like an old porch chair.

Fortunately we got out of the squall and into sunlight before we had to start dumping weight. We came out of the adventure just over the shipping lane and were ordered by radio to patrol to the northward, up toward Ambrose Light.

Another danger not to be overlooked is wind, *Collier's War-Time Food Chart is an authoritative picture of the kinds and amounts of food you should have for your particular type of daily activity — bible for the housewife planning meals for a family. Allowances of nutrients are those recommended by the Committee on Foods and Nutrition, National Research Council, and by the Bureau of Home Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture.*



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Collier's — *for People of Action*

especially an offshore wind. Blimps are good for air speeds between sixty and seventy knots (if a blimp man spoke of miles-per-hour he would mean nautical-miles-per-hour, which is “knots,” so he just calls them knots and lets it go at that). But a blimp’s speed over the ground or the ocean depends on how much of a head wind she has to buck.

One of our Atlantic blimps turned out to sea this spring, in answer to a U-boat alarm, and cruised far offshore—no use saying how far she went, here, since we might as well keep the Nazis guessing as to our radius of operation. Anyway, she went plenty far, did her job, and then had to come all the way home bucking a stiff headwind that kept her down to about twenty knots progress over the ocean. That blimp’s cruise was a voyage, but she got home all right.

Even if a blimp ran out of fuel, her cruise wouldn’t necessarily be over. Under all ordinary weather conditions she could be fueled at sea by rendezvous with a Navy craft.

Army and Navy Teamwork

The Navy’s closest partners in the offshore flying job are the Army bombers which swoop out from the airdromes all along the coast and furnish a vital part of the essential sub-hunting strength.

Teamwork between the two is close and good. It’s not limited to the official organization teamwork of Army and Navy co-ordinated command. Soon after the antisubmarine work began, the pilots and other working members of the team made a spontaneous effort to get together and find out about the part the other fellow was playing. A group of Army officers rolled up to the Navy’s biggest blimp station one day on a self-initiated good-will tour to talk over co-operative plans for making life dangerous for U-boats.

As a result of this praiseworthy gesture, Army men began spending their off days as observers aboard cruising blimps, and the Navy went out in Army bombers at every opportunity. Each service soon conceived the highest admiration for what the other was doing, and now, when they meet at sea, it is with a great sense of teamwork and brotherhood. In radio, patrol plans, etc., co-ordination between the activities of the two is very smooth.

There have also been conferences between the Navy, the Army, the shipping people and the Coast Guard (now a valued part of the Navy). Here all details of antisubmarine work have been thrashed out. Shipping has been told the tricks and novelties of current U-boat methods, which change continually in a life-or-death game of wits between ourselves and our enemies. When shipping had complaints, it got them off its chest; and the offshore job has been organized on a practical, man-to-man basis.

As for blimps, shipping people like them. “Let the blimps carry on as they have been doing,” they say. “They keep the U-boats under water, where they can do the least harm.”

The great menace of the U-boat attack on our Atlantic Coast has been the submarine which rises boldly to the surface by day or by dark and launches its torpedo and gun attack under conditions where its aim is deadliest.

Ships on our Atlantic seaboard never know nowadays when the Nazi menace will appear, since the Germans use hit-and-run methods, attacking one or two vessels, then eluding pursuit and, if they survive the intensive hunt (not all do by a long shot), often shifting to a new operations area some distance away before launching another attack. Meantime a second attack group may bob up elsewhere with a fresh assault.

But when a blimp patrols along above a ship, she is *able*, thanks to her height and her ability to slow down to a speed no greater than that of the ship, to keep a lookout unequaled by any other craft. If trouble is spotted, she has enough speed reserve to charge to the danger spot (right over the ship if necessary) literally within seconds, and her heavy bomb load gives her a terrific wallop. The U-boat danger zone is a circle only a mile or two in radius about the ship, and in *that zone* the blimp can give plenty of protection.

I took part, for instance, in the escort of two very precious vessels protected not only by a blimp but by a Navy destroyer. We, up in the blimp, kept our station easily. Sometimes we would forge ahead at twenty or twenty-five knots until we were abreast of the destroyer; sometimes we would circle and drop astern. It was a grand day, blue sea and bright sun, and we were a martial procession, with all hands at battle stations and all the ships’ guns trained out ready for action.

Suddenly the destroyer put her rudder over, heeling deep as she shot off to starboard at full speed. We skated around, revving up our motors while she blinked a submarine warning.

“Open the bomb hatch!” the skipper yelled. Forward in the bomb bay, the chief boatswain’s mate searched the sea in hawklike concentration. It was war, at spitting distance off the Atlantic Coast, the old story of hunter and hunted, and as we hunted U-boats, the ships we had been escorting zigzagged away from the danger zone.

Our skipper was aggrieved because he hadn’t had the luck, yet, to bounce bombs off (or at) Nazi conning towers. You don’t fly over a sea streaked with the oil of sunken ships, or look down on fire-gutted hulks, without a deep sense of personal hunger for vengeance.

“I’m the only skipper in the squadron who hasn’t had his little show,” complained our lieutenant, adjuring the chief to keep a bright lookout; but our “contact” was a false alarm.

Most of the work of submarine patrol is just what we were doing—hard work, danger, excitement, monotony, with the accent on hard work. We spent the rest of the afternoon delivering our precious convoy to its destination. We breathed a sigh of relief when we saw the ships safe inside the submarine nets in the hands of harbor pilots. The sun was getting low, and it was about time for us to start back home—

The Nazis Pay High

Then, from a point far offshore, we got another submarine alert and without hesitation put to sea for another four hours of grueling work, in which we teamed up with the whole mechanism of co-ordinated antisubmarine activity in a large-scale operation.

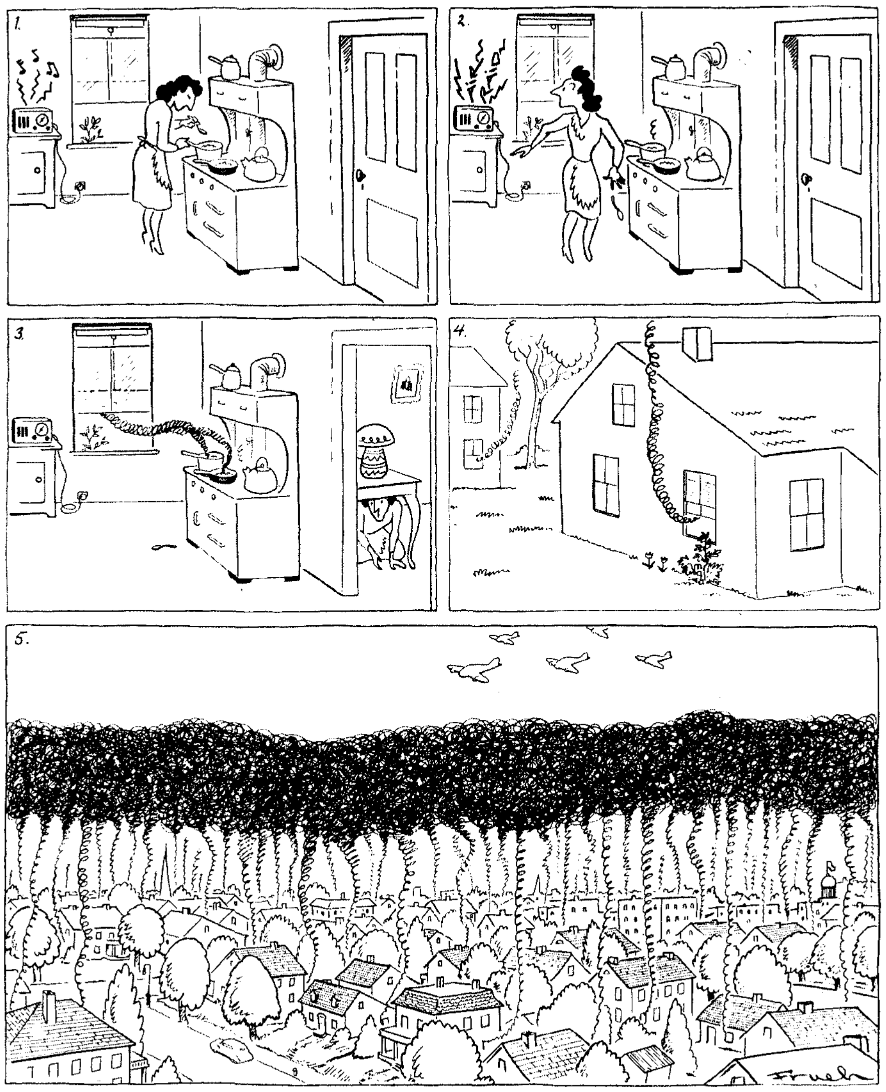
This isn’t the place to say what we did and what we accomplished. The thing to say here is that if it weren’t for the Atlantic antisubmarine activities, U-boat sinkings would have mounted to astronomical proportions. As it is, thanks to blimps, destroyers, converted yachts, patrol boats and Army bombers, the Nazis have paid a heavy price, and their tonnage destruction has been kept within bounds.

It was long after dark as we crossed the line of surf and the bright-lighted coast. “Those lights,” said the skipper, “are nice to navigate by—but the Germans use ’em too. I wish the coast was blacked out and that those motor fishing boats we’ve been seeing all day were tied up for the duration.”

The hangar was in sight ahead. As we came in, we could see the ground crew crossing the field to take our lines.

I wish I had a blimp of my own—and had her out every day on the U-boat hunt.

THE END



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Buy War Bonds

Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 48

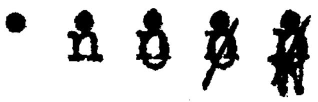
up a mortar emplacement with grenades and capturing (a) a telephone post and (b) a light machine-gun emplacement. No wonder the course is known as the Sgt. York Battlefield.

BOSTON NAVAL RECRUITING STATION. Arthur B. Colgate, of Medford, had a reason for joining the Navy. "I've got two grandchildren," he said, "to protect." . . . "You see," confided Tony Amaral, of Fairhaven, to the recruiting officer, "I had a job making bullets, then got a feeling I'd like to deliver a few personally." . . . Manuel Baptiste, a Taunton boxer, couldn't pass the eye test, so he got himself a fight, made the price of a pair of eyeglasses and got in on spec, so to speak. . . . Johnny Marsland, of South Attleboro, bought his way in for $340—the cost of an operation and dental work examining medicos said he needed. . . . Bill Fair, a Dedham window washer, announced he was sick and tired of watching a painter give his gleaming windows blackout coats. "They don't," he asked plaintively, "do that to portholes, do they? Because I'm joining up." . . . And then there's Malden's Eddie Ferry, who's sitting around his home patiently waiting for a tooth to grow. Seems he didn't have two opposing molars, "but I've got a wisdom 'ooth 'oming in right opposite 'is one 'ere," he pointed out. "When it comes in, come back," urged the dentist. "We'll save a Jap for you to break it in on."

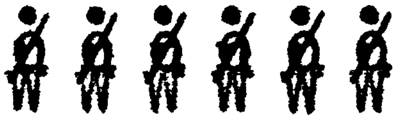
PORTSMOUTH HARBOR DEFENSES, N. H. Camp Langdon's Pvt. John Oates—known to admiring buddies as the Dixie Bantam—asked for a three-day pass to visit his home in Virginia. Amazed by Johnny's economical request for government time the battery commander wondered aloud if three days would be enough. Pvt. Oates wanted to be honest about it. "Well, suh," said he, "if theah's a mule waitin' fo' me at the station, Ah can make it. But if theah ain't no mule, reckon it'll take an extra half day."

CAMP LEE, Va. Public Relations Officer Lt. Victor L. Cary's requisition for a 75-watt bulb for office entrance illumination bounced back promptly from S-4 Officer Lt. Col. E. L. Stewart, who wanted to know the whereabouts of the 100-watt bulb he'd furnished the lieutenant ten days ago. This lucid and simple explanation was offered by Lt. Arthur Goodfriend: "The 100-watt light bulb you ask about in response to the accompanying requisition was consumed by one Pvt. Robert J. Durham, a professional fire-eater who munches razor blades and light bulbs on the side. He visited this department and ingested a considerable amount of fire, in addition to the 100-watt light bulb, and would have eaten several more bulbs of varied wattage but was restrained in the interest of economy."

FORT BRAGG, N. C. Overcome with spring fever and bogged down on some religious service notices Typist Jacquelyn Richardson began doodling on her G. I. typewriter in the office of the Senior Hospital Chaplain. It came out this way (and about half this size):



Miss Richardson called the complete soldier at the right Herbie, and Lt. Col. Henry N. Blanchard, her boss, liked the little guy so much he suggested decorating the office's bulletins with him. They no sooner hit the service club and recreation hall bulletin boards than would-be doodlers all over camp began to try their hands at Herbie. This resulted in an apparent shortage of typewriters and Corp. Clifford Uhl, who works nights in the office of the Main Post Service Club, growls that if he doesn't get to use his own typewriter soon he's gonna kill Herbie. But Herbie won't be killed at Bragg; he has multiplied too rapidly. Look:



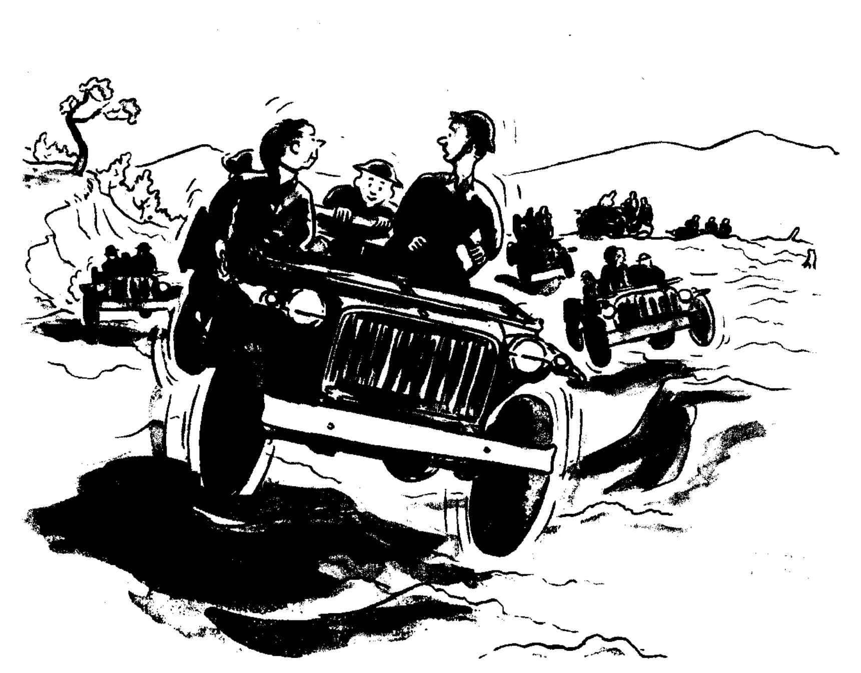
CAMP WOLTERS, Texas. The lanky colored recruit had arrived at the Reception Center that morning at 4 A. M., at which time he had eaten breakfast. When he reached the Classification Section for his occupational interview it was nearly noon. Pretty obviously he was sinking in the middle and was getting a little gray around the jowls. He told the interviewer he had been a house painter in civilian life and the interviewer—a little hungry himself—was trying to prove that the colored boy was or was not a house painter. He was having rather a difficult time of it, because the interviewee had his mind on meat instead of paint. "Look," said the interviewer, pointing here and there about the room, "this building is rough carpentry. Could you paint it?" The recruit first looked pained, then alarmed. "Yo' mean," he whispered, "befo' Ah eats?"

DESERT TRAINING CENTER, Cal. This will settle the argument over which outfit is training in the hottest weather and toughest terrain: The men here win by about 30 degrees and 10,000 square miles. The Nazis are reported to have conditioned themselves for warfare in the Libyan desert by training in bakery ovens, or a reasonable facsimile, so General Marshall thought it would be a good idea to try it out here. He sent Maj. Gen. George S. Patton and other brass hats down to pick out the hottest, ruggedest and most isolated section of the desert southern California has to offer. From Indio the party headed in a generally eastern direction, traveled four days without meeting a single taxpayer and swelteringly covered an area 180 miles long and 90 miles wide. "This," Gen. Patton panted enthusiastically, "is the spot. It's wonderful! It's perfect! Most horrible section of country I've ever seen." Desert lovers disagree with the latter opinion; they say the coloring's marvelous and the climate "the most healthful in the world—although it's rather warm, of course."

Here, anyhow, the Army is conducting its first large-scale training in desert warfare. In summer temperatures of 120° or more, vehicles from peeps on up will be tested under full combat conditions. Men will plow through sand, sagebrush and cactus, and over jagged hills. Sometimes they will be given only a gallon of water a day for all purposes, but the salt ration—to ward off prostration—will be the largest issued any units. Having compiled volumes of desert fighting data from British and German experiences, the Army is preparing facilities for training up to 8,000 officers and men at a time. It won't all be correspondence-school stuff, though; on tap are Lt. Col. Riley F. Ennis, just back from 10 months as an observer of overseas desert warfare, and other officers and men who know what it takes to condition and train troops for fighting in no shade whatever.

The going is tough and it will get a lot tougher, but newcomers are broken in gradually, and during the usually fairly cool evenings they sprawl out in the open and listen to old-timers' tales. Like the one about the engineers who built a three-mile ponton bridge across a lake before they found it was only a mirage.

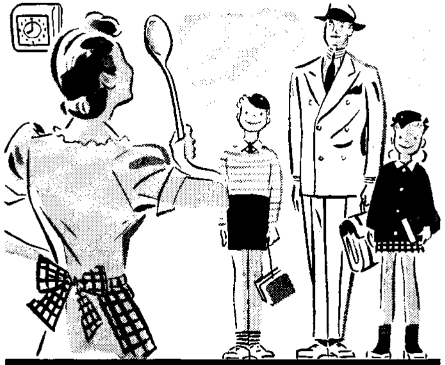
CAMP ROBERTS. A lot of scented mail is going unanswered here because, under new regulations, a reply means a court-martial. Having discovered that some of the lonely hearts seeking to contact soldiers through pen clubs were chummy with suspected fifth columnists, headquarters noised it around that any soldier corresponding with a gal he'd met only by remote control would face a long spell of looking through bars from

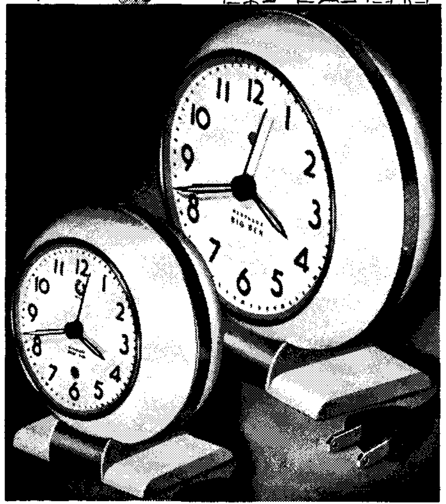


"What worries me is that I never can tell when I've got a flat"

DAVID S. HUFFINE

HOW TO SAVE TIME ON THE HOME FRONT





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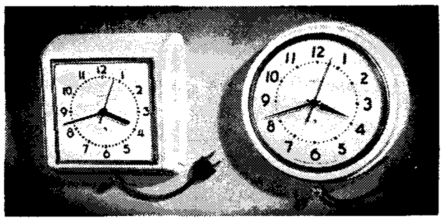
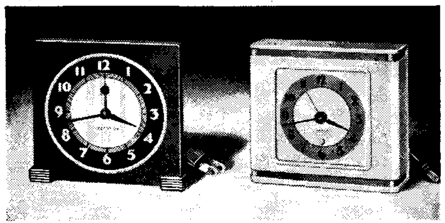
Above clocks with luminous dials, a dollar more



DUNBAR self-starting electric wall clock will save minutes in the kitchen. Tilted case is easier to read. Four smart finishes, $3.95

MANOR (*right*) is also self-starting. Easy to read numerals. Four finishes. $3.50



COUNTRY CLUB electric alarm also serves as a time clock. Maroon finish, plain dial, $2.95 Ivory finish, luminous . $3.95

BACHELOR electric alarm adds a handsome touch to mantel, desk, or any other spot. Ivory, plain dial, $3.95. Luminous $4.95

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the inside. Army Intelligence has a hunch that some of the pen pal gals have been working on 50 soldiers at a time, hoping to piece together small bits of information that might make a nice picture for their pro-Axis chums.

CAMP SAN LUIS OBISPO. The camp paper, Shot 'n Shell, coined: Skip the Blonde, Buy a Bond. From a blonde in North Little Rock, Ark., came a pert note: "Why not an armful of both?" Well, mused the editor, why not? Then, just to change the subject, he went poetic again and tapped out another slogan: MacArthur Won't Fail Ya in Australia.

MEANWHILE, Sgt. Loring Huntley, of an Obispo M.P. Bn., overheard a lieutenant questioning a soldier who had recently emerged from a café brawl. "The lady you were with," the lieutenant began. "Is she a relation of yours?" the soldier looked the officer right in the eye. "Yes, sir," said he. "She's my platoon sergeant's wife."

MOFFETT FIELD. Marines never enjoyed having the situation in hand more thoroughly than a leatherneck corporal stationed here. Speeding back from San Francisco to go on guard duty, he was howled to a halt by a state highway cop and bawled out—but terrific. Chin sagging, the Marine reported for duty and assigned to drive a jeep up and down the main highway paralleling the base. First thing he saw was the cop's car, parked smack beside an official Army sign: No Parking, Stopping, Loitering, etc., etc. There isn't much use going on with this story, is there? The Marine leaped from the jeep with joy and gave the state cop a couple of earfuls, squelching all argument with "My orders say nobody stops here, and that's you. Git!" The law gulped, grinned, and got.

MARE ISLAND, Vallejo. Hardest to crash of any in the San Francisco Bay region are the gates at the big Navy Yard here. Commanders and captains have to show passes and even the Navy's own cars are carefully looked over by the Marines who have the gate-guarding job. That's why two leathernecks pounced on Seaman Henry Smith when he waved breezily and started past them the other day. "Leggo of me," yelled Henry, "I have a pass!" He had, too. It was dated Oct. 13, 1927. Henry turned it in on a new model at the guard office, then headed into the yard to sign up for another hitch. "What's the idea," he asked the Marines, "trying to keep an old sailor from his ship? If I can find it."

HONOLULU, T. H. First thing reinforcements want to see when they arrive here from the mainland is a hula. Hawaii still has them. Then the newcomer wants to learn Hawaiian. He starts with *wahine,* which may mean a blonde or a brunette. Next he learns *homalimali* (applesauce to you) and *wikiwiki,* which signifies "hurry up," more or less. With that handy vocabulary the soldier can get by anywhere on the islands, because the natives speak good English besides.

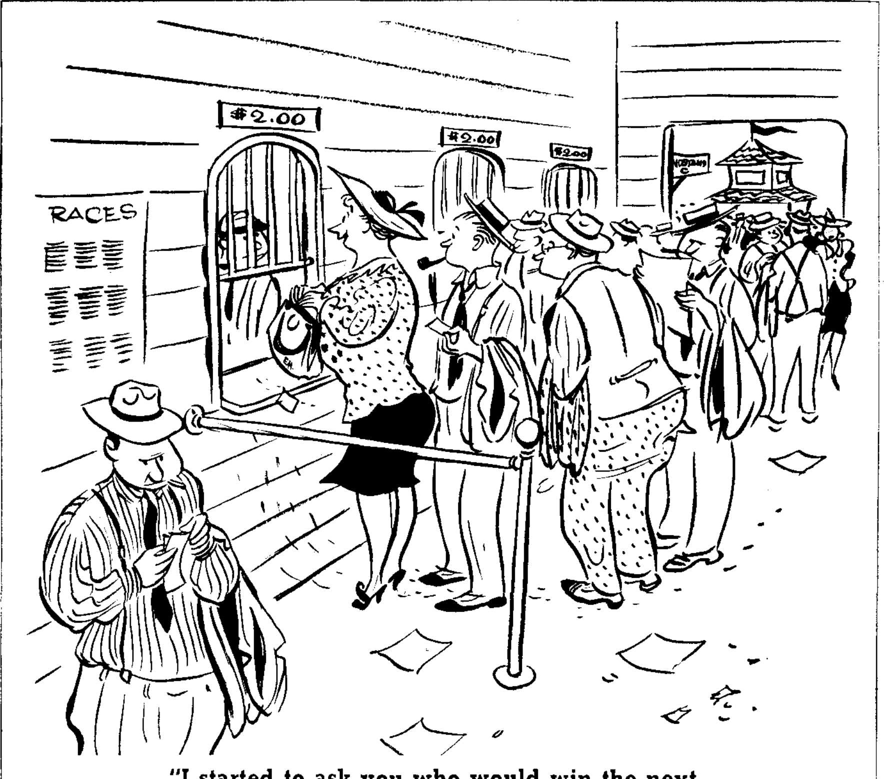
GENERAL

IN KEEPING with the universal custom of taking a crack at the guy higher up, soldiers now accost sloppily dressed buddies as follows: "Been promoted?"

SOLDIERS will eat 27,000,000 pounds of potatoes this year, but only 3,000,000 pounds of ships' cargo space will be required, because dehydrated vegetables bought by the Army will save about 10,000 tons of room in the holds. Other concentrated food products recently included on the overseas menu for American troops are: Powdered soups, eggs and milk. A pound of dried eggs expands to three dozen McCoy hen fruit, a five-pound can of powdered chicken soup makes 25 gallons of liquid, and a four-pound can of powdered tomato soup will provide 90 servings of eight ounces each.

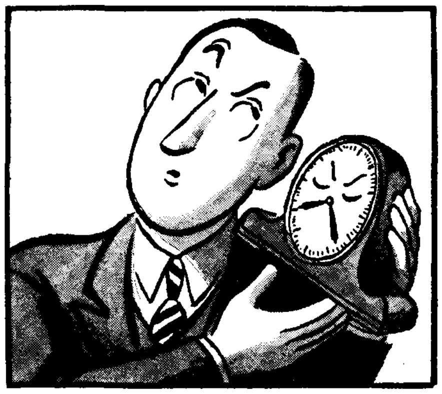
NOTE from a soldier-cartoonist: "I'm sorry the drawing for my last approved idea didn't please you. Maybe you'd better get someone else to do the job. I did it with stamp pad ink in a taxicab while crossing an American desert en route to an embarkation point and a country that begins with 'A' and ends with 'a.' "

WE COULD guess he means Australia, Alaska, Asia, Algeria, Argentina or Arabia. But no—we're keeping our trap shut. G. W.

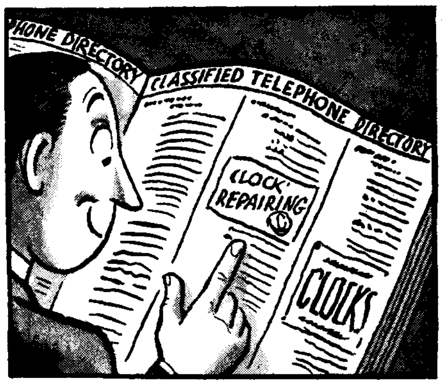


"I started to ask you who would win the next race, but you're not supposed to tell, are you?"

DAVE GERARD



STOP



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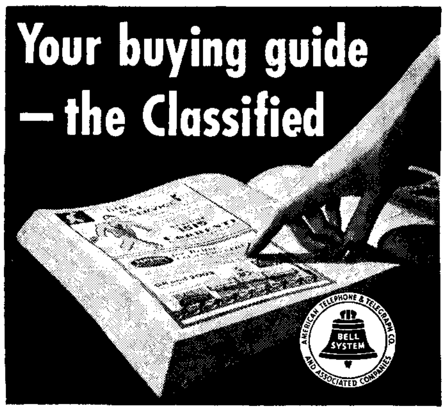
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Grade-A Bee

Continued from page 58

the Apalachicola to River Junction, Florida; then up the Chattahoochee or the Flint into the Georgia and Alabama farm country. Here the hives are reopened and the bees have nothing to do but gather honey all the day and eat it whenever they feel like it. In dry years, when there are not many flowers, the bees are fed on sugar syrup. With cold weather they become dormant.

Nobody bothers the bees until January, when they are collected again and floated down the rivers to the Valley. In the warmer climate they become active and in March go to work on the black tupelo blooms. They make this variety of honey until the white blooms come along in mid-April. And then the hives are cleaned of all black honey, and the bees go to work in earnest. Some of the apiarists are on high ground; others line up their hives on long platforms in the swamps. Each apiary has an extracting shed, which must be bee-tight. The scent of the honey attracts the bees, and if there is only a small hole in the house they will get in by the thousands.

Production is terrific. One colony may produce twenty pounds of honey in a day. One apiary has a record of 90 colonies that produced 1,140 gallons of honey—almost seven tons—in three weeks. J. A. Whitfield, one of the biggest operators and organizers of the beekeepers' co-operative, has about 700 colonies. One of his river apiaries with 326 colonies averages about 20 tons of honey each year.

This heavy work gets the bees down and they live only about three weeks. However, each queen is laying from 2,000 to 6,000 eggs a day and that keeps up the population. Even so, the bee army finishes up its 21-day stint much smaller than it started.

It's actually dangerous to get in the way of the bees when they're working. They will fly about two miles with a load—making the well-known beeline for their hives—and if anyone gets in the way it's just too bad. Each hive is guarded by sentinels. If a "foreign" bee, unloaded, tries to enter, the sentinels kill him. If the stranger has a load of nectar, however, he's quite welcome to fly in, pump his load into a cell, go out for more.

Just a tip: don't head for the Apalachicola Valley to get rich quick on honey. There are just enough white tupelo trees to provide nectar for 8,500 bee colonies. That's how many bee colonies there are at work.

THE END

Fireman's Daughter

Continued from page 22

even started going to fires with them. He's just plain silly about it."

I said, "Well, that just goes to show!"

Because he's forty if he's a minute. And fat. I wouldn't *ever* let myself get in the shape he's in. And I've been going to fires all my whole life, and practically *existed* in the Number Three engine house. I guess Arlene knew what I was thinking. She said, "Couldn't *you* be an auxiliary, Tommy? If—if anything really happened, that would be *plenty* dangerous."

I said, "Sure. But maybe you don't know you got to be eighteen to get in *any* of the protection sections."

She said, "No, I didn't know that."

I said, "Ah, the heck with it. If they don't want you, they don't want you, and that's all there is to it."

I got up to go, and Arlene said, "I'm sorry, Tommy. I guess you feel pretty bad about it."

I said, "Nuts. Maybe I'll be around tonight. Maybe we could cut out paper dolls or something."

She stood up too, and for a couple of seconds I thought about making a try at kissing her. But I was afraid she'd duck, and the way I was feeling, I couldn't have taken it. I just left.

WHEN I got home, the family were just sitting down to supper. Father looked at me over his glasses, and said, "Well! The prodigal returns!"

Janet, who is my older sister and will never forget it, sort of smirked, but Mother just looked worried. She said, "Please, Walter. Not now."

Because it's a family rule that nobody lights into anybody else till after meals. Father made it himself, but it doesn't keep him from telegraphing his punches. Which is no aid to digestion. When we got to dessert, he sort of sat back, and said, "Well, Thomas?"

I said, "Sir?"

He said, "I just happened to hear downtown that you were enlisting in the Army again. Is it true?"

I said, "No, sir."

He said, "Rumor is notoriously unreliable. Was it the Navy?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

Mother said, "Oh, *Tommy!*"

Father said, "I'll handle this, dear." Then he said to me, sort of wearily, "I think you understand my attitude on this matter, Thomas?"

I said, "I know what it *is,* but I wouldn't say I *understand* it."

He said, "We'll quibble about fine points of phraseology later. But first, there's another little matter." He looked at me hard, and I braced myself. He said, "I had a business prospect out this afternoon. Quite an important prospect. We got halfway to Holly Grove, and the car stopped."

He waited a minute, but I didn't say anything. He said, "It was quite embarrassing. Also costly. Ten dollars to be towed back to Runkle's Garage. The mechanic there, after exhaustive investigation, informed me that someone had been tampering with the carburetor."

Janet said, "Maybe it was sabotage."

Father said, "*Please,* Janet." He said, "What do *you* think, Thomas?"

I said, "Well—"

Father said, "Well, what?"

I said, "Well—we've only been getting sixteen to the gallon. You were—you were kind of griping about it yourself."

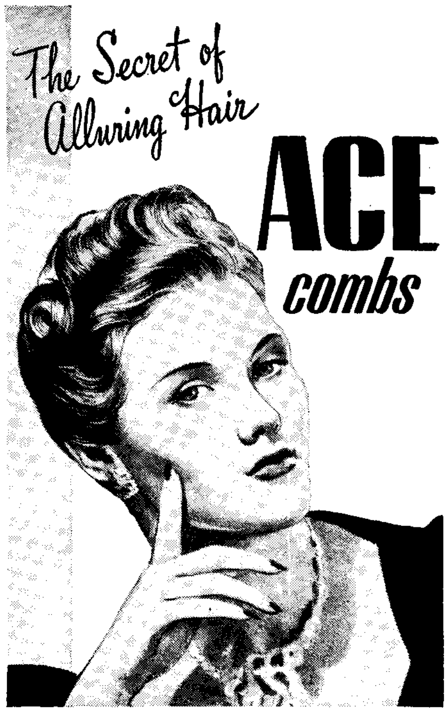
He said, "Perhaps I was. But did I appoint you to rectify the matter?"

I said, "No, sir."

He said, "Did you appoint yourself?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

He heaved a long sigh, and said, "Well, at least you've got a real respect for the truth—even if you do choose your own distance." He looked at me for a minute, and then he took his glasses off and sat way back in his chair. He said, "This isn't all as irrelevant as it seems. In fact, it illustrates a point I want to make." He waited a bit, and then said, "You know that I object strenuously to your enlisting in the



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armed forces of the United States—but I don't think you quite understand *why*."

I said, "Sir?"

He said, "Unless I'm very much mistaken, you think it's because of your tender years. You think your mother and I are unwilling to see our downy fledgling flutter forth among the hawks of war. Isn't that right?"

I said, "Well—sort of."

He said, "That may be your mother's attitude. I'm only speaking for myself. My own objection is quite different. *I'm* thinking about your future comrades. One owes them something."

I said, "Sir?"

He said, "To be a real military asset, Thomas, bravery is not quite enough. A certain minimum of common sense is also a necessary ingredient."

I DIDN'T say anything, but I could see Janet grinning like a gargoyle. Father said, "Believe me, Thomas, I'm not being light-minded about this. But there are certain things in the record to be considered. That episode with the speedboat and the diving tower last summer. And your—mercifully brief—career as an anonymous racing driver at the state fair—"

Mother just closed her eyes and shuddered, and Father said, "I think you see what I mean. I shan't labor the point. But as a loyal American citizen, I take a tacit oath with every breath I draw to do *nothing* that would give aid or comfort to the enemy. Could I violate that oath, knowing what I know, by signing a paper that would put a *gun*—let alone a *tank* or an *airplane*—into your all-too-willing hands?"

I didn't say anything. Father said, "Ah, well, it was a rhetorical question. I guess you know the answer."

I said, "Yes, sir."

He said, "Well, can we consider the matter closed?"

I said, "I guess so."

Because I wasn't making any real promises. I guess Father knew it, too. He sighed, and I excused myself and got out.

I walked around the block a couple of times, but it didn't do any good. Then I heard the siren go off. The big fire siren on the Number Three engine house.

I stood there for a minute in the dark, listening to know which way the engines were going. And then I didn't need to listen, because I could see the fire. About five blocks downtown from where I was, and just leaping. I started to run, but not too fast, because I wanted to have some wind left when I got there.

I got to the corner, and there came Number Three, screaming around on two wheels into the avenue. Flannagan and Captain Hargan and all the regular firemen were hanging on that swell, easy way and sliding into their rubber coats. And there was Mr. Bolton, Arlene's father, clutching onto the back with both hands, and looking half scared to death.

One block more, and I knew where the fire was, all right. It was Dolman's Department Store. It's not really a department store—just a kind of overgrown five, ten and a dollar. And old.

There were lots of other people in the street now, running, and I could see the front of the store, four stories high, and the flames just whirling out of the top windows. And I got that funny feeling you get at a big fire. Wanting to laugh and holler but feeling sick when you think about there maybe being people in there. Because there could be store people working late, even if it was way after hours.

I was only a block away now, and the street was already jamming up with the crowd. I didn't waste any time that way. I've been to too many fires. I ducked into Hazel Street, and then down the alley that goes behind all the stores. There wasn't any cop there yet, and I went right on in. And just like I guessed, Number Three was already back down in there, with the crew throwing hose like anything, and one line pumping already.

I kicked out a couple of kinks in the lead hose, and ducked on past the engine. Nobody paid any attention to me. They were too busy. There wasn't any fire at the back of the store yet, but the smoke was just pouring out. And right off I saw where I wanted to be. There's a twenty-foot alley between Dolman's and the Elite Auto Supply next door, but of course, the cops out front were keeping the alley clear. The Elite's a three-story, and Flannagan and another guy were up there already with a line, just beginning to get water on the fire. And that was the place for me.

I jumped for the door they'd busted open in the Elite, and practically fell over Mr. Bolton, Arlene's father. He was panting to drown out the engine, and he had hose all around him like snakes in the statue you see pictures of. I could hear Captain Hargan hollering at him to make a Two-into-One. That means running two lines from the pumping engine to go into one line to go on the fire, so as to double the pressure. Mr. Bolton had the right kind of coupling, but he was trying to put it on wrong end to. I stopped and said, "Here—let me *show* you."

And I switched the coupling around so the threads met and it could be screwed home. Mr. Bolton huffed out a thank-you, and then he saw it was me, and made a grab and hollered at me to get out of there. But I've been to more fires than he ever thought of. I ducked into the smoke, and found the back door of the Elite, and beat it up onto the roof.

That was the place to be, all right. The smoke was coming in big swirls, and sometimes you could see the engines and the crowd in the street, and sometimes you couldn't even see the wall of Dolman's, twenty feet away. And up front the fire was beginning to bust out the windows on our side, too. Flannagan and his partner were up toward the front, getting a big stream into those windows. But there wasn't going to be any saving Dolman's. That was a goner. It was the Elite they were working for.

I edged up along the roof, and Flannagan saw me and hollered at me. But he couldn't leave his hose, and anyway I knew he didn't care. He'd even let me hold hose with him at other fires. But I moved away a little.

And right then I saw it. In the window directly across from me. Fire flared up in the store behind the window, deep red and smoky, and I saw them. People in there. Women. Sort of huddled together by the window. And then the smoke closed down again.

I hollered at Flannagan, but he didn't hear. And there wasn't a second to lose. I saw a coil of rope Flannagan had brought up like they always do to haul ladders and things, and I grabbed it. I was thinking like a machine. And not a bit excited. I just knew I had to do it. There was an iron cornice right above the window, and I made a big running loop in the end of the rope, and chucked. It was only twenty feet over and one story up. I made it the first try. I hauled the loop tight and leaned all my weight against it. It held fine. I chucked the loose end over, and it reached the ground all right. But for a second there, it looked awful far down, even if it was only three stories. But then the fire came up again behind the window, and I could see those women's heads. I didn't think any more. I went over.

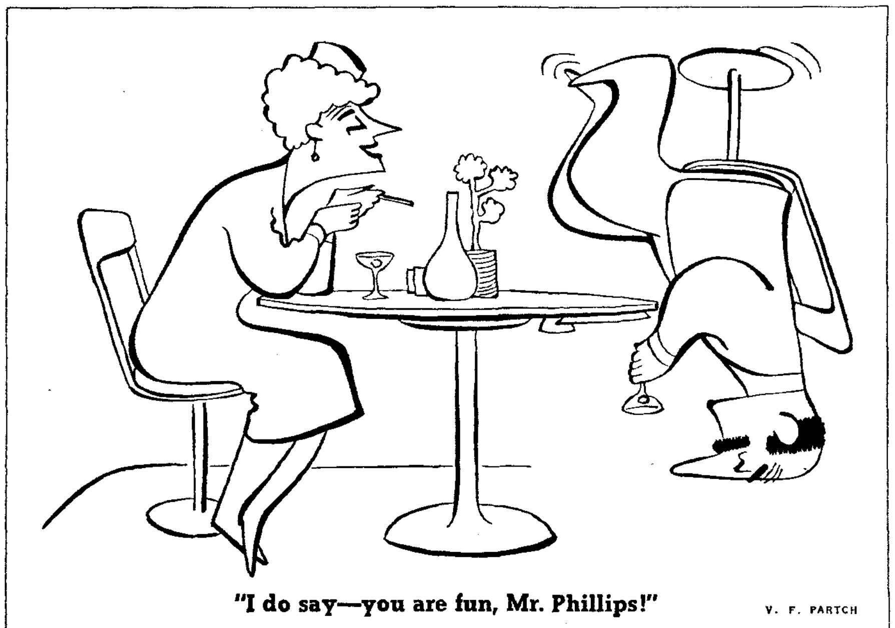
IT TOOK forever, almost. I could hear Flannagan hollering at me like crazy, and right then the smoke must have swept clear, because I could hear a big yell go up from the crowd at the mouth of the alley. But I was going now, holding my feet out with my knees kind of bent to take up the shock, and trying to keep from spinning.

And then I hit. Hard. A lot harder than I expected. It most knocked me cockeyed. But I hung on, and then I got my feet against the wall, and sort of walked up against the pull of the rope, like Flannagan had let me practice out behind the engine house. And when I got up beside the window, I kicked out the glass with my free foot and went in.

Right then, the smoke almost got me. It was awful. I went down on my hands and knees and crawled, and hollered at them to come to me. I couldn't figure why the stoops wouldn't come *to* the window. Panic maybe. Just frozen. I went about six feet, and then I hit something. It was a foot. A woman's foot. Just standing there straight up. I gave a yank, and something came down right on top of me. Something in skirts. Something very stiff and rigid. And right then the smoke cleared a little, with flames behind it, and I saw what I was rescuing. I guess nobody that ever lived had feelings quite like what I had then. I took a good long look, and then I crawled back to the window.

I was thinking just one thing while I crawled. I was thinking, ". . . *Maybe nobody knows it was me but Flannagan. Maybe I can fix it with Flannagan. . . .*"

I got to the window and reached for the rope. It wasn't there. I looked up, and I could see why, all right. There were flames busting out all along the roof, under the cornice. The rope was



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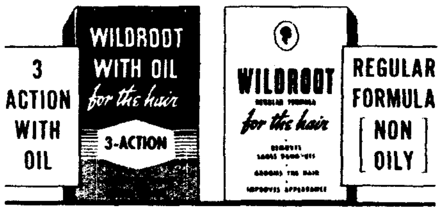


burnt off. Gone. It was a very funny feeling.

I looked across to the Elite roof, and Flannagan was gone. Then I looked down, and the alley was just boiling. The whole Number Three crew. And Mr. Bolton, waving his arms. And, of all people, my father.

Captain Hargan was snapping out orders, and they were up-ending one of those big extension ladders. And I want to tell you it was a very, very pleasant thing to see. Father saw me in the window, and hollered, "Stay there, you young idiot! Stay there! Don't jump! Stay there!"

As if I didn't have sense enough! The top of the ladder hit just below the sill, and I swung down, and my feet just made it. Captain Hargan was starting up, but I hollered at him. I guess I could at least come down a ladder. And fast, because the flames were already beginning to bust out of the window. I hit the ground, and Captain Hargan grabbed me on one side and Father on the other. I couldn't quite tell if Father was shaking or hugging me. He said, "You crazy young idiot! You lame-brained, subnormal—"

But Captain Hargan yanked at the other side of me and yelled, "Come on now! This ain't no place for it!"

Because bricks and pieces of cornice were beginning to come down around us like rain. We beat it back through the alley, and Captain Hargan hollered, "You hang onto him. I got a fire to tend to."

SO THERE wasn't anybody but me and Father and Mr. Bolton. Mr. Bolton waved his arms and said, "I *saw* him going up there and I tried to stop him."

Father shook me—no mistake this time—and said, "What, in heaven's name, did you think you were doing?"

I said, "There were some women in there."

Father said, "*Women!* There weren't any women!"

I said, "No, sir. Just window dummies. But they looked like women to me."

"Dummies!" Father said. "Dummies! Well, at least, thank goodness, you didn't add to their number!"

He let go of me then, and said, "Listen. Tell me just one thing. One thing, and I'll be satisfied! Do you know *now* what I was talking about at supper?"

I said, "Yes, sir. I guess I do."

Father said, "You *guess* so! Oh, Lord, give me strength!"

He turned to Mr. Bolton with a kind of a gesture, and right then the smoke boiled down again, and it looked like a good time to go. I went out the alley to Hazel Street, and headed toward home. I wasn't really going there, but I just couldn't think of any other direction. And after about a block I heard someone running behind me. It was Arlene.

WHEN she caught up, she didn't say anything. She just walked beside me. Then, after about half a block, she said, "I—I was out in front, Tommy. I saw it, too."

I said, "Well, you must have got as big a laugh as anyone, then."

She said, "No, Tommy. Really."

But I didn't believe her. After another half block, she kind of put her hand on my arm and made me stop. She said, "Tommy—look, Tommy."

I looked at her, and there were almost like tears in her eyes. She said, "I *know*, Tommy. I know you really *thought* there were people in there."

I just looked at her. Because I couldn't believe that anyone could really understand. Arlene said, "Tommy —I don't care—I thought you were *wonderful!*"

She meant it. There wasn't any question she meant it. I kissed her, right there under the street light. And didn't care. And there wasn't ever anything like that before. She sort of pulled back a little, and there was soot all around her mouth, but she was the most beautiful thing you ever saw. I said, "Arlene—do you mean it? Do you really mean it?"

She said, "Tommy—of course I do."

I said, sort of all choked up, "Arlene—will you wait for me? Will you promise to wait?"

Because I'd thought a lot of times how it would be when I said that to her. Before I went away. To the Army or something. And then coming back, sort of hard and quiet, and maybe with that limp where the shrapnel got me. So I said it again. I said, "Arlene—will you *wait* for me?"

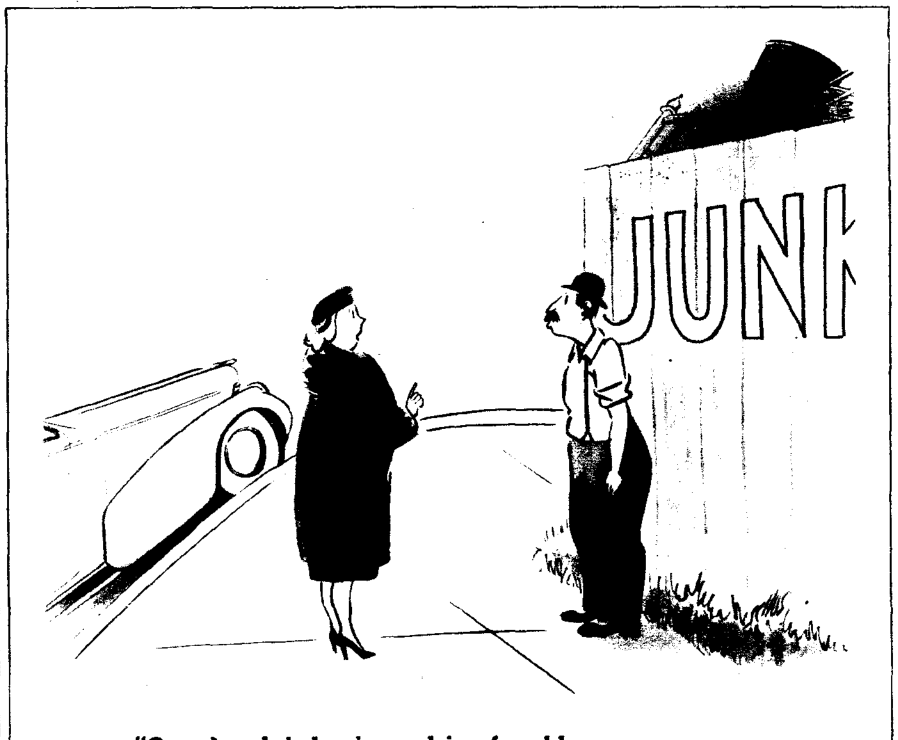
She said, "Of *course* I will, Tommy. Through—through school and everything!"

She thought *that* was what I meant. She thought I meant till we grew up! Even right now, in the most sacred moment of our lives, she didn't understand.

So what was the use?

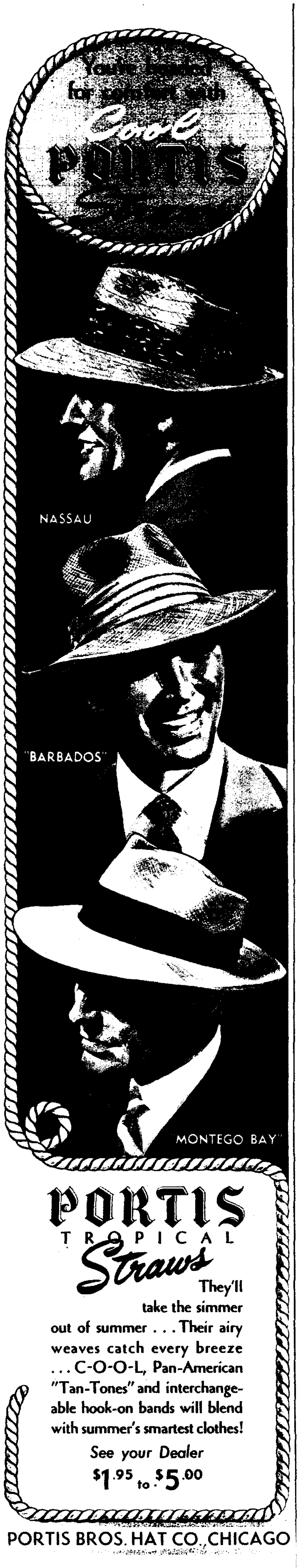
But I kissed her again anyway.

THE END



"Our church is having a drive for old newspapers. . . .
I want to buy a hundred pounds to give them"

ADOLPH SCHUS



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Fighting Blood

Continued from page 54

best glass, would block those waves the way a stone wall would block light—you'd concentrate them by a magnetic coil around an iron core with a tiny hole in the center. It's through that hole that your electron waves pour onto your typhoid bacillus specimen, and what you'd see is a sort of enlarged fluoroscopic image down below.

The National Research Council thought it worth while to set up a special committee for electron microscope research with Dr. Stuart Mudd, the top bacteriologist of the University of Pennsylvania, as chairman. And with Dr. Mudd as chairman it wasn't surprising that they got around to investigating antibodies before the microscope was more than old enough to sit up and look around, because Dr. Mudd has been digging into the private life of antibodies — sight-unseen — for something like the last fifteen years. Here was a chance at last, maybe, actually to have a look.

Now at about this time Dr. Wendell Stanley, who is probably the world authority on viruses, was working with Dr. Thomas Anderson, the RCA Fellow of the moment and an authority on electron microscopes, on the tobacco mosaic virus. And, as you've probably heard already, seeing for the first time what a virus really looked like. And Dr. Mudd was working with Dr. Anderson on typhoid bacilli and other bacilli to see with this tremendous enlargement whether bacteria had regular solid cell walls or a generally more complicated structure than had ever been suspected before. So Dr. Stanley took some tobacco mosaic antiserum, and Dr. Mudd took some typhoid antiserum and added them to their respective cultures.

And since they both found out pretty much the same thing, I'm going to concentrate on the typhoid antiserum, because plant immunology is just about two degrees too rarefied for me to try to explain or you, I hope, to try to understand. It doesn't contain any germs at all, killed or otherwise. And this might be a good place, if you're interested, to straighten out the difference between antiserums, antitoxins, toxins, toxoids and vaccines. Antiserums—antitoxins are one kind of antiserum—are used routinely in the treatment of diphtheria, and as a preventive when people have been exposed to tetanus and measles, to mention two. All they do is temporarily reinforce your own antibodies.

Toxoids and toxins and vaccines, the various kinds of shots given to immunize you to typhoid and diphtheria and scarlet fever and so on, are dilute solutions of actual killed germs or their poisons which help you build up lifetime immunity.

Your Natural Immunity

Antiserum, you remember, is simply blood serum full of antibodies to a specific disease. Some people have antibodies to certain diseases without ever having had the diseases. Thirty-seven per cent of children and ninety per cent of adults, for instance, have natural antibodies to diphtheria and will never catch it. Hens, frogs, and pigeons have natural antibodies to tetanus and anthrax. Dogs and rabbits have a natural resistance to tuberculosis. And almost all laboratory animals have natural immunity to the gonococcus. This is nice for the animals, but makes life difficult at times for laboratory workers.

All this, however, is beside the point. Dr. Mudd and Dr. Anderson took some rabbits and injected them with typhoid bacilli, and when the rabbits had had time to build up a fine set of antibodies, the doctors took their serum and mixed it with some typhoid bacilli of the same strain. Then after a few hours they stuck the mixture under the electron microscope and prayed. At worst they ought to get some good views of typhoid bacilli clumping together, they ought to see some of these long, flowing flagella that typhoid bacilli have tangling, as it were, in one another's hair. And if they were lucky . . . after all, the electron microscope did enlarge up to fifty times as much as an ordinary light microscope and the antibodies were certainly there.

The Big Germ Roundup

When they opened their eyes and looked, there were the typhoid bacilli all clumped together, there were the flagella all tangled, but there was something queer. They looked at some plain typhoid bacilli of the same lot and then looked back at the ones that had been mixed with the antiserum. The cell walls of the antiserum-mixed bacilli were all thick, the flagella were all thick too, as if they were coated with something. In some places the coating had raised bumps; in some places it was much thicker than others, as if the coating weren't a simple film but a lot of objects. It was too good to be true, but it was true. What they were seeing for the first time was antibodies, typhoid antibodies, surrounding the typhoid bacilli, clumping them together and generally going to work on them.

The theory, firmly supported now by the electron microscope, is that antibodies are protein molecules which the blood is capable of making in any quantity and to measure, as it were, to fight any specific germ that may get into the blood. They think they're a kind of protein called globulin, if you're feeling exact, and that they're shaped roughly like the petal of an African daisy. Chemists had measured antibodies by some abstruse method and come to this conclusion long before they were ever seen, and Dr. Anderson now thinks he's seen some individual antibodies in the raised bumps in the antibody coatings of the tobacco mosaic virus and the typhoid bacilli.

Immunologists think that what these antibodies do is rush to the germ and surround it. If there are only a few, they stretch out lengthwise around it and make a thin film, but if there are lots and lots of them so that, as it were, there is standing room only, they attach themselves to the bacteria like the petals on a daisy, in full fighting formation, and hold on until the leucocytes can get to the scene. Scientists can't be absolutely sure of this so far, but it looks that way. The stronger the solution of antibodies the thicker the film, for instance. Then there are those bumps and irregularities in the coating. And it all fits in with the chemical research that has been done.

Nobody has seen any antibodies at work neutralizing toxins yet. Nobody has seen them actually breaking down the walls of cholera bacilli, though they probably will before long if the electron microscope keeps on co-operating. But seeing antibodies at all is a big feather in the cap of immunology, and may be tremendously important in studying methods of protecting us and putting our antibodies to work most efficiently.

THE END

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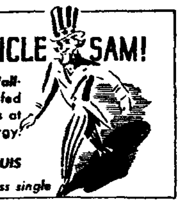
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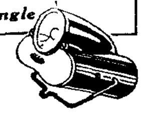

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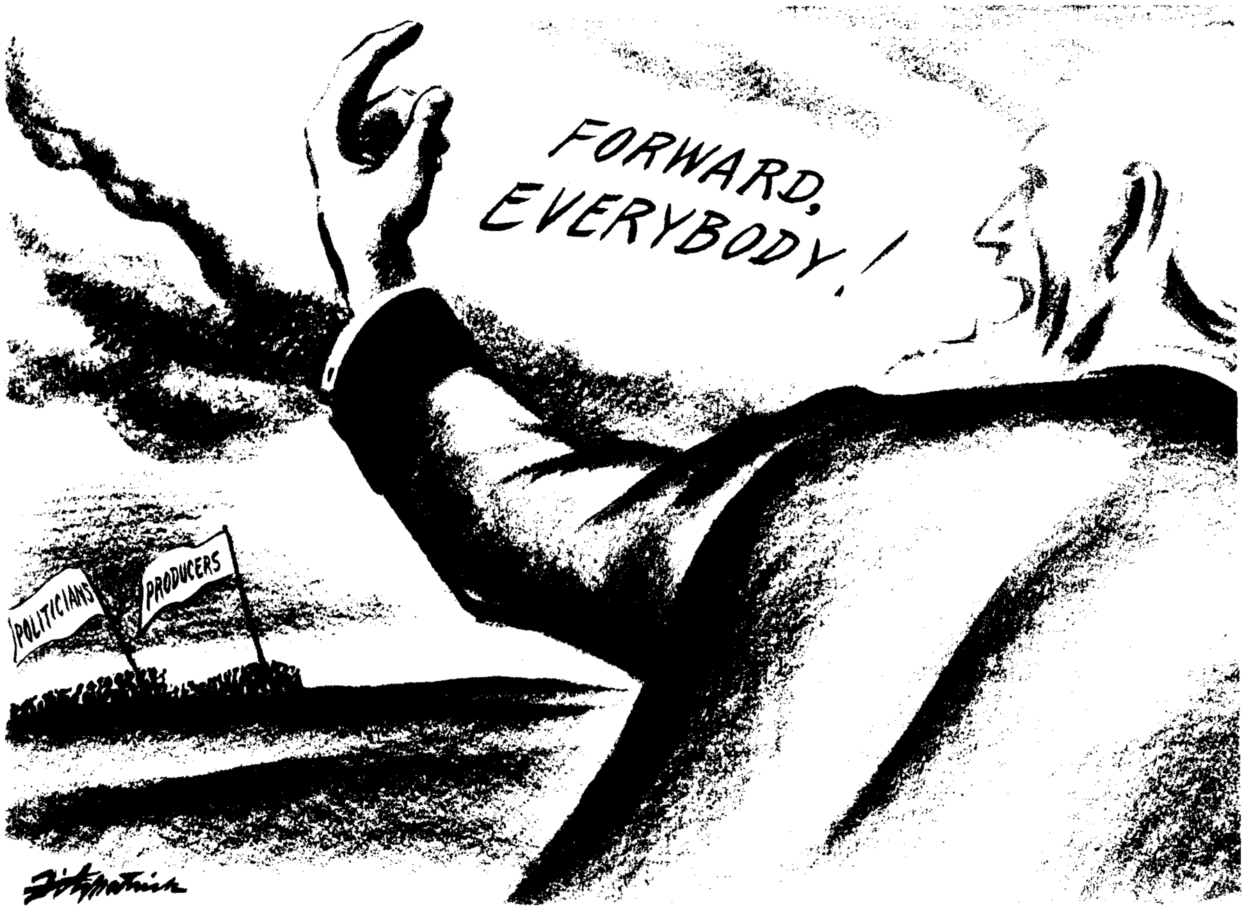


LET'S TAKE THE MIDDLE WAY

THE politicians in wartime Washington have been fighting the dollar-a-year men for some months now, and every once in a while a loud grunt from this battle echoes in the press or on the air.

Robert R. Guthrie's resignation from Donald Nelson's War Production Board, with claims that Guthrie was being hampered by dollar-a-year men with business-as-usual ideas, was one of these explosions. Comparable to the Guthrie episode was the clipping of the powers of Jesse Jones, a businessman in government, in favor of Henry A. Wallace, a mystic and an intellectual in politics. Things came to a point recently where Mr. Nelson said we may have to draft business executives for important war work because so many of them are unwilling to expose themselves to sniping from various politicos in Congress.

What's the meaning of it all? Where is it going to wind up? Those questions, we think, are of great importance to Americans, and here is why:

As we see it, this continuing fight between politicians and dollar-a-year men is one surface manifestation of a great change that began in this country when the New Deal got into its stride about eight years ago.

Businessmen—producers and sellers of goods, and their financial backers and helpers—used to have most of the power in the United States. They held the purse strings. It was tough sledding for any politician or thinker whose ideas didn't tally pretty snugly with those of the businessmen. The politicians, though most of them preyed on business as on the general public, were essentially dependent on the businessmen.

That is radically changed now. The New Deal has taken away much of this power from businessmen and has turned it over to politicians. Maybe this was in line with evolution; maybe it was an outrageous though bloodless revolution. Whatever it was, it has happened.

So now, we think, we are in the "Where do we go from here?" stage and the excitement over the dollar-a-year men is part of that stage.

The politicians now riding so high, wide and handsome are as human as were the businessmen in their heyday. They like power, feel that they are entitled to it and want more and more of it. Naturally, they would like to push the businessmen entirely out of power.

The dollar-a-year men are executives from assorted business firms who have had successful careers in the art of producing goods fast, economically and efficiently to consumers. They have entered government service, in this war as in the other war, to put their producing and distributing skills at the government's disposal in the giant job of winning the war.

A handful of them doubtless still are working, consciously or unconsciously, for the interests of their old firms first and of the government second. This handful should be booted out of the public service as fast as they are caught up with, and with plenty of fanfare and publicity in each case.

But to accuse all the dollar-a-year men of thus undercutting the war effort seems absurd and unjust to us. That is exactly, however, what these men's bitterer foes among the politicians do charge them with, either directly or by innuendoes which grow dirtier as the days go by.

What will the harvest be?

We hope, for the wartime and postwar welfare of the country, that it will be a compromise between producers and politicians.

Businessmen for some reason don't often make good politicians. But neither do politicians make good businessmen, good producers, good inventors or improvers of processes and machines. We'd hate to see Tom Girdler, for an example picked at random, try to handle President Roosevelt's job. But we would despair of victory in this war if Harry Hopkins, for another random example, were to be handed Girdler's job of turning out bombers by mass-production methods.

It boils down, we think, to this: that neither the political group nor the business group is fit to run the country alone, nor even to have a great preponderance of the power to steer the national course.

From all of which, the logical conclusion is that if this country is to fight the war to victory and then go on to become a better country to live in than ever before, we should strive toward a sort of Swedish "Middle Way" scheme of things, under which the special talents of producers *and* politicians can work together for the general welfare.

If the politicians push the producers into complete helplessness, or if the producers stage a comeback and hammer the politicians into their old-time weakness and dependence, we can see only a hampered and haltered future for the good old U. S. A.

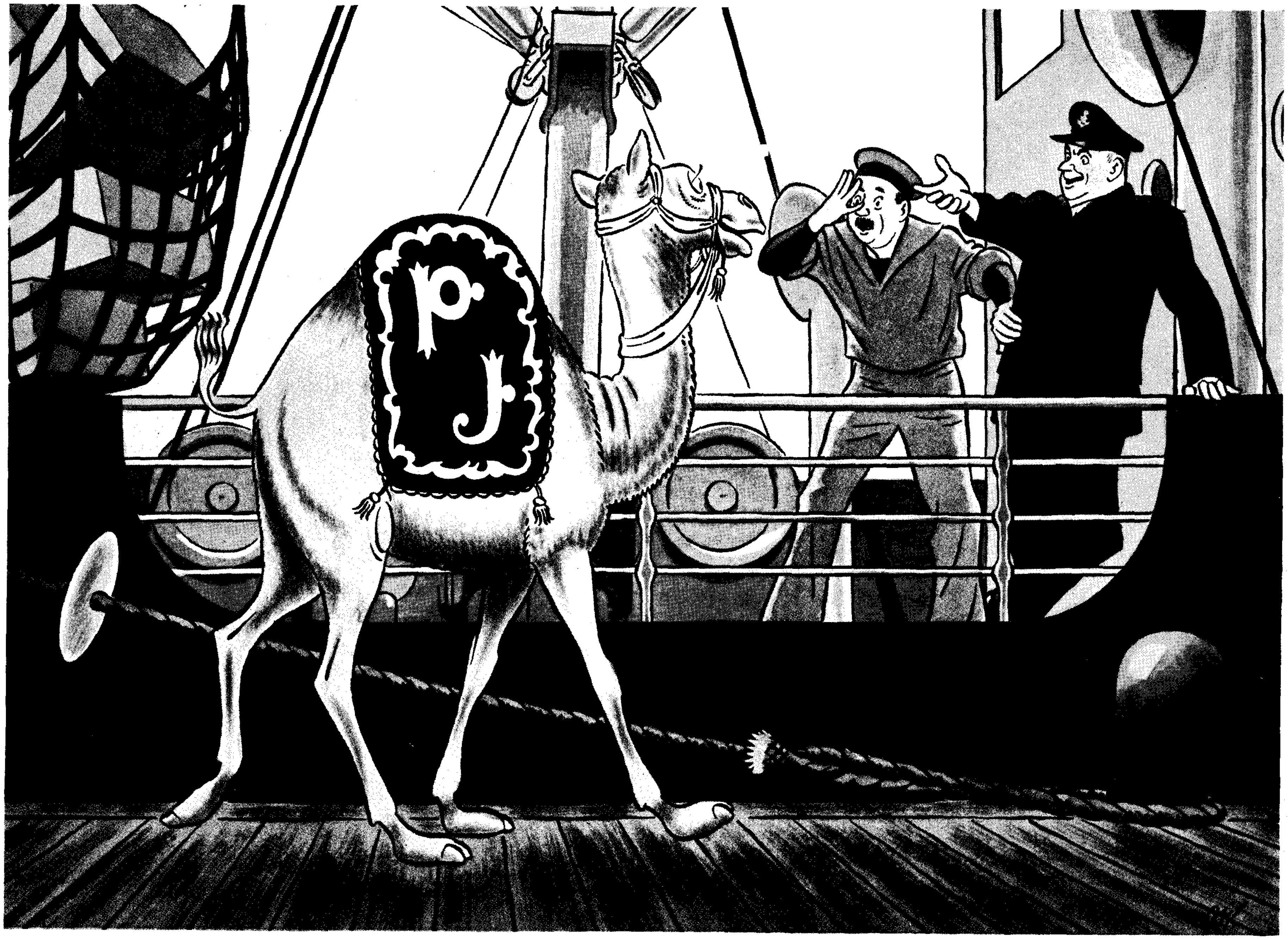
How to Defeat Defeat

WE KEEP thinking off and on about Mickey Owen's article in a recent Collier's. Mickey, as the world remembers, is the catcher whose frightful missed catch in the ninth inning of a crucial World Series game last year turned the victory out of the Brooklyn Dodgers' bag and into the New York Yanks' bag in the twinkling of an eye. The Owen article in Collier's told of what happened to Owen afterward.

The aftermath was anything but tragic. Mickey says he now has a world of friends, most of whom he has never seen, but who have written from the far corners of the earth (and from Flatbush) to tell him thumbs up. He's a better and a more philosophic man for the experience.

Necessarily, Owen was a bit puzzled as to how all this came about. We never see ourselves as others see us. What the world saw in Owen was a man who had had a hideous piece of luck but who didn't beef or whine or make excuses about it. He took it on the chin, obviously grieved for his team but not for himself, and did not let one of the toughest breaks in baseball history make an introvert or a crybaby or a coward out of him.

And that is the way to make your troubles and defeats work for you; the way to turn them into triumphs. The world is more than pleased to kick a man who lets a piece of hard luck get him down. But the world is just as pleased to shove out a helping hand to a man who doesn't.



'Im, 'Erbert? 'E is probably a cigarette lighter!

MAN: Now Yanks, 'Erbert, they can't stand to have a lamp or a cigarette lighter look like wot it is. It have got to look like something else. You take this 'ere camel. Why 'e probably ain't no camel at all! 'E has probably got a button on him somewheres. You press it an' 'e either lights y'r cigarette or 'e lights up the bloomin' dock.

CAMEL: Your pardon, O Noble Ally, but I *am* a camel. The Paul Jones camel.

MAN: 'Erbert, pay no attention to 'im. 'Oo ever 'eard of a proper camel walkin' about free-like? 'Erbert, let us be orf!

CAMEL: But Cousin, it is my *business* to get around! As the living symbol of that superb quality in whiskey—*dryness*—I—

MAN: *Dryness?* In *whiskey?* Garn! 'Oo ever 'eard of a *dry* whiskey?

CAMEL: In this country, O Jolly Tar, there are thousands who know and appreciate one magnificent dry whiskey. This is the superlative Paul Jones, Master, a whiskey whose peerless flavor is brought out, *to the full* by this quality of *dryness* or, as some say it, lack of sweetness.

MAN: Yerss, an' I'll wager this 'ere whiskey costs a couple of quid fer a thimbleful!

CAMEL: Nay, O Ruler of the Wave! For all the magnificence of its flavor, the price of this *dry* Paul Jones is so modest that even a seaman third class can afford it!

MAN: Coo-oo! Well now look 'ere, 'Erbert: seein' as how I introduced you to this noble beast you owe the two of us a round of this 'ere wonderful *dry* Paul Jones whiskey!

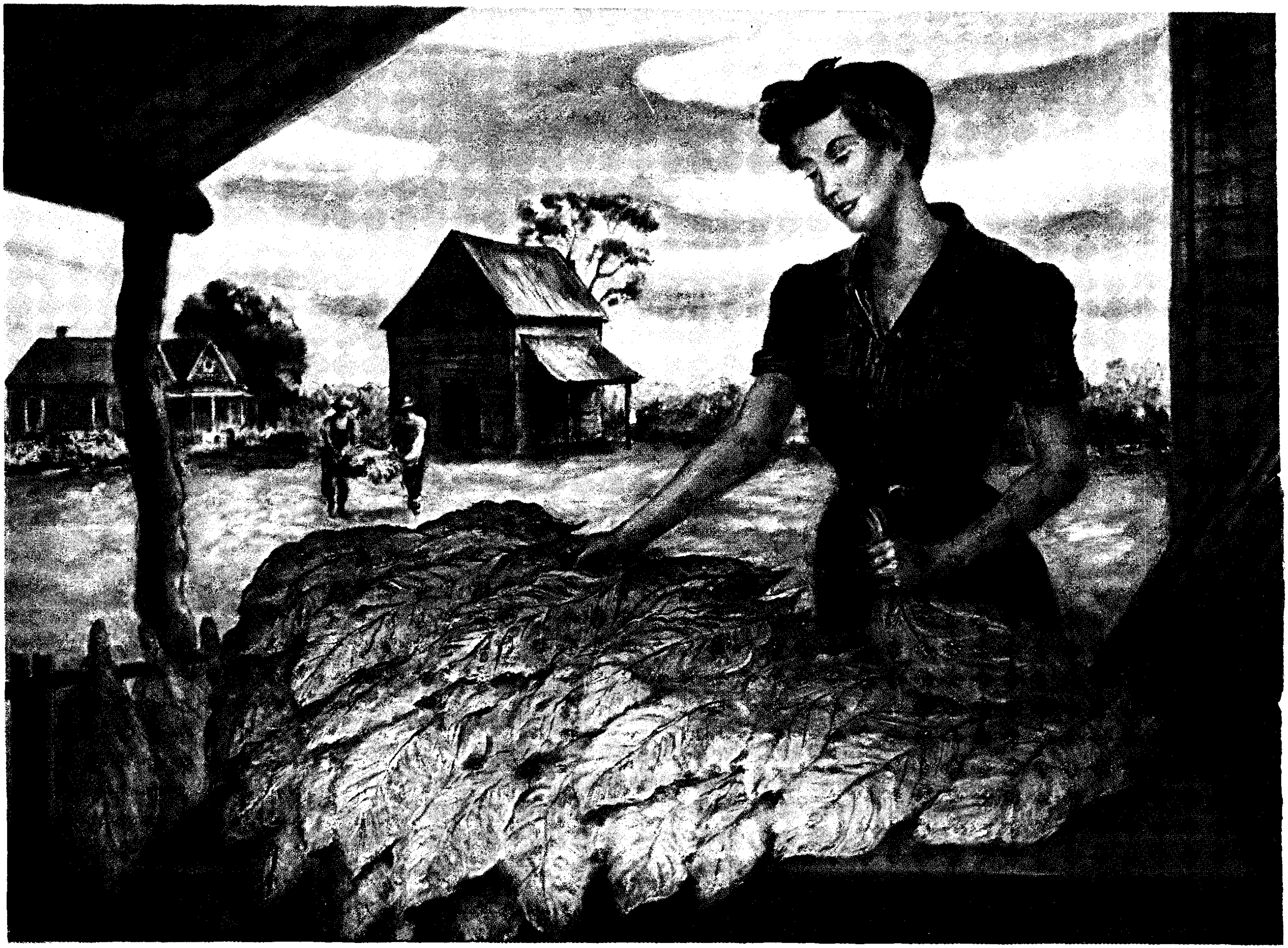
The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



Grading a pile of tobacco after curing. Painted from life by John Steuart Curry

To bring you fine, mild tobacco like this we paid 34%* more in Pamplico, S. C.

EVERYBODY KNOWS that some tobacco is better than other tobacco—and of course you want fine tobacco in your cigarette.

That's why it's worth remembering that all through the South, year after year, we pay the price to get the milder, better-tasting leaf.

For example: In Pamplico, S. C., at auctions of the 1939 crop, the makers of Luckies paid 34% more—yes, 34% above the average market price to get this fine tobacco.

This was in no way unusual. We paid well above the average market price in 108 tobacco markets that season. And that 1939 crop, properly aged, mellowed, and blended with other fine crops, is in the Lucky Strike Cigarettes you buy across your retail counter today.

Ask the independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—and they'll tell you Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. With these men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts ...and the milder, better-tasting leaf is in Luckies. That's worth remembering...worth *acting* on, next time you buy cigarettes.

LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

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*34% more than the average market price reported by U. S. Department of Agriculture.

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1